

"Young Black Male" lyrics

## 2Pac Lyrics

### "Young Black Male"

[2Pac (Ice Cube):]

Hard like an erection

(Young black male)

Hard like an erection

(Ain't shit to fool with)

Hard like an erection

(Young black male)

Hard like an erection

(Ain't shit to fool with)

Yes, niggas! Yes, niggas! Yes, niggas!

Go, nigga, go!

Hard like an erection

(Young black male)

Hard like an erection

(Ain't shit to fool with)

Hard like an erection

(Young black male)

Hard like an erection

(Ain't shit to fool with)

[2Pac:]

Young black male

I try to effect by kicking the facts

And stacking much mail

I'm packing a gat 'cause guys wanna jack

And fuck going to jail

'Cause I ain't a crook, despite how I look

I don't sell yayo

They judging a brother like covers on books

Follow me into a flow

I'm sure you know, which way to go

I'm hitting 'em out of the doors

So slip on the slope, let's skip on the flow

I'm fucking the sluts and hoes

The bigger the butts the tighter the clothes

The gimminy jimminy grows

Then whaddaya know, it's off with some clothes

Rowd when the crowd says ho

That let's me know, they know I can flow

Love when they come to my shows

I get up and go with skins before

When I'm collecting my dough

I never respect, the one that I back

The quicker the nigga can rap

The bigger the check

Now watch how they sweat

What kind of style is that?

The style of a mack, and ready to jack  
I rendered up piles of black  
The wacker the pack, the fatter the smack  
I hate it when real niggas bust  
They hate when I cuss, they threaten to bust  
I had enough of the fuss  
I bust what I bust and cuss when I must  
They gave me a charge for sales  
For selling the tales... of young black males

Yes, nigga, N-I-G-G-A, niggas  
Ay, nigga, you can't handle that shit!  
Pass that man!  
Hit that shit, that's the shit!  
It smells like skunk, skunk smells like that nigga, momma  
We ain't nuttin' but some low down dirty niggas  
Keep it real, nigga! Fuck you, nigga!  
You ain't giving me near a dime on this real motherfucker  
Fuck St. Ides, it's an Old E thing, baby  
Strictly some of that Hennessy  
Can I drink with you, fellas? Can I get it on it?  
Fuck you, capo. You ain't in, baby  
I tell you what! You guys are not gonna be talking  
All that shit, when I come back, OK?  
We gonna say who the big mouth, when I come back  
Young black male!

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Clinton George, Brown Harold Ray I, Dickerson Morris Dewayne, Jordan Le Roy L, Scott Howard E,  
Allen Thomas Sylvester, Levitin Lee Oskar, Miller Charles, Evans Deon

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"Trapped" lyrics

## 2Pac Lyrics

"Trapped"

You know they got me trapped in this prison of seclusion  
Happiness, living on the streets is a delusion  
Even a smooth criminal one day must get caught  
Shot up or shot down with the bullet that he bought  
Nine millimeter kickin' thinkin' about what the streets do to me  
'Cause they never talk peace in the black community  
All we know is violence, do the job in silence  
Walk the city streets like a rat pack of tyrants  
Too many brothers daily heading for the big pen  
Niggas comin' out worse-off than when they went in  
Over the years I done a lot of growin' up  
Getting drunk, throwin' up  
Cuffed up  
Then I said I had enough  
There must be another route, way out  
To money and fame, I changed my name  
And played a different game  
Tired of being trapped in this vicious cycle  
If one more cop harasses me I just might go psycho  
And when I get 'em, I'll hit 'em with the bum rush  
Only a lunatic would like to see his skull crushed  
Yo, if you're smart you'll really let me go, G  
But keep me cooped up in this ghetto and catch the Uzi  
They got me trapped

Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down  
They got me trapped  
Naw, they can't keep the black man down  
Trapped  
Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down  
Trapped  
Naw, they can't keep the black man down

They got me trapped  
Can barely walk the city streets  
Without a cop harassing me, searching me  
Then asking my identity  
Hands up, throw me up against the wall  
Didn't do a thing at all  
I'm telling you one day these suckers gotta fall  
Cuffed up throw me on the concrete  
Coppers try to kill me  
But they didn't know this was the wrong street  
Bang, bang, count another casualty  
But it's a cop who's shot for his brutality  
Who do you blame? It's a shame because the man's slain  
He got caught in the chains of his own game

How can I feel guilty after all the things they did to me?  
Sweated me, hunted me  
Trapped in my own community  
One day I'm gonna bust  
Blow up on this society  
Why did ya lie to me?  
I couldn't find a trace of equality  
Work me like a slave while they laid back  
Homie, don't play that  
It's time I let 'em suffer the payback  
I'm trying to avoid physical contact  
I can't hold back, it's time to attack jack  
They got me trapped

Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down  
They got me trapped  
Naw, they can't keep the black man down  
Trapped  
Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down  
Trapped  
Naw, they can't keep the black man down

Now I'm trapped and want to find my getaway  
All I need is a 'G' and somewhere safe to stay  
Can't use the phone  
'Cause I'm sure someone is tapping in  
Did it before  
Ain't scared to use my gat again  
I look back in hindsight the fight was irrelevant  
But now he's the devil's friend  
Too late to be tellin' him  
He shot first and I'll be damned if I run away  
Homie is done away, I should've put my gun away  
I wasn't thinking, all I heard was the ridicule  
Girlies was laughin', Tup saying, "Damn homies is dissing you."  
I fired my weapon  
Started steppin' in the hurricane  
I got shot so I dropped  
Feelin' a burst of pain  
Got to my feet  
Couldn't see nothin' but bloody blood  
Now I'm a fugitive to be hunted like a murderer  
Ran through an alley  
Still lookin' for my getaway  
Coppers said, "Freeze, or you'll be dead today."  
Trapped in a corner  
Dark and I couldn't see the light  
Thoughts in my mind was the nine and a better life  
What do I do? Live my life in a prison cell?  
I'd rather die than be trapped in a living hell  
They got me trapped

Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down

They got me trapped  
Naw, they can't keep the black man down  
Trapped  
Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down  
Trapped  
Naw, they can't keep the black man down

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Gooden Ramon Russell

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"Soulja's Story" lyrics

## 2Pac Lyrics

### "Soulja's Story"

[2Pac (2Pac as "Soulja"):]

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja

All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja

All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja

All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja

All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me

(They cuttin' off welfare...)

(They think crime is rising now)

(You got whites killing blacks)

(Cops killing blacks, and blacks killing blacks)

(Shit just gon' get worse)

(They just gon' become souljas)

(Straight souljas)

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja

All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja

All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja

All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja

All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me

[2Pac as "Soulja":]

Crack done took a part of my family tree

My momma's on the shit, my daddy split and mom is steady blaming me

Is it my fault just 'cause I'm a young black male?

Cops sweat me as if my destiny is makin' crack sales

Only fifteen and got problems

Cops on my tail, so I bail 'til I dodge 'em

They finally pull me over and I laugh

"Remember Rodney King?" and I blast on his punk ass

Now I got a murder case...

You speak of heaven punk? I never heard of the place

Wanted to come up fast, got a Uz' and a black mask

Ducking fuckin' Task, now who's the jackass?

Keep my shit cocked, 'cause the cops got a Glock too

What the fuck would you do? Drop them or let 'em drop you?

I chose droppin' the cop

I got me a Glock, and a Glock for the niggas on my block

Momma tried to stab me, I moved out

Sold a pound a weed, made G's, bought a new house

I'm only seventeen, I'm the new king

Got me a crew, bought 'em jewels, and a Uz'-thick

But all good things don't last  
Task came fast, and busted my black ass  
Coolin' in the pen, where the good's kept  
Now my little brother wants to follow in my footsteps  
A soulja

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me

*[2Pac as the younger brother:]*

Buck, buck - niggas get fucked, don't step to this  
Quiet as kept I'm blessed on a quest with a death wish  
Tell 'em to come and test, and arrest, nigga it's hectic  
Here's the anorexic, I'm makin' it to an exit  
Walking through the streets on the black tip  
Packed with several gats, 'cause I'm on some pay 'em back shit  
Niggas don't wanna try me, brother, you'll get shot down  
Now I'm king of the block, since my bigger brother's locked down  
I'm hot now, so many punk police have got shot down  
Other coppers see me on the block, and they jock now  
That's what I call a kingpin  
Send my brother what he needs and some weed up to Sing-Sing  
Tellin' him just be ready set  
Pack ya shit up quick; and when I hit, be prepared to jet  
Niggas from the block on the boat now  
Every single one got a gun, that'll smoke - pow!  
These punks about to get hit by the best  
I'm wearin' double vest... so aim at my fuckin' chest  
I'll be makin' straight dome calls  
Touch the button on the wall, you'll be pickin' up your own balls  
I can still hear my mother shout  
"Hit the pen nigga -- break your bigger brother out"  
I got a message for the warden  
I'm comin' for ya ass, as fast as Flash Gordon  
We get surrounded in the mess hall, yes y'all  
A crazy motherfucker making death calls  
Just bring me my brother and we leavin'  
For every minute you stall, one of y'all bleedin'  
They brought my brother in a jiffy  
I took a cop, just in case things got tricky  
And just as we was walkin' out (BANG!)  
I caught a bullet in the head, the screams never left my mouth  
My brother caught a bullet too  
I think he gon' pull through, he deserve to  
The fast life ain't everything they told ya  
Never get much older, following the tracks of a soulja

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me  
Straight soulja, 1993, and forward

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Lee Hayes Isaac, Deon Evans

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"I Don't Give A Fuck" lyrics

## 2Pac Lyrics

### "I Don't Give A Fuck"

(feat. Pogo)

[Skit:]

"What's up?"

"Yo this scene, rollers tried to jack a nigga 'cause a nigga with a pearl rollin' on a Coupé with goldens."

"Yo man, what's up, this riding motherfucker

Jack me at rollin' 'round bumping

'Cause music's too loud, you know what I'm sayin'?"

"Yo this P-O to the G-O

Motherfucking cop just jacked me 'cause I was drinking beer in Mill Valley."

"What's up, man?"

"Aight, man, fuck 'em."

[2Pac:]

I don't give a fuck

They done pushed me to my limit, I'm all in

I might blow up any minute, did it again

And now I'm in the back of the paddy wagon

While this cop's bragging about the nigga he's jackin'

I see no justice, all I see is niggas dying fast

The sound of a gun blast, then watch the hearse pass

Just another day in the life, G

Gotta step lightly, 'cause cops tried to snipe me

The cabs, they don't wanna stop for a brother, man

But damn near have an accident to pick up another man

I went to the bank to cash my check

I get more respect from the mothafucking dope man

The Grammy's and American Music shows

They pimp us like hoes, take our dough, but they hate us though

You better keep your mind on the real shit

And fuck trying to get with these crooked-ass hypocrites

The way they see it, we was meant to be kept down

Just can't understand why we getting respect now

Mama told me there'd be days like this

But I'm pissed, 'cause it stays like this

And now they're trying to ship me off to Kuwait?

Give me a break. How much shit can a nigga take?

I ain't going nowhere no how

Bush wanna throw down?

Better bring the gun, pal

'Cause this is the day we make 'em pay

Fuck bailing hay, I better spray with an AK

And even if they shoot me down

There'll be another nigga bigger from the mothafuckin' underground

So step but you better step quick

'Cause the clock's going tick and I'm sick of the bullshit

You're watching the makings of a psychopath

But you sit and laugh before the wrath and aftermath

Who's that behind the trigger?  
Who do you think? A mothafucking 90's nigga  
Ready to buck and rip shit up, I had enough!  
Yeah, and i just don't give a fuck

[Pogo:]

Nigga, it ain't just the blacks  
It's also a gang of motherfuckers dressed in blue slacks  
They say niggas hang in packs and they attitudes is shitty  
So tell me, who's the biggest gang of niggas in the city?  
They say we niggas like to do niggas  
So me an' a cop are just two niggas  
A street-walking nigga and a beat-walking nigga  
With a badge, I end his future and his past  
With a blast take his cash before I dash I bash his head in  
Dump him at the dead end and that's just his luck  
'Cause a nigga like P, don't really give a fuck

[2Pac:]

Walked in the store, what's everybody staring at?  
They act like they never seen a motherfucker wearing black  
Following a nigga and shit – ain't this a bitch?  
All I wanted was some chips  
I wanna take my business elsewhere – but where?  
'Cause who in the hell cares  
About a black man with a black need?  
They wanna jack me like some kind of crack fiend  
I wonder if he knows that my income  
Is more than his pension, salary and then some  
Your daughter is my number one fan  
And your trife-ass wife wants a life with a black man  
So who's the mack, in fact who's the black Jack?  
Sit back and get fat off the fat cat  
While he thinks that he's getting over  
I bust a move as smooth as Casanova  
And count another quick mill'  
I'm getting paid for my trade but I'm still real  
And if you look between the lines you'll find a rhyme  
As strong as a fucking nine  
Mail stacked up, niggas wanna act up  
Let's put the gats up and throw your blacks up  
But the cops getting dropped by the gun shot  
Used to come but he's done, now we run the block  
To my brothers — stay strong, keep your heads up  
They know we fed up; but they just don't give a fuck

They just don't give a fuck

[2Pac:]

I gotta give my fuck offs  
Fuck you to the San Francisco police department  
Fuck you to the Marin County Sheriff's Department  
Fuck you to the FBI

Fuck you to the CIA  
Fuck you to the B-u-s-h  
Fuck you to the Ameri-K-K-Ka  
Fuck you to all you redneck prejudice motherfuckers  
That wanna fuck with me, fuck y'all!  
Punk gay sensitive little dick bastards  
2Pacalypse motherfuckerin' now  
Y'all can all kiss my ass and suck my dick  
And my uncle Tommy's balls  
Fuck y'all  
Punks /\*echoes\*/

Thanks to zubarfly for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Teah Hari

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"Violent" lyrics

## 2Pac Lyrics

"Violent"

They claim that I'm violent  
Just 'cause I refuse to be silent  
These hypocrites are havin' fits  
'Cause I'm not buyin' it, defyin' it  
Envious because I will rebel against  
Any oppressor - and this is known as self-defense  
I show no mercy, they claim that I'm the lunatic  
But when the shit gets thick, I'm the one you go and get  
Don't look confused, the truth is so plain to see  
'Cause I'm the nigga that you sell-outs are ashamed to be  
In every Jeep and every car, brothers stomp this  
I'm Never Ignorant, Getting Goals Accomplished  
The underground railroad on an uprise  
This time the truth's gettin' told, heard enough lies  
I told 'em fight back, attack on society  
If this is violence, then violent's what I gotta be  
If you investigate you'll find out where it's comin' from  
Look through our history, America's the violent one  
Unlock my brain, break the chains of your misery  
This time the payback for evil shit you did to me  
They call me militant, racist 'cause I will resist  
You wanna censor somethin', motherfucker censor this!  
My words are weapons and I'm steppin' to the silent  
Wakin' up the masses, but you, claim that I'm violent

"They claimin' that I'm violent."  
"Fuck the damn cop!"  
"Just because we play what the people want."  
[3x]

The cops can't stand me, but they can't touch me  
Call me a dope man, 'cause I rock dope beats  
Jacked by the police, didn't have my ID  
I said, "Excuse me, why you tryin' to rob me?"  
He had the nerve to say that I had a curfew  
("Do you know what time it is?  
Get out the fucking car, or I'll hurt you!")  
Get out the car - or I'll hurt you  
So here I go, I better make my mind up  
Pick my nine up or hit the line-up  
I chose B, stepped into the streets  
The first cop grabbed me, the other ripped my seat  
They grabbed my homie and they threw him to the concrete  
(Ay man... Aiyyo... Ay man, just c'mon?)  
("What you doing, man?")  
They tried to frame me  
They tried to say I had some dope in the back seat

But I'm a rap fiend, not a crack fiend  
My homie panicked ("I'm out!") he tried to run  
(Freeze, nigga!) I heard a bullet fire from the cop's gun  
My homie dropped, so I hit the cop  
I kept swingin', yo, I couldn't stop  
Before I knew it, I was beatin' the cop senseless  
The other cop dropped his gun, he was defenseless  
(Argh, fuck you! Ungh!)  
Now I'm against this cop who was racist  
Givin' him a taste of trading places  
And all this 'cause the peckerwood was tryin' this frame up,  
But I came up  
Now they claimin' that I'm violent  
  
"They claimin' that I'm violent."  
"Fuck the damn cop!"  
"Just because we play what the people want."  
[3x]

As I was beatin' on a cop, I heard a gun click (uh-oh)  
Then the gun shot, but I wasn't hit  
I turned around it was my homie with the gun in hand  
He shot the cop (damn!). Now he's a dead man  
I said, come on, it's time for us to get away  
(Let's go, we gotta get the fuck outta here.)  
They called for backup, and they'll be on their way  
Jumped in the car and tried to get away quick  
The car wouldn't start (damn!). We in deep shit  
So we jumped out (C'mon, let's take the cop's car)  
We drove a little ways thinkin' that we got far  
But I looked up and all I saw was blue lights  
(that's a lotta of one time)  
If I die tonight, I'm dying in a gunfight  
I grabbed the AK, my homie took the 12 gauge  
(yeah, it's on now)  
Load 'em up quick, it's time for us to spray  
We'll shoot 'em up with they own fuckin' weapons  
And when we through sprayin' then we steppin'  
This is a lesson to the rednecks and crooked cops  
You fuck with real niggas, get ya fuckin' ass dropped  
So here we go, the police against us  
Dark as dusk, waitin' for the guns to bust  
(What's next, man?) What's next? I don't know and I don't care  
One thing fo' sho', tommorrow I won't be here  
But if I go, I'm takin' all these punks with me  
(Pass me a clip) Pass me a clip, G, now come and get me  
You wanna sweat me, never get me to be silent  
Givin' them a reason to claim that I'm violent  
  
"They claimin' that I'm violent."  
"Fuck the damn cop!"  
"Just because we play what the people want."  
[3x]

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Huff Leon A, Gamble Kenneth, Brooks Ronald R, Elliot David R

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"Words Of Wisdom" lyrics

## 2Pac Lyrics

### "Words Of Wisdom"

Killing us one by one  
In one way or another  
America will find a way to eliminate the problem  
One by one  
The problem is the troublesome black youth of the ghetto's  
And one by one  
We are being wiped off the face of this earth  
At an extremely alarming rate  
And even more alarming is the fact  
That we are not fighting back  
Brothers, sisters, niggas  
When I say "nigga" it is not the nigga we have grown to fear  
It is not the nigga we say as if it has no meaning  
But to me it means Never Ignorant Getting Goals Accomplished, nigga  
Niggas, what are we going to do?  
Walk blind into a line or fight  
Fight and die if we must die, like niggas

This is for the masses, the lower classes  
The ones you left out, jobs were giving, better living  
But we were kept out  
Made to feel inferior, but we're superior  
Break the chains in our brains that made us fear ya  
Pledge allegiance to a flag that neglects us  
Honour a man that refuses to respect us  
Emancipation Proclamation? Please!  
Lincoln just said that to save the nation  
These are lies that we all accepted  
Say no to drugs but the governments' kept it  
Running through our community, killing the unity  
The war on drugs is a war on you and me  
And yet, they say this is the Home of The Free  
But if you ask me, it's all about hypocrisy  
The constitution, Yo, it don't apply to me  
And Lady Liberty? Stupid bitch lied to me

This made me strong, and no one's gonna like what I'm pumpin'  
But it's wrong to keep someone from learning something  
So get up, it's time to start nation building  
I'm fed up, we gotta start teach the children  
That they can be all that they want to be  
There's much more to life than just poverty

This is definitely uh... words of wisdom  
AMERICA! AMERICA! AMERIK-K-KA  
I charge you with the crime of rape, murder, and assault  
For suppressing and punishing my people  
I charge you with robbery for robbing me of my history

I charge you with false imprisonment for keeping me  
Trapped in the projects  
And the jury finds you guilty on all accounts  
And you are to serve the consequences of your evil schemes  
Prosecutor, do you have any more evidence?

Words of Wisdom  
Based upon the strength of a nation  
Conquer the enemy armed with education  
Protect yourself, reach for what you want to do  
Know thyself, teach by what we've been through  
Armed with the knowledge of the place we've been  
No one will ever oppress this race again  
No Malcolm X in my history text, why's that?  
'Cause he tried to educate and liberate all blacks  
Why is Martin Luther King in my book each week?  
He told blacks, if they get smacked, turn the other cheek  
I don't get it, so many questions went through my mind  
I get sweated, they act like asking questions is a crime  
But forget it, cause one day I'm gonna prove them wrong  
Not every brother had his mother on the welfare line  
The American Dream, though it seems like it's attainable  
They're pulling your sleeve, don't believe  
'Cause it will strangle ya  
Pulling the life of your brain, I can't explain  
Beg as you can obtain from which you came  
Swear that your mother is living in equality  
Forgetting your brother that's living in poverty  
Thought they had us beaten when they took out King  
But the battle ain't over till the black man sings  
Words of Wisdom  
The battle ain't over 'till the black man sings  
Words of Wisdom

NIGHTMARE! That's what I am  
America's nightmare  
I am what you made me  
The hate and the evil that you gave me  
I shine as a reminder of what you've done to my people  
For Four hundred plus years  
You should be scared  
You should be running  
You should be trying to silence me  
Ha, but you cannot escape fate  
For it is my turn to come  
Just as you rose you will fall  
By my hands  
America, you reap what you sow  
2Pacalypse, America's Nightmare  
Ice Cube and Da Lynch Mob, America's Nightmare  
Above The Law, America's Nightmare  
Paris, America's Nightmare  
Public Enemy, America's Nightmare

KRS-One, America's Nightmare  
New Afrikan Panthers, America's nightmare  
Mutulu Shakur, America's Nightmare  
Geronimo Pratt, America's Nightmare  
Assata Shakur, America's Nightmare

Thanks to Brad N, Sara, ercimpthomas for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jacobs Gregory E, Hancock Herbie, Mason Harvey W, Jackson Paul M, Maupin Bennie

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# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Something Wicked"

Something wicked, this way comes  
Some-Something wicked, this way comes  
Some-Something wicked, this way comes  
Some-Something wicked, this way comes  
Something wicked, this way comes  
Something wicked, this way comes  
(Wicked) (wicked)

## 'Emember

More than an adversary, I'm very quick  
I'm ready to hit 'em with this gift, I'm equipped to kick  
So, grab your coat and your hat, cause I'm prepared to clown  
Let's carry this end that throw these motherfuckers down  
Oh shit, 2Pacalypse is back and strapped  
Attackin' the packs, I'm kickin' the facts for stacks to rap  
And those that max, relax and let the blacks get jacks  
I'm gettin' taxed, my packs is packed with angry blacks  
I'm ready to go  
I'm rippin' the shows, hittin' the dough  
Gettin' the hoes, clothes  
Pumpin' the flow, thanks to the hump  
Cause the nose knows  
Check the pose, froze, when you see me close  
Punks you gonna roast, host in a cloud of smoke  
Broke, choked on some potent dank smoke  
Wrote, rhymes that'll bring me bank notes  
Nope, I ain't the type of fella that you're used to  
Ki-ki-ki-kickin' the funky flava  
Pumpin' the deuce with no producers  
Run for cover when you hear the bass drum  
One verse is all it takes  
Something wicked this way comes  
Come come, come come

Something wicked, this way comes  
Wicked something wicked, this way comes  
Something wicked kick it, this way comes  
Wicked kick it, this way comes  
Something wicked wicked wicked wicked, this way comes  
Something wicked wicked wicked wicked, this way comes  
Something wicked wicked, this way comes  
Wicked wicked, this way COME  
[\*monster sound\*]

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Jeremy

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Crooked Ass Nigga"  
(feat. Stretch (Live Squad))

(Suddenly I see some niggas that I don't like)  
[\*machine gun fires\*]  
(Got him)

[2Pac:]

A smoking-ass nigga robbed me blind  
I got a TEC-9 now his smokin' ass is mine  
I guess I felt sorry for the bastard, he was broke  
I didn't know he smoked so I didn't watch him close  
He caught me on the sneak tip, now the punk's in deep shit  
Catch him on the streets, I'mma bring him to his feet, quick  
Pass the clip, I think I see him comin' now  
Fuck the bullshit, posse deep and let's run him down  
Gots to be the first one to hit ya when we meet  
Comin' quickly up the streets, is the punk ass police  
The first one jumped out and said "Freeze!"  
I popped him in his knees and shot him, punk, please  
'Cause cops should mind they business, when we rush  
Now you're pleadin' like a bitch, cause you don't know how to, hush  
Now back to the smoker that robbed me  
I tell you like Latifah, motherfucker give me body  
One to the chest, another to his fuckin' dome  
Now the shit can rest, yo tell him to leave me the fuck alone  
Two very bloody bodies on the streets  
A nosey ass cop and a nigga that robbed from me  
Run from your backup punk, how you figure?  
My finger's on the trigger for you crooked ass niggas

Crooked ass niggas

(Criminal behaviour-- criminal-- criminal behaviour)

(Suddenly I see--)  
(Cri-cri-criminal)

[Stretch:]

Now listen to the mack of the crooked nigga trade  
With the fine criminal mind, cold rips like a blade  
It's already quick stepping to the niggas with the props  
and any motherfucker with the flim-flam drops to the knot  
Ten o'clock, is a motherfuckin' gank move  
Stretch is Uptown, clockin' weight the shit is real smooth  
A nigga's trying to play me like he know me but he don't  
Sittin' on ten kis, I'mma get him, think I won't?  
My nigga 2Pac, got the fucking Glock cocked, and he's ready  
When the kid, didn't even bring the weight bag, instead he  
welcomed us, into his apartment  
Oh, this even better, two to the head, he's dead a clean get a-WAY!  
Niggas got PAID!  
And yet another sleepin' ass nigga got slayed, word up  
By a crooked motherfucker named Stretch

And the T-U-P-A-C, the police can't catch

The crooked ass niggas  
(Criminal behaviour)  
Yeah, you don't stop!  
Crooked ass niggas  
(Criminal-- criminal behaviour)  
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)

[2Pac:]

Now I could be a crooked nigga too  
When I'm rollin' with my crew, watch what crooked niggas, do!  
I got a nine millimeter Glock pistol  
I'm ready to get witcha at the drop, of a whistle  
So make your move, and act like you wanna flip  
I fire thirteen shots, and pop another clip  
I bring luck, my Glock's like a fuckin' mop  
The more I shot, the more motherfuckers dropped  
And even cops got shot when they rolled up  
Best to bring a knot, or get popped, I'm a soldier  
I ain't the type to fetch ya, ask Stretch, he's my witness  
Smoke til I'm blitzed, fuck a motherfuckin' piss test  
I'm trigger happy, try to 'tack me and I'll drop you quick  
Long as I got a clip I got some shit to hit 'em with  
The nigga killer I get iller when the shit gets thick  
My brain flips, I start thinkin' like a lunatic  
I rip shit, came equipped with a bigger crew  
I thought these niggas knew, I'm a crooked nigga too

(Criminal behaviour-- criminal-- criminal behaviour)

Crooked ass niggas come in all shapes and sizes  
They wear disguises, backstabbing's what they specialize in  
They'll try to get 'cha, they'll sweat 'cha to get in the picture  
And then they hit 'cha, son of a bitch! Now he's richer  
(Criminal behaviour-- crimi-criminal behaviour)  
Crooked ass nigga  
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)

(Criminal behaviour-- criminal-- criminal  
Crimi-crim-criminal behaviour (haviour)-- criminal behaviour  
Criminal behaviour)

(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)  
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)  
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)  
(Criminal behaviour- criminal be- criminal crim--

Crim-criminal behaviour  
Criminal be- crim-crim-crim-crim-crim--  
Criminal behaviour-- criminal behaviour)

(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)

[\*machine gun fires\*]

(Got him)

(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)

[\*machine gun fires\*]

(Got him)

(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)

[\*machine gun fires\*]

(Got him)

Writer(s): Leroy Bonner, Lorenzo Patterson, Eric Wright, Andre Young, Clarence Satchell, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Marvin Pierce,  
William Devaughn, Waung Hankerson, Randy Walker, Steven Arrington, Charles Carter, Roge

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "If My Homie Calls"

Ever since you was a pee-wee, down by my knee with a wee-wee  
We been coochie-coo all through school, you and me, G  
Back in the days we played practical jokes on  
Everybody smoked with they locs and they yokes on  
All through high school, girls by the dozens  
Saying we cousins, knowing that we wasn't  
But like the old saying goes  
Times goes on, and everybody grows  
Grew apart, had to part, went our own ways  
You chose the dope game, my microphone pays  
In many ways we were paid in the old days  
So far away from the crazies with AK's  
And though I been around clowning with the Underground  
I'm still down with my homies from the hometown  
And if you need, need anything at all  
I drop it all for y'all, if my homies call

"If you ever need a place to stay"  
"Well, alright, y'all"  
"Brothers and sisters"

It's a shame, you chose the dope game  
Now you slang 'caine on the streets with no name  
It was plain that your aim was mo' 'caine  
You got game now you run with no shame  
I chose rapping tracks to make stacks  
In fact I travel the map with raps that spray cats  
But now I don't wanna down my homie  
No matter how low you go, you're not lowly  
And I, hear that you made a few enemies  
But when you need a friend you can depend on me, call  
If you need my assistance, there'll be no resistance  
I'll be there in an instant  
Who am I to judge another brother, only on his cover  
I'd be no different than the other  
H-to-the-O-to-the-M-to-the-I-to-the-E  
I'm down to the E-N-D  
'Cause it's a fall in no time at all  
I'm down for y'all, when my homies call  
Word, if my homies call

"If you ever need a place to stay"  
"Well, alright, y'all"  
"Brothers and sisters"

Well, it's ninety-one and I'm living kinda swell now  
But I hear that you're going through some hell, pal  
But life making records ain't easy  
It ain't what I expected, it's hectic, it's sleazy  
But I guess that the streets is harder

Trying to survive in the life of a young godfather  
My homies is making it elsewhere  
Striving, working nine to five with no health care  
We both had dreams of being great  
But his deferred and blurred and changed in shape  
It's fate, it wasn't my choice to make  
To be great, I'm giving it all it takes  
Trying to shake, the crates and fakes and snakes  
I gotta take my place or fall from grace  
The foolish way, the pace is quick and great  
Smiling face to hide the trace of hate  
But my homie would never do me wrong  
That's why I wrote this song, if you ever need me, it's on  
No matter who the foe they must fall  
Us against them all I'm down to brawl if my homies call

"If you ever need a place to stay"  
"Well, alright, y'all"  
"Brothers and sisters"

Thanks to Kurtis Hanson, Mark for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Deon Evans, Herbert Hancock, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Arlester Christian

"Brenda's Got A Baby" lyrics

## 2Pac Lyrics

### "Brenda's Got A Baby"

(feat. Dave Hollister)

[*Dave Hollister:*]

Brenda's got a baby

[*2Pac:*]

I hear Brenda's got a baby

But Brenda's barely got a brain

A damn shame, the girl can hardly spell her name

That's not our problem, that's up to Brenda's family

Well let me show you how it affects our whole community

Now Brenda really never knew her moms

And her dad was a junkie putting death into his arms

It's sad, cause I bet Brenda doesn't even know

Just cause you're in the ghetto doesn't mean you can't grow

But oh, that's a thought, my own revelation

Do whatever it takes to resist the temptation

Brenda got herself a boyfriend

Her boyfriend was her cousin, now let's watch the joy end

She tried to hide her pregnancy, from her family

Who really didn't care to see, or give a damn if she

Went out and had a church of kids

As long as when the check came they got first dibs

Now Brenda's belly's getting bigger

But no one seems to notice any change in her figure

She's twelve years old and she's having a baby

In love with a molester, who's sexing her crazy

And yet and she thinks that he'll be with her forever

And dreams of a world where the two of them are together, whatever

He left her and she had the baby solo

She had it on the bathroom floor and didn't know so

She didn't know, what to throw away and what to keep

She wrapped the baby up and threw him in a trash heap

I guess she thought she'd get away, wouldn't hear the cries

She didn't realize how much the little baby had her eyes

Now the baby's in the trash heap bawling

Momma can't help her, but it hurts to hear her calling

Brenda wants to run away

Momma say, you making me lose pay

There's social workers here every day

Now Brenda's gotta make her own way

Can't go to her family, they won't let her stay

No money no babysitter, she couldn't keep a job

She tried to sell crack but end up getting robbed

So now what's next, there ain't nothing left to sell

So she sees sex as a way of leaving hell

It's paying the rent, so she really can't complain

Prostitute, found slain and Brenda's her name, she's got a baby

Thanks to antoniosgurl4lyfe, destinysdarlings, jack kendall for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Evans Deon

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# 2Pac Lyrics

"Tha Lunatic"  
(feat. Stretch)

[2Pac:]

Oh shit, jumped on my man's dick  
Heard he had a twelve inch, now the bitch is lovesick  
Who's to blame, the guy or the groupie  
Heard I was down with D.U., now she wants to do me  
Oooh-wee! This is the life  
New bitch every night, never tripped off a wife  
It ain't right, but it's cool how they come quick  
Don't try to flip with the lip cause I run shit  
Hip hip, hooray for the AK  
Spray when I lay competition, what a great day  
Make pay, next is the wet sex  
Hexed with the vex now they wreck with the complex  
I'm set, wonder what I tote, check  
Bloody as a Kotex, snappin' motherfuckers' necks  
Revenge so sweet when it comes from  
Niggas get done with the drum, watch my foes run  
Nigga keeps coming when they can't slip  
Full of that shit, another hit from Tha' Lunatic

[Stretch:]

Yeah, fuck that God! Word up  
Blowin' niggas out the motherfuckin' frame, you know what I'm sayin'?  
Constantly, fuck that trick, we ain't havin' it

[2Pac:]

Leave me the fuck alone, you get none of this  
It's suicidal, you lose your title like Doug-las  
Cause I'm nothin' nice and, I'm icin' like Tyson  
I'm grippin' the mic and my DJ is slicin'  
I'm tired of motherfuckers steppin' to me with the same old  
Tryin' to do me like Nintendo  
How the fuck you think I ever got this far?  
By bootin' motherfuckers like a shootin' star  
Cause I'm out to show that I'm a dope MC  
Think crack had you fiendin', wait'll they get a load of me  
Bitches on my dick like a motherfuckin' condom  
Niggas wanna flip, let 'em step, and I'll bomb 'em  
See somethin' you want, why don't you come and get it  
And then get waxed and taxed, like the government  
Then I leave you sittin' there, wonder where your money went  
While your bitch is callin' me, tellin' me to come again  
Nigga I'm loc'ed, when I smoke, from the indo  
But we can be friends though, after you get broke like a window  
That's what you provoked, and now you're smoked out  
Lookin' like a bitch, cause your whole fuckin' posse, broke out  
Punk motherfucker couldn't roll on  
He couldn't hold on, game is too strong, nigga  
Leave me the fuck alone, you get none of this

Feel the wrath, and revenge of tha' lunatic

[Stretch:]

Yeah Tu', tell 'em motherfuckers, word up

We ain't havin' it, none of that shit!

Bitch ass niggas, niggas can't fuck with us Tu', word up

'91, we takin' this whole motherfucker over

Niggas got problems in '91, '92, and '93

And all that other shit, word up

[2Pac:]

Recognize game when it smacks you, bitch I'm back to rip

Puttin' this on the map with this mackin' shit

Time will tell if it's made well

Well I raise hell and excel cause it pays well

Jordan couldn't dunk it any harder, pump it any farther

I'm funky, that's word to the father

Act like you know 'fore I thump the bolo

Thought you was a pimp, now you're simpin' for my solo

Oh no, not another new jack, swearin' that he's ruthless

Ducked and now he's fucked and left toothless

I can hear the fear in your flow, you ain't prepared

You're scared and you're bound to go

It's somethin', I guess I let the beat keep bumpin'

Stop trippin' off these niggas cause they ain't about nuttin'

Or should I say naythin'

Punk put my tape in, fuck all the fake-in

I'm sick of the bullshit

Come equipped and get ready to rip

or get the dick of Tha' Lunatic

[Stretch:]

Ah yeah, fuck that, you know what I'm sayin'?

(The motherfuckin' lunatic)

Yes Tu'!

Tell them niggas what time it is, 'kna'm sayin'?

(punk motherfuckers, get the dick of the lunatic)

Niggas can't fuck with us, word up

Bitch ass niggas, fuck 'em

[2Pac:]

Fuck all them niggas

I'm tellin' these niggas that they ain't got

Naythin' on a nigga like me

We squashin' these punk motherfuckers in '91

'92, '93, and so on

So let the beat FLOAT on

While I spray these PUNK BITCHES

with these dope ass lyrics

Thanks to Poppa for supplyin' the dank

Now it's money in the BANK

And all y'all niggas shit stank

Compared to this shit

Fuck y'all punk bitches!

Tha' Lunatic \*echoes\*

Writer(s): George Clinton, Ronald Banks, Gregory Jacobs, Tupac Shakur, Edward Green

"Rebel Of The Underground" lyrics

## 2Pac Lyrics

### "Rebel Of The Underground" (from "Resurrection" soundtrack)

Rebel... rebel  
Rebel  
Rebel... rebel

They just can't stand the reign, or the occasional pain  
From a man like me, who goes against the grain  
Sometimes I do it in vain  
So with a little bass and treble  
Hey mister, it's time for me to explain that I'm the rebel  
Cold as the devil  
Straight from the underground, the rebel, a lower level  
They came to see the maniac psychopath  
The critics heard of me, and the aftermath  
I don't give a damn and it shows  
And when I do a stage show I wear street clothes  
So they all know me  
The lyrical lunatic, the maniac MC  
I give a shout out to your homies  
And maybe then, the critics'll leave your boy alone, G  
On the streets or on TV  
It just don't pay to be, a truth tellin' MC  
They won't be happy 'til I'm banned  
The most dangerous weapon: an educated black man  
So point blank in your face  
Pump up the bass, and join the human race  
I throw peace to the Bay  
Cause from The Jungle to Oaktown, they backin' me up all the way  
You know you gotta love the sound  
It's from the rebel - the rebel of the underground

Rebel, he's a rebel  
Rebel of the underground  
[4x]

Now I'm face to face with the devils  
Cause they breedin' more rebels than the whole damn ghetto  
And police brutality  
Shit, it put you in the nip and call it technicality  
So you reap what you sow  
So reap the wrath of the rebel, jackin' 'em up once mo'  
Now the fox is in the henhouse  
Creepin' up on your daughter while you sleep I got her sneakin' out  
2Pac ain't nothin' nice, I'll be nothin' how I wanna  
And doin' what I'm gonna  
Now I'm up to no good  
The mastermind of mischief movin' more than most could

So sit and slip into the sound  
Peep the rebel - the rebel of the underground

Rebel, he's a rebel  
Rebel of the underground  
[4x]

They say they hate me, they wanna hold me down  
I guess they scared of the rebel - the rebel of the underground  
But I never let it get me  
I just make another record 'bout the punks tryin' to sweat me  
In fact, they tryin' to keep me out  
Try to censor what I say  
Cause they don't like what I'm talkin' 'bout  
So what's wrong with the media today  
Got brothers sellin' out cause they greedy to get paid  
But me, I'm comin' from the soul  
And if it don't go gold, my story still gettin' told  
And that way they can't stop me  
And if it sells a couple of copies, the punks'll try to copy  
It's sloppy, don't even try to  
I'm a slave to the rhythm, and I'm about to fly through  
So, yo, to the people in the ghetto  
When ya hear the bass flow, go ahead and let go  
Now everybody wanna gangbang  
They talkin' street slang, but the punks still can't hang  
They makin' records 'bout violence  
But when it comes to the real, some brothers go silent  
It kinda make you wanna think about  
That ya gotta do some sellin' out, just to get your record out  
But 2Pacalypse is straight down  
So feel the wrath of the rebel - the rebel of the underground

2Pac is a rebel  
Rebel of the underground  
[8x]

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jacobs Gregory E

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"Part Time Mutha" lyrics

## 2Pac Lyrics

"Part Time Mutha"  
(feat. Angelique)

[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]

She's a part time mutha

[2Pac:]

Meet Cindi

She's twenty-two, lives right on the dope track  
Used to be fat now weighs less than a Tic Tac  
Now what's that say about this big epidemic  
This hypocritical world and the people in it  
Now speakin' of, in it Cindi loved to get buckwild  
Fuck with a smile single file she'll bust enough styles  
That would be cool, if she was your lover  
But fuck that, Cindi was my dope fiend mother  
Welfare checks never stepped through the front door  
Cause moms would run to the dopeman once more  
All those days, had me fiendin' for a hot meal  
Now I'm a crook; got steel, I do not feel  
So don't even trip, when I flip with my thirty-eight  
Revenge is a bitch and my hit shake the murder rate  
Word to the mother, I'm touched  
When moms come by, niggas hush or get rushed  
Maybe one day she'll recover  
But what will it take, to shake, or break  
My part time mutha

I gotta live with a part time

[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]

She's a part time mutha

[Angelique:]

I grew up in a home where no-one liked me  
Moms would hit the pipe, every night, she would fight me  
Poppa was a nasty old man, like the rest  
He's feelin' on my chest, with his hand in my dress  
Just another pest and yes I was nervous  
Was this a test? I just don't deserve this  
I wanna tell mom, but would she listen  
She's bound to be bitchin' if she hasn't got a fix in, so  
Now I lay me down to sleep, Lord don't let him rape me  
If he does my soul to keep, don't let the devil take me  
Can't concentrate I contemplate in my classroom  
Thinkin' how my step dad raped me in the bathroom  
Every day I make class and yet I'm missin' periods  
The thought of pregnancy is in my head and now I'm fearin' it  
I gotta tell mom before she sees me

I told her how he treated me and she didn't believe me  
Callin' me a slut cause my butt's kinda big so  
Still that ain't no way to be talkin' to your kids though  
I can't believe the way he caught her  
Got her believin' him and dissin' her own daughter  
Time for me to break and find another  
That's when I discovered  
The ways of the days of a part time mutha

*[2Pac:]*

I gotta live with a part time

*[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]*  
She's a part time mutha

*[2Pac:]*

I rush to tend her, talked as I touch her  
She blushed, the clothes came off and I bust her  
I'm up now, ready to get drunk on the block  
Here, take a cab, thanks a lot for the cock  
She's gone and I'm thinkin' that my game's so strong  
Pat myself on the back and move on  
Is this just how it is hell no  
Cause she came back with the kid and yo  
I been payin' ever since  
The clothes the food the cars and, oh, the rent  
All of my time gets spent at the workplace  
No time to kiss her got me this in the first place  
So, I do the dishes and clean the floor  
When I sleep I can't dream no more  
Oh no, now I'm a part time mutha  
And I change the diapers and clean the shit  
The tables are turned I can't take this  
Oh no, now I'm a part time mutha

*[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]*  
She's a part time mutha

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Stevie Wonder, Deon Evans



STRICTLY  
4 MY  
MIGGAN

PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT LYRICS

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Holla If Ya Hear Me"

(from "Resurrection" soundtrack)

Aww yeah, uhh, uhh  
Holla if ya hear me, yeah

Here we go, turn it up, let's start  
From block to block we snatching hearts and jacking marks  
And the punk police can't fade me, and maybe  
We can have peace someday, G  
But right now I got my mind set up  
Looking down the barrel of my nine, get up  
Cause it's time to make the payback fat  
To my brothers on the block better stay strapped, black  
And accept no substitutes  
I bring truth to the youth tear the roof off the whole school  
Oh no, I won't turn the other cheek  
In case ya can't see us while we burn the other week  
Now we got a nigga smash, blast  
How long will it last 'til the po' getting mo' cash  
Until then, raise up!  
Tell my young black males, blaze up!  
Life's a mess don't stress, test  
I'm giving but be thankful that you're living, blessed  
Much love to my brothers in the pen  
See ya when they free ya if not when they shove me in  
Once again it's an all out scrap  
Keep your hands on ya gat, and now ya boys watch ya back  
Cause in the alleys out in Cali I'mma tell ya  
Mess with the best and the vest couldn't help ya  
Scream, if ya feel me; see it clearly?  
You're too near me -

*[several times w/ minor variations:]*

*[2Pac:]*

Holler if ya hear me!

*[Sample:]*

"Hard"

"Tellin' you to hear it"

"The rebel"

Pump ya fists like this  
Holla if ya hear me  
PUMP PUMP if you're pissed  
To the sell-outs, living it up  
One way or another you'll be giving it up, huh  
I guess cause I'm black born  
I'm supposed to say peace, sing songs, and get capped on  
But it's time for a new plan, BAM!  
I'll be swinging like a one man, clan  
Here we go, turn it up, don't stop  
To my homies on the block getting dropped by cops

I'm still around for ya  
Keeping my sound underground for ya  
And I'mma throw a change up  
Quayle, like you never brought my name up  
Now my homies in the backstreets, the blackstreets  
They feel me when they rolling in they fat jeeps  
This ain't just a rap song, a black song  
Telling all my brothers, get they strap on  
And look for me in the struggle  
Hustling 'til other brothers bubble -

*[several times w/ minor variations:]*

*[2Pac:]*

Holler if ya hear me!

*[Sample:]*

"Hard"

"Tellin' you to hear it"

"The rebel"

Will I quit, will I quit?

They claim that I'm violent, but still I keep  
Representing, never give up on a good thing  
Wouldn't stop it if we could it's a hood thing

And now I'm like a major threat

Cause I remind you of the things you were made to forget

Bring the noise, to all my boyz

Know the real from the bustas and the decoys

And if ya hustle like a real G

Pump ya fists if ya feel me, holla if ya hear me

Learn to survive in the nine-tre'

I make rhyme pay, others make crime pay

Whatever it takes to live and stand

Cause nobody else'll give a damn

So we live like caged beasts

Waiting for the day to let the rage free

Still me, till they kill me

I love it when they fear me -

*[several times w/ minor variations:]*

*[2Pac:]*

Holler if ya hear me!

*[Sample:]*

"Hard"

"Tellin' you to hear it"

"The rebel"

*[2Pac:]* You're too near me, to see it clearly

*[several times w/ minor variations:]*

*[2Pac:]*

Holler if ya hear me!

*[Sample:]*

"Hard"

"Tellin' you to hear it"

"The rebel"

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Pac's Theme (Interlude)"  
(feat. Dan Quayle)

*[Statements variously said throughout song]*

*[Statements — 2pac (Dan Quayle):]*

I was raised in this society so there's no way  
You can expect me to be a perfect person cuz I'm a do what I'm a do  
I am still thirsty  
(There is absolutely no reason for a record like this to be published  
It has no place in our society.)  
They gotta understand me  
(Withdraw on this record.)  
That's how I feel I'm a do whatever I like. I am not a role model

Writer(s): Deon Evans, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Buddy Guy, Amos Blakemore

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Point The Finga"

"You could get the finger.. the middle!"  
"Come and get some!"

[2Pac:]

Ahh yeah, they love to point the finger  
"You could get the finger.. the middle!"  
"Come and get some!"

Boom boom boom on your black ass, bitch  
You could get the finger...the middle!

[4x]

[2Pac:]

I thought I hit rock bottom, they ban my album, point the finga  
I guess nobody loves a real nigga-slash-rap singer  
I thought I'd bring a little truth to the young troops  
I brought proof that the niggas need guns too  
It's not to be a racist, but let's face this:  
wouldn't you if we could trade places?  
I got lynched by some crooked cops, and to this day  
them same motherfuckers on the beat getting major paid  
But when I get my check they taking tax out  
So, we paying for these pigs to knock the blacks out  
Ain't that a bitch, some officers are getting rich  
Whooping on thugs and robbing drug dealers for they shit  
As far as jealousy, being a celebrity  
No matter who committed the crime, they all yell at me  
And the media is greedier than most  
You could sell em your soul or they'll be on ya til a niggas ghost  
And everyday I read the paper there's another lie  
They show my picture for the crimes of another guy  
Now how's that for the life of a big shot  
A dead cop, a law suit, a little kid shot  
I play them nuttin ass marks in the park  
for trying to earn they stripes in the dark  
Just cause I come there, don't mean I from there, peep:  
only jealous motherfuckers beef, and point the finga

Boom boom boom on your black ass, bitch  
You could get the finger...the middle!

[4x]

Boom boom boom on your black ass, bitch  
"You could get the finger.. the middle!"  
"Come and get some!"

[2Pac:]

As I run up on em madman, a nutcase with a screw loose  
A zoot troupe full of foolies with toolies  
Niggas run to me don't come to me with beef

Take your jewels and your jeep, boom boom! Let that ass sleep  
It's getting hectic, niggas run, quick  
Buckshots are the payback for dumb shit  
All you niggas on the block trying to test me  
Best wear a vest or get open like, sesame  
I'll run up on you mad deep; while you're trying to sleep  
I'm steady pumping bullets in your sheets  
Wake up, motherfucker, don't stutter  
Point blank by a nigga from the gutter, yeah!  
Gimme mine, gimme mine, gimme, mine  
Ban my rhymes, now I'm back to busting, nines  
And bustaz can't get none, hell no  
A quick flurry and he's buried with a swelled jaw  
I came up from the amateurs to pro hits  
at 5-0, so you know I take no shit  
And everybody wants to kill a bringer  
of bad news, so they choose, to point the finga

Boom boom boom on your black ass, bitch  
You could get the finger...the middle!

[4x]

[2Pac:]

One two three, peace to the real G's  
Still me, til these motherfuckers kill me  
I bring skills and I build, kill at will  
Smoke sess til I'm ill, still feel me?  
I say one two three, peace to the real G's  
Still me, til these motherfuckers kill me  
Pick it up, pick it up, give it up  
Best to duck or get fucked for your bucks  
Scream one two three, peace to the real G's  
Still me, til these motherfuckers kill me  
I can't give up, it's a black thang  
And I ain't going back to the crack game  
(You can do it son; be a man and stand up or run)  
Bitches, let em point the finga  
(You can do it son; be a man and stand up or run)  
Snitches, let em point the finga  
Yo, one two three, peace to the real G's  
Still me, til these motherfuckers kill me  
I guess nobody loves a rap singer  
That's why these motherfuckers.. (hahaha!) point the finga

Boom boom boom on your black ass, bitch!  
You could get the finga! The middle!

[11x]

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Something 2 Die 4 (Interlude)"

(feat. Dave Hollister)

Ghetto!  
[\*laughter echoes\*]  
I've changed?  
You motherfuckers kill me....  
I've changed?

It ain't that I've changed  
But it's strange how you motherfuckers rearrange  
When I found fame  
Point ya finger at tha bad guy!

You know what my momma used to tell me  
If ya can't find something to live for...  
...then you BEST, find something ta die for

[Curtis Mayfield:] "If there's hell below, we're all gonna go!"  
[\*repeat the above throughout\*]

Deep deep

La'tasha Harlins, remember that name...  
Cause a bottle of juice... ain't something to die for

Young Quaid, remember that name...  
Cause all you motherfuckers  
That go to your grave with that name on your brain  
Cause jealousy and recklessness is NOT, something to die for

All you niggas out there [\*echoed laughter\*]  
Look how the cracker crumbles  
When I say 'all you niggas' (all you niggas)

Unite  
One nigga, teach two niggas  
Four niggas teach more niggas  
All the poor niggas  
The pen niggas  
The rich niggas  
The strong niggas  
UNITE

There's more of us than there is of them  
Look around...  
Check your strip

Deep deep  
That's something to die for

Black

That's something to live for

What do I know?

Writer(s): Curtis Mayfield, Deon Evans, Tupac Amaru Shakur

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Last Wordz"

(feat. Ice Cube, Ice-T)

Got any last words  
Yeah I've got some last words  
Ice Cube's in the muthafuckin' house  
The nigga you love to hate

*[Ice Cube:]*

Here comes the nigga with the ruff, the terror  
The paranoid, gots to get the boy  
Get your steel cause I feel like a headbanger  
Yeah I got a gang of shits, styles guns  
My Uzi weighs a motherfucking ton  
Bucking down one, bucking down two  
Bucking down your crew, mutha fuck you  
Pigs wear blue, I wear black, nothing but black  
Cause Goddamn it's a brand new payback  
Fuck Pat Sajak, never did nothing for a nigga  
On the trigger the zigga the zag the nickel the bag  
The nigga the sag the forty four mag got you running like a fag  
So, keep your muthafucking jokes  
Cuz, I'm that nigga with a fresh pair of locs  
No yokes but smokes  
Crakers and them dirty mackers friends aren't jackers  
Get yah for your drawers, young niggas out to kill for the cause

Ice-T in the motherfucking house  
L.A. Playa

*[Ice-T:]*

O- to the muthafuckin G, I break crazy  
A lot of niggas hate me but they can't fade me  
Stop me, clock me, cops wanna Glock me  
But the punk motherfucking pigs can't stop me  
UHH am I a G, I got proof  
Banged in my youth, keep niggas on the roof  
With a scope, dough, Cube keep the rope  
2Pac'll string a nigga up if the mob don't  
So whats up, punk?  
You want what I got, step to me wrong fuck around and get shot  
Your moms crying fuck her bust her  
Bitch start screaming to me and I'll dust her  
Pops got the LP phat, track on hit  
Laid by the mutha fuckin' Bobcat  
Ninety three suckas want me to go out  
Throw the ho out, bitch muthafucker I'm rich

2Pac's in the muthafucking house  
Nigga I'm loc'd, 2Pac's gonna get'cha motherfuckers  
Got any last words

[2Pac:]

Now they're after me, why?, cause a nigga's Black  
Spittin' facts and ain't afraid to pull a trigger back  
Let em come step to a real muthafucker  
(Boom Boom) Mama ain't raised no suckers  
Dan Quayle, don't you know you need to get your ass kicked  
Where was you when there was niggas in the caskets  
Muthafucker Rednecks all the same  
Fear a real nigga if he ain't balled and chained  
That's why we burn shit and wreck  
Cause the punk police ain't learned shit yet  
You mutha-fuckas gonna pay the price  
Can't make a Black life, don't take a Black life  
It's on, the next real nigga fall dead  
Dread, jheri curl, process, or bald head  
Be prepared for the smoke to bust  
What niggas need to do is start loc'in up  
United we stand divided we fall  
They can shoot one nigga, but they can't take us all  
Let's get along with the Mexicans  
And we can all have peace on the sets again  
Imagine that if it took place (ha ha ha)  
Keeping the smile off they White face  
I ain't racist but lets trade places  
Trace the hate 'n face it  
One nigga teach two niggas  
Three teach four niggas  
And them niggas teach more niggas  
And when we blast  
That'll be the biggest blast you've heard  
And them is my last wordz

Writer(s): Tracy Lauren Marrow, James Banks, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Jackson O'Shea, Henderson Thigpen, Eddie Marion, Ervin  
Bobby Younger

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Souljah's Revenge"

[Lawyer:]

Mr. Shakur, can you please explain the meaning behind your violent lyrics?

[2Pac:]

Explain the meaning?

The fuck these niggas talking bout?

[\*sounds of running and sirens in background\*]

[Kid:] Damn...

[Cop:] Police, FREEZE!

[Kid:] Can't get shit off!

[Cop:] I said FREEZE you miserable black son of a bitch!

[Kid:] What, come on, come on!

[\*gun shot\*]

My attitude is shitty

My message to the censorship committee

Who's the biggest gang of niggas in the city?

The critics or the cops?

The courts or the crooks, don't look so confused

Take a closer look:

Niggas get they neck broke daily

Trying to stay jail free

What the fuck does Quayle know

What young black males need?

Please tell me

Message to the censorship committee

Who's the biggest gang of niggas in the city?

Huh, I pack a nine millimeter cause I gotta

Living hotter than the 4th of July, if I gotta die, I gotta

Momma told me, "Don't let em fade me..."

...nigga don't let em make you crazy!"

Game is what she gave me

Gotta watch your back, strapped

Real niggas rat-pack

If you get your ass taxed, bring a gat back

That's not the way we made it

That's just the way it is

Slangin rocks, fed a nigga's kids

I came up

My message to the censorship committee

Who's the biggest gang of niggas in the city?

Cops pull me over, check my plates, but I'm legal

You couldn't get me, figure fuck with a niggas people

They got me trapped, gat with the motherfucking hammer back

Cops on my back, just cause I'm black, SNAP

Now I'm guilty?

Message to the censorship committee

Who's the biggest gang of niggas in the city?  
All you punk police will never find peace  
On the streets til the niggas get a piece, fuck em!

They kill you to control ya  
Pay top dollar for your soul  
Real niggas don't fold, straight souljah!  
Can't find peace on the streets

Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police, hear them screaming  
Fuck em! Can't find peace on the streets

Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police, hear them screaming  
(I hear ya!)

Fuck em! Can't find peace on the streets

Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police, screaming  
(I hear ya!)

Fuck em! Can't find peace on the streets

Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police, screaming  
(I hear ya!)

Fuck em! Can't find peace on the streets

Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police (I hear ya!)

Fuck em! Can't find peace on the streets

Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police (I hear ya!)

Fuck em! Can't find peace on the streets

Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police (I hear ya!)

The niggas scream fuck em!

Motherfucking punk police (I hear ya!)

Thinking they run the motherfucking streets

It's mo' niggas than it's police

Think (I hear ya!)

One nigga, teach two niggas

Teach three niggas, teach fo' niggas (I hear ya!)

Teach mo' niggas, and we could run this shit!

I hear ya!

They finally pulled me over and I laughed  
Remember Rodney King and I blast on his punk ass (I hear ya!)  
[10x]

Writer(s): Ervin, Charles, Shakur

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Peep Game"

(feat. Threat)

[2Pac:]

So what the fuck you talking about?! Aw, shit  
Goody, goody, gumdrops  
Nigga, get your hoodie and your gun cocked  
Rock it till the drum stops, hip hop  
Even if my shit flip flop  
It probably wouldn't stop, talk shit and get socked  
How ya hang em?  
Know a realer nigga? You could bring him  
If I don't represent the shit, I'll kick it  
We could sway him, hunh! As if I know ya  
Then I could show ya  
But if I don't know, I gotta .44 fo' ya  
So, so peep game, at point blank range  
The fame can't change what the game maintains  
Strange! Went against the grain  
Aw shit! Flick or no flick I trips for no bitch  
Catch up on your pimpin', I ain't simpin', I'm a diss her  
Couldn't be my sister if she's actin' like I missed her  
Tell me why they, tell me why they, tell me why they play me  
Don't these niggas know that neither one of y'all can fade me  
I ain't big, I ain't buff, I ain't deisel  
But fuck wit 2Pac and pop goes the weasel  
Me and Threat made a bet on how many fellas  
Would jock a mothafuckin' real nigga cause they jealous  
They do it for the fame  
Explain, insane  
What's in a name? What's in a name?  
Peep game

[Deadly Threat:]

Punk bitch, how ya like me now?  
Can't fuck around wit the funky style  
Put it together like a puzzle builder  
If Threat don't get cha, Pac gon' kill ya

[Deadly Threat:]

Killa Cali  
The state where they kill  
Down wit Oaktown? What's up homie, can I chill?  
The bitches looking funny  
Film at elev,film at eleven wit they minds on they heaven  
Wit they .357  
-Where you at?  
-On the freeway, leaving LA  
-OK, see you when get here loc  
-OK  
-Here I am. Here I am  
-Goddamn that was quick

-Told ya I was coming. Who is that? Is that your woman?  
-Na, that's just a hoochie looking for some juice  
-What's up my nigga? What ya know? A nigga got a little bigger  
That's all folks know  
Fat gold ropes  
Gotta keep a low key for my attack  
When I approach, I want the diamonds, the pearls  
The round the way girls  
Cuz baby got, baby got back out this world  
Would you give a fee? Never  
Fly like a feather  
Make more money than your daddy and your mama put together  
The game is to be sold, not to be told  
So buy it  
Can't afford it?  
Low budget hoes gotta brother  
Peep game

*[Deadly Threat:]*

Punk bitch, how ya like me now?  
Can't fuck around wit the funky style  
Put it together like a puzzle builder  
If Threat don't get cha, Pac gon' kill ya

*[Deadly Threat:]*

Don't sell out  
Get the hell out  
Cause here I come  
Hit em with my bop gun  
They came and they blast  
We got witt they ass  
And oh, pop this vest and all the rest of that mess  
Coming through like Terminator 2  
Boost your crew cuz we ain't afraid of you  
You know what time it is wit me once the clock stike 3  
We going coo-coo for Cocoa Puffs. Whooo eeii!!!

*[Deadly Threat:]*

Punk bitch, how ya like me now?  
Can't fuck around wit the funky style  
Put it together like a puzzle builder  
If Threat don't get cha, Pac gon' kill ya

*[2Pac:]*

Time to get paid, time to get paid. Check  
Time to represent the west homie, nuttin' but a vest on me  
Got my hands on my Glock, eyes on the prize  
First sucka jump, first nigga die  
Gimme mine, gimme mine, gimme mine like I told ya  
Hard as a boulder  
Motha fuckin soulja  
Boom bam boom!! It's a stick up  
Vice president Dan Quayle eat a dick up  
Peep game

*[Deadly Threat:]*

Punk bitch, how ya like me now?  
Can't fuck around wit the funky style  
Put it together like a puzzle builder  
If Threat don't get cha, Pac gon' kill ya

[2Pac:]

Punk mothafucka

Fuck all those mothafuckas, they all can eat a mothafucking dick up

Word up. Fuck the police. I don't give a fuck

Bobcat in this mothafucka boy

Big up! Big up! To the criminals

Fuck em

"This is serious business"

Yeah, microphone mafia

2Pac, Threat, Bobcat

93 shot

Yeah nigga, bitch

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Strugglin"

(feat. Live Squad)

Eat a dick up

"Stick up, stick up, stick up kids...  
Still don't nothin' move but the money"

*[Stretch of Live Squad:]*

Struggling, juggling, got it to the black man  
Eating the scams like I was motherfucking Pac Man  
Cops step off, you know the flavor  
They fear the ruffneck niggas with the lunatic behavior  
And now we gotta eat, gotta make ends meet  
Stabbing for a fee, it gets hard on the fucking streets  
It's like a madness, fuck making gravy  
I rhyme and do crimes, cause either way pays me  
A little rough with a hardcore... theme  
Couldn't rough something rougher in your... dreams  
Mad rugged so you know we're gonna... rip  
With that roughneck nigga named 2Pacalypse  
Representing YG'z yo  
Flip Stretch Homicide and my nigga Gambino  
Seek and Po can't forget Money Bags  
Sticking up spots and jumping in Jags  
Gotta get ahead and always stay bumbling  
And always keep a hand on the gat  
Cause a niggas straight strugglin'

"Stick up, stick up, stick up kids...  
Still don't nothin' move but the money"

*[Majestic of Live Squad:]*

I'm used to being poor, but now I'm sick of struggling  
I thought about bumping, but mother-fuck juggling  
I know it lasts longer, gets my pockets thicker  
But I'd rather use my gun cause I get the money quicker, so bust it  
Look as I cut the records hard to eject  
A quick clip threw my body down uhh! it's another hit  
I got energy to blast now you want the task here  
Cuz of the light a motherfucker shot that ass up  
But rugged and rough is how I'm stepping  
Mac is the weapon, and it's always kept in  
Eye on the Mac cause the dogg got it going on  
If you come up stepping you'll be lit like a hick  
So you better chill, cause I got too much money to get  
A street thug in the motherfucking house, I'm struggling  
Get drunk but I don't think  
I'm just in it for the money, don't be a punk snitch  
When I yank up my gun, don't run don't bitch  
Cause ya know if you do, you'll be laying in a ditch  
You'll get your stupid ass blown out the frame

Cause I'm playing to win, and survive in the game  
I'm strugglin'

"Stick up, stick up, stick up kids...  
Still don't nothin' move but the money"

[2Pac:]

Big up, big up, got him in the frame, bang  
Ain't nothing changed set it off I let the brains hang  
    Guess who's back, to put niggas on they back  
Till I call back, niggas running free better fall back  
    I'm fifty niggas deep beat sleep  
        with a Mossberg wrapped in my seats  
three deep in my Jeep chief run with the Young Gunz  
    Struggling and striving, that's how the dough come  
Now get gunned by the one with the gun for the low goal  
    Throw a bolo so low when I flow yo  
    Much too high to read the signs, I'm blind  
        Clicking on the nine, out to get mine  
I go big up, big up, gotta make the room, boom  
    Blowing motherfuckers to the moon  
Niggas need to feel me a real G, home from the bumbling  
    See me on the block, struggling  
And rolling with the roughnecks nuff checks cashed  
    I get in niggas ass, blast  
        Straight strugglin'

"Stick up, stick up, stick up kids...  
Still don't nothin' move but the money"

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Randy Walker, Christopher Walker, Kevin Rhames

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Guess Who's Back"

Guess who's back?

Drop the drums, here it comes, only got  
two minutes to bounce, and every second counts  
    Better press REC on your deck  
    Here we go, set? Pass the Moët  
    My trickery's more slippery when wet  
    Wicked as I flip, don't trip, get a grip  
    It'll kick, if the bass line's thick, it's a hit  
    Everybody's got a mic now, it's like a hobby  
But more like a job, cause bootleggers tryin' to rob me!  
    And little man wants to be a rap, star  
    Make papes, hit skins, drive a fat car  
        It ain't easy, sleazy even  
        Deceivin those we believe in  
        No benefits, just tricks and chicks  
    Knock a pig to pick, so here's a stick to lick  
        I shoot a gift, til there ain't none left  
        And if I find that the track sound def  
        I catch wreck till I lose my breath  
    That's how it goes in the land of broke  
I dispose of those, rock shows, and collect my dough  
    Now I suppose I'm the bad guy, why?  
        I say, "Hi," and try to stay high  
        Life's a mess don't stress, test... of givin  
        But be thankful that you're livin... blessed  
    Guess who's back, comin back with the track supplied  
        by Special Ed and Ak, comin right and exact  
    I'm fightin it back but now I snap, where they at?  
    When it's time to go to combat, guess who's back

*[Special Ed:]*

"Yes I'm back"

"2Pac is"... back!

*[4x]*

Drop the drums, here it comes, only got  
one minute to bounce, and every second counts  
I went from hustlin dicks to makin hits, bustin flicks  
    Now I'm sure to be rich for ninety-six  
    I pull my 'capes on tapes, and make, papes  
Trace the bass, to the tape with the baddest bass to date  
    I try to shake it but the pace is hard to break  
    Good thoughts I wait, cause they hate my black tape  
        Yeah, it's on, and it's packed in the rap race  
        But if ya got a black face, it's a rat race  
        I struggle to be rugged and raw, Dukes  
        Tryin to survive in the trials and lawsuits  
        Everybody wants to test me, WHY ME?  
        No lie, niggas cried when they try me

Givin up the roughness, justice  
I'mma bust as I'm rippin up 'nuff hits  
And guess who's back? No longer trapped  
Cause I snapped on the ones that held me back, feel the contact  
Ride the track, get I grip as I flip  
Ghetto wickedness I kick. Guess who's back?

*[Special Ed:]*

"Yes I'm back"  
"2Pac is"... back!  
"Yes I'm back"

"Yes I'm back, cause I never did front"

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Archer Edward K, Akshun

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Representin '93"

"I got a head, but ain't no screws in it"

Roll up and get swell up, hold up  
How ya gonna play me like a sunkin dunkin donut?  
I ain't came a long way to get checked  
So give me respect when I get wreck  
Or get your motherfuckin chin checked  
Once again, it's your friend outta Oakland  
Hoping I can rock the shit to get ya open  
Say your looking for some real shit  
Then catch a funkified batch  
Like that!  
Oakland's on the map  
2Pac is on the big screen strivin  
Gotta love a nigga for survivin  
I wear alot of old schools jewels  
Look how the fools drool, ooohh  
Stop lookin at me hard cause you're buffer  
But I'll just buck them bigger motherfuckers  
Turnin men to suckers  
Niggas wanna start a little ruckus  
Better duck cause I'll be poppin' them motherfuckers  
They wanna throw their hands up, that's tight  
Hit em wit my eight, never had shit left, right  
Then hit em wit the uppercut, duck quick  
Shit outta luck, fucked and stuck with that rough shit  
Fuck a pop song, fuck a video, fuck Arsenio, fuck the radio  
Do you hear me though?  
Give a holla to my niggas in the pen  
And my murderous partners wit their Mac 10s  
I represent the real cause I'm ill, G  
Glock cocked the day they kill me  
I'm representin'

Peace to Redman, Treach, Vin Rock, Kay Gee the great one  
Mary J. Blige, Pete Rock and Troy, the late son  
Heavy D, CL Smooth, and Queen Latifah  
Too Short, Tony Toni Tone, LayLaw beat cuts  
Ed, the special motherfucker and the Lover  
The Tribe, A Tribe Called Quest, and Jungle Brothers  
Das EFX, EPMD, and Ice Cube  
House of Pain: funky blunted ass white dudes  
Cypress Hill, yeah, the ill niggas  
Digital Underground: my real niggas  
Raw Fusion, Organized Konfusion  
Wicked and the Mouse Man, Spice 1 and Pooh Man  
TLC, Eric B., Rakim, then Scarface  
Stretch, Maj, K-Low, pumpin the Squad's bass  
Thorough Heads, Poonannynans, The Click  
E-40, The Governor, and Richie Rich

Young Guns in the house pumpin the flava  
DJ Ditch for their behavior  
Off the head, my freestyle flow  
Just a couple of motherfuckers that I know  
I'm strictly representin

1 motherfucker, 2 motherfucker, 3 motherfuckers  
Damn, who did I forget?

I'm a soulja, daddy was a soulja  
Strong in the struggle  
Must contend so it's on  
Raised in a house full of bad motherfuckers  
Mad motherfuckers  
Never had so we grab from the stacked motherfuckers  
Now they know me, the homies  
Raised by some crazed ass well payed OG's  
Ah shit!  
Pulled up in a benz, snatch  
The wheel as I peel out. Catch a cop's tail  
Rock shells hit. Raise a fist so they know to make a hit  
Can I flip it? I may get wicked as I rip it  
To get specific: If the shoe fits, then kick it  
It's for the gifted, pump your fist if you wit it  
Here's your ticket to see Mr. Wicked rip shit  
Now they wanna ban me (Told ya)  
All I wanted to be was a soulja  
Bang bang boogie, it's a stick up  
Quit now, nigga, eat a dick up  
Huh, I'm representin'

Thanks to jflo102000 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jefferson Truman Darnell

"Keep Ya Head Up" lyrics

## 2Pac Lyrics

### "Keep Ya Head Up"

Little something for my godson Elijah

And a little girl named Corin

Some say the blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice

I say the darker the flesh then the deeper the roots

I give a holla to my sisters on welfare

2Pac cares if don't nobody else care

And I know they like to beat you down a lot

When you come around the block, brothers clown a lot

But please don't cry, dry your eyes, never let up

Forgive, but don't forget, girl, keep your head up

And when he tells you you ain't nothing, don't believe him

And if he can't learn to love you, you should leave him

'Cause, sister, you don't need him

And I ain't trying to gas ya up, I just call 'em how I see 'em

You know what makes me unhappy? When brothers make babies and leave a young mother to be a pappy

And since we all came from a woman

Got our name from a woman and our game from a woman

I wonder why we take from our women

Why we rape our women, do we hate our women?

I think it's time to kill for our women

Time to heal our women, be real to our women

And if we don't we'll have a race of babies

That will hate the ladies that make the babies

And since a man can't make one

He has no right to tell a woman when and where to create one

So will the real men get up?

I know you're fed up, ladies, but keep your head up

Keep ya head up, ooh, child

Things are gonna get easier

Keep ya head up, ooh, child

Things'll get brighter

Keep ya head up, ooh, child

Things are gonna get easier

Keep ya head up, ooh, child

Things'll get brighter

Ayo, I remember Marvin Gaye used to sing to me

He had me feeling like black was the thing to be

And suddenly the ghetto didn't seem so tough

And though we had it rough, we always had enough

I huffed and puffed about my curfew and broke the rules

Ran with the local crew and had a smoke or two

And I realize momma really paid the price

She nearly gave her life to raise me right

And all I had to give her was my pipe dream

Of how I'd rock the mic and make it to the bright screen  
I'm trying to make a dollar out of fifteen cents  
It's hard to be legit and still pay the rent  
And in the end it seems I'm heading for the pen  
I try to find my friends, but they're blowing in the wind  
Last night my buddy lost his whole family  
It's gonna take the man in me to conquer this insanity  
It seems the rain'll never let up  
I try to keep my head up and still keep from getting wet up  
You know, it's funny, when it rains it pours  
They got money for wars but can't feed the poor  
Say there ain't no hope for the youth  
And the truth is it ain't no hope for the future  
And then they wonder why we crazy  
I blame my mother for turning my brother into a crack baby  
We ain't meant to survive, 'cause it's a set-up  
And even though you're fed up  
Huh, you got to keep your head up

Keep ya head up, ooh, child  
Things are gonna get easier  
Keep ya head up, ooh, child  
Things'll get brighter  
Keep ya head up, ooh, child  
Things are gonna get easier  
Keep ya head up, ooh, child  
Things'll get brighter

And uh, to all the ladies having babies on they own  
I know it's kinda rough and you're feeling all alone  
Daddy's long gone and he left you by your lonesome  
Thank the Lord for my kids even if nobody else want 'em  
'Cause I think we can make it, in fact, I'm sure  
And if you fall, stand tall and comeback for more  
'Cause ain't nothing worse than when your son  
Wants to know why his daddy don't love him no mo'  
You can't complain you was dealt this  
Hell of a hand without a man, feeling helpless  
Because there's too many things for you to deal with  
Dying inside, but outside you're looking fearless  
While tears is rolling down your cheeks  
You steady hoping things don't fall down this week  
'Cause if it did, you couldn't take it  
And don't blame me, I was given this world, I didn't make it  
And now my son's getting older and older and colder  
From having the world on his shoulders  
While the rich kids is driving Benz  
I'm still trying to hold on to surviving friends  
And it's crazy, it seems it'll never let up  
But please, you got to keep your head up

Thanks to Viviana Medina for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Roger Troutman, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Stan Vincent, Daryl L. Anderson

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# 2Pac Lyrics

"Strictly 4 My N.I.G.G.A.Z."  
(feat. Pacific Heights)

[2Pac speaking:]

Yo, law!

Is it cool if a nigga just get fucked up for this one?

Yeah! Mr. Fuck-a-Cop is back

And I still don't give a fuck, yaknahmsayin'?

Puffin' on this indo

In the studio with my partners out here

Pacific Heights in the house, know what I mean

I was framed, so don't make the same mistake, nigga

You gotta learn how to shake the snakes, nigga

Cause the police love to break a nigga

Send 'em upstate cause they straight-up hate the niggas

So what I do is get a crew of zoo niggas

Straight fools into rules and do niggas

And one-time had enough of me

I'm still raw so the law can't fuck with me

They wanna send me to the pen, punk, picture that

I stay strapped, motherfuckers better get your gat

It ain't easy bein' me, I can't take it

Life as a celebrity ain't everything they make it

And ever since the movies these hoes try to do me

If they can't screw me, they find a way to sue me

Now can you picture me coolin' at a night club?

Nothin' but love, but motherfuckers wanna mean mug

Since I wear a lot of gold, they plot

Don't know what I got and get shot with the hot ones

And, aw yeah, I wanna feel guilty

But you punk motherfuckers tried to milk me

You'll get smacked behind the hill with my phone on my pager

It's beepin' while I cut you with my razor

I'm not violent, I'm petrified and nervous

I got no mercy for these niggas tryin' to serve us

But if you catch me outta pocket, then I'm got

You love to shoot a nigga but you scared to pop a cop

Now drop it

Strictly for my - strictly for my - strictly for my niggas [3x]

Strictly for my niggas, makin' G's

Reflected and disrespected, plus I'm rejected

You're just another rapper, who swears he's makin' records

That's what they said - whenever I would walk by

I never tripped though - always kept my head up high

Eventually I knew, that I would find my way

After the darkest night always comes a brighter day

And some would say, that turned away is all you'll get

I just said "Bet!," and never let 'em see me sweat

Cause in the end, I knew that I would have it all  
While non-believers were prayin' for my downfall  
And some would call and tell me that they wish me well  
But in my heart, I'm knowin' that they wish me hell  
Yo, get a real job, rappin' doesn't pay the rent  
I hit the studio, cause that's where all my money went  
Never surrender, it's all about the faith you've got  
Don't ever stop, just push it til you hit the top  
And if you drop, at least you know you gave your all  
Be true to you, and that way you can never fall  
But beware, these backstabbers ain't no joke  
Just like a rope, they hang on you until you're broke  
And when you're broke, they move onto the next dope  
And there you are, can't even pay your car, nope  
And when you reminisce, thinkin' how you got dissed  
Remember how it felt and then remember this  
Be true to you, believe that there's no one bigger  
Cause they can all suck dick - it's strictly for my niggas

Strictly for my - strictly for my - strictly for my niggas [3x]

This is for the critics if you live up  
Pick up my shit or I'll be back doin' stick-ups  
I better see five stars next to my picture  
If not, 2Pac will cop the Glock and come knockin' to get 'cha  
I told you once, motherfucker, I'm a nut  
Play me like a butt and you'll be bleedin' when you're fucked  
Niggas know what's up but they be tryin' to hold me down  
I'm comin' outta Oaktown, bitch fuck around  
And it ain't where you from that makes you hardcore  
Nigga it's the way you throw them thangs in the war  
And to the marks that be talkin' all that shit  
Screamin' out the next nigga's name like a bitch  
And the niggas that I ran into recently  
The motherfuckers at the club that pulled the piece on me  
You little bitches shoulda pulled the fuckin' trigga  
Now you live in fear of a heartless-ass nigga  
Mr. Troublesome; niggas tried to play me with the gat  
But like Terminator, nigga, I'll be back  
Yeah! And I'll be back with a fuckin' army  
You tried to harm me - ring the alarm, G  
Cause most motherfuckers love to act up  
Without they backup  
When they get jacked up they crack up  
It's strictly for my niggas at the show  
So they know, not to play me like a ho  
Strictly for my...

Strictly for my - strictly for my - strictly for my niggas [3x]

"The Streetz R Deathrow" lyrics

## 2Pac Lyrics

### "The Streetz R Deathrow"

Growing up as an inner city brotha  
Where every other had a pops and a mothah  
I was the product of a heated lover.  
Nobody knew how deep it screwed me  
And since my pops never knew me  
My family didn't know what to do with me.  
Was I somebody they despised?  
Curious look in they eyes  
As if they wonder if I'm dead or alive  
And poor momma can't control me  
"Quit tryin' to save my soul, I wanna roll with my homies!"  
A ticken timebomb, can't nobody fade me  
Packin' a 380 and fiendin' for Mercedes  
Suckers scatter but it don't matter I'm a cool shot  
Punks drop from all the buckshots the fools got  
I'm tired of being a nice guy  
I've been poor all my life, but don't know quite why  
So they label me a lunatic  
Could care less death or success  
Is what I quest 'cause I'm fearless  
Now the streets are deathrow  
('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')  
The streets are deathrow.  
[2x]

I just murdered a man, I'm even more stressed wearin' a vest  
Hopin' that they're aimin' at my chest  
Much too young to bite the bullet  
Hand on the tricga  
I see my life before my eyes each time I pull it  
I hope I live to be a man  
Must be part of some big plan to keep a brotha in the state pen  
Counting pennys over the years I'd done stacked many  
Proving wrong those  
Who swore I'd wouldn't live till twenty  
Now they gotta cope  
Since it's the only thing I know  
It's difficult to let it go  
I'm startin' to lose my hair 'cause I worry  
Hustlin' to keep from gettin' buried  
But now I gotta move away now  
'Cause these suckers love ta' spray where I lay down  
My homie lost his family, he snapped;  
Shot up half the block to bring them back  
The streets are deathrow

('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')

The streets are deathrow.

[2x]

I'm dangerous when drunk I only drink beer

Gin makes me sin

Unable to think clear

Henessey makes me think my enemy is getting close

BOOM BOOM BOOM

Got me shooting at a ghost

Some call me crazy but this is what you gave me

Amongst the babies who raised up from the slavery

I sport a vest and hit the sess to kill the stress

Moved out west and I invest in all the best

Those who test will find a bullet in they chest

Put to rest by a brotha who was hopeless

Grow up broke on the rope of insanity

How many pistols smoking coming from a broken family

I'm sick of being tired

Sick of the sirens, body bags, and the gun firing

Tell Bush, "Push the button!" 'cause I'm fed

Tired of hearin' these voices in my head

The streets are deathrow

('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')

The streets are deathrow.

[2x]

('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')

The streets are deathrow

('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')

The streets are deathrow

('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')

The streets are deathrow

('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')

The streets are deathrow

('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')

This goes out to my partners in the Live Squad

(like it ain't nothin')

And all my partners involved in that 187

Watch your back

('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')

There got to be a better way

('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')

There's too many of us in the cemetery

('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')

Come on, what we gonna do now

('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')

The streets are deathrow

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# 2Pac Lyrics

"I Get Around"

(feat. Money B, Shock G)

[2Pac:]

Aw, yeah, I get around  
Still clown with the Underground  
When we come around  
Stronger than ever

[2Pac:]

Back to get wreck, all respect  
To those who break their neck to keep their hoes in check  
'Cause, oh, they sweat a brother majorly  
And I don't know why your girl keeps pagin' me  
She tell me that she needs me, cries when she leaves me  
And every time she sees me  
She squeeze me—lady, take it easy!  
Hate to sound sleazy, but tease me  
I don't want it if it's that easy  
Ayo, bust it, baby got a problem, saying "bye-bye"  
Just another hazard of a fly guy  
You ask "Why?", don't matter! My pockets got fatter  
Now everybody's lookin' for the latter  
And ain't no need in being greedy, if you wanna see me  
Dial the beeper number, baby, when you need me  
And I'll be there in a jiffy  
Don't be picky, just be happy with this quickie  
But when you learn you can't tie me down  
Baby doll, check it out: I get around

What you mean you don't know? I get around

The Underground just don't stop for hoes, I get around  
Still down with the Underground, I get around  
Yeah, ayo, Shock, let them hoes know!

[Shock G:]

Now you can tell from my everyday fits I ain't rich  
So cease and desist with them tricks  
I'm just another black man caught up in the mix  
Tryin' to make a dollar out of 15 cents (A dime and a nickel)  
Just 'cause I'm a freak don't mean that we could hit the sheets  
Baby, I can see that you don't recognize me  
I'm Shock G: the one who put the satin on your panties  
Never knew a hooker that could share me; I get around

[Money B:]

What's up, love? How you doin'?  
Well, I've been hangin', sangin', tryin' to do my thang  
Oh, you heard that I was bangin'  
Your homegirl you went to school with?  
That's cool, but did she tell you about her sister?  
And your cousin thought I wasn't

See, weekends were made for Michelob  
But it's a Monday, my day, so just let me hit it, yo  
And don't mistake my statement for a clown  
We can keep in the down low  
Long as you know that I get around

What you mean you don't know? I get around  
The Underground just don't stop for hoes, I get around  
Still down with the Underground, I get around  
Yeah, ayo, Shock, let them hoes know!

*[2Pac:]*

Finger tips on the hips as I dip  
Gotta get a tight grip, don't slip; loose lips sink ships  
It's a trip, I love the way she licks her lips, see me jockin'  
Put a little twist in her hips 'cause I'm watchin'  
Conversations on the phone 'til the break of dawn  
Now we're all alone: why the lights on?  
Turn them off! Time to set it off, get you wet and soft  
Somethin' is on your mind, let it off  
You don't know me, you just met me, you won't let me  
Well, if I couldn't have it (silly rabbit) why you sweatin' me?  
It's a lot of real G's doin' time  
'Cause a groupie bent the truth and told a lie  
You picked the wrong guy, baby, if you're too fly  
You need to hit the door, search for a new guy  
'Cause I only got one night in town  
Break out or be clowned, baby doll, are you down? I get around

Thanks to Steve Abel for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jacobs Gregory E, Troutman Roger, Murdock Shirley J, Troutman Larry, Brooks Ronald R

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Papa'z Song"  
(feat. Wycked)

[2Pac:]  
Daddy's home...

Heh, so?  
You say that like that means something to me  
You've been gone a mighty long motherfuckin time  
For you to be comin home talkin that "daddy's home" shit (nigga)  
We been gettin along fine just without you  
Me, my brother, and my mother  
So if you don't mind, you can step the FUCK off, POPS... fuck you!

[2Pac:]  
Had to play catch by myself, what a sorry sight  
A pitiful plight, so I pray for a starry night  
Please send me a pops before puberty  
The things I wouldn't do to see a piece of family unity  
Moms always work, I barely see her  
I'm startin to get worried without a pops I'll grow to be her  
It's a wonder they don't understand kids today  
So when I pray, I pray I'll never grow to be that way  
And I hope that he answers me  
I heard God don't like ugly well take a look at my family  
A different father every weekend  
Before we get to meet him they break up before the week ends  
I'm gettin sick of all the friendships  
As soon as we kick it he done split and the whole shit ends quick  
How can I be a man if there's no role model?  
Strivin to save my soul I stay cold drinkin a forty bottle  
I'm so sorry...

I'm so sorry  
For all this time (I'm so sorry)  
For all this time  
For all this time (don't lie)  
I'm so sorry  
For all this time (so, sorry)  
For all this time  
For all this time, so sorry baby!

[Wycked:]  
Moms had to entertain many men;  
Didn't wanna do it but it's time to pay the rent again.  
I'm gettin a bit older and I'm startin to be a bother;  
Moms can't stand me cause I'm lookin like my father  
Should I stay or run away? Tell me the answer  
Moms ignores me and avoids me like cancer  
Grow up rough and it's hard to understand stuff  
Moms was tough cause his papa wasn't man enough;  
Couldn't stand up to his own responsibilities

Instead of takin care of me, he'd rather live lavishly  
That's why I'll never be a father;  
Unless you got the time it's a crime; don't even bother  
(That's when I started hatin' the phony smiles  
Said I was an only child)  
Look at mama's lonely smile!  
It's hard for a son to see his mother cry  
She only loves you, but has to fuck with these other guys  
I'm so sorry...

I'm so sorry  
For all this time (I'm so sorry)  
For all this time  
For all this time (don't lie)  
I'm so sorry  
For all this time (so, sorry)  
For all this time  
For all this time, so sorry baby!

[2Pac:]

Man child in the promised land couldn't afford many heroes  
Moms was the only one there my pops was a no-show  
And ohh -I guess ya didn't know  
That I would grow to be so strong  
Lookin kinda pale, was it the ale or pops was wrong?  
Where was the money that you said, you would send me  
Talked on the phone and you sounded so friendly  
Ask about school and my welfare  
But it's clear, you ain't sincere hey who the hell cares  
You think I'm blind but this time I see you comin, Jack!  
You grabbed your coat, left us broke, now ain't no runnin back  
Ask about my moms like you loved her from the start  
Left her in the dark, she fell apart from a broken heart  
So don't even start with that "Born to be a father" shit  
Don't even bother with your dollars I don't need it  
I'll bury moms like you left me: all alone, G  
Now that I finally found you, stay the fuck away from me  
You're so sorry

I'm so sorry  
For all this time (I'm so sorry)  
For all this time  
For all this time (don't lie)  
I'm so sorry  
For all this time (so, sorry)  
For all this time  
For all this time, so sorry baby!

[2Pac impersonating his father:]

I never meant to leave but I was wanted  
Crossed too many people every house I'd touch was haunted  
Had to watch the strangers every brother was a danger;  
If I wanted to to keep you breathin, had to be out of range-a  
Had to move on, done lost my name and picked a number  
Made me watch my back I had no happy home to run to  
Maybe it's my fault for being a father livin fast

But livin slow, mean half the dough, and you won't get no ass  
Hindsight shows me it was wrong all along  
I wanted to make some dough so you would grow to be so strong  
It took a little longer than I thought  
I slipped, got caught, and sent to jail by the courts  
Now I'm doin time and I wish you'd understand  
All I ever wanted was for you to be a man  
And grow to be the titan you was meant to be  
Keep the war fightin by the writings that you sent to me  
I'm so sorry...

I'm so sorry  
For all this time (I'm so sorry)  
For all this time  
For all this time (don't lie)  
I'm so sorry  
For all this time (so, sorry)  
For all this time  
For all this time, so sorry baby!

# 2Pac Lyrics

"5 Deadly Venomz"

(feat. Live Squad, Treach, Apache)

[2Pac talking:]

[\*laughs\*] We're going platinum nigga, we going platinum

[2Pac:]

Yeah, you got the Live Squad in this motherfucker  
We get my nigga Treach from Naughty By Nature up in this motherfucker

[Stretch:]

My nigga Apache up in this motherfucker

[2Pac:]

My Mossberg goes boom, gimme room, can I catch it  
Talkin' quicker then a vic that's tryin' to keep from gettin' blasted  
I had enough I put a hit upon them bastards  
Boo-ya, turn this Benz into a casket  
Now they after me, prowling for a niggas bucks  
Time to see, who's the G, with the bigger nuts  
Buck buck, big up and livin' reckless  
Niggas with a death wish step in with a TEC and I'll wet this  
Yeah this shit is hyper  
True to what I'm writing, representing and I'm striking like a viper  
Huh, I got my mind made up, I got my nine  
Ring the alarm, and strong arm what's mine  
Some niggas need to feel me with a passion  
I'm old fashioned, run up on me, nigga, and get blasted  
With five deadly venomz

(Yeah 'Pac, fuck that, still hittin' 'em up with  
that old deadly shit. Aiyyo Treach where you at?  
Step up and hit they ass up with the wickedness.)

[Treach:]

We come to hit you with a sock full of Brooklyn  
to the Onyx of your nose, punk is funky like skunk blunts  
Stunk like funk cunt  
I come to take you on a war rough and rugged route  
And if another doubts I blow your fuckin' mother out  
And after she's crossed out  
I shout, "I'm de MC wit de nasty mouf!" and kick the bitch out  
Sue me? I pay the lawyer for ya oh boy yeah  
Plus my style's ten to twenty fuckin' pounds more  
I take you quicker than a picture of a punk ya pickin' shit  
Pickin' pockets with a razor stoppin' Russian rockets  
Not shoplift, I'm liftin' shop  
Once you sound hot, 'cause if you ain't a perfect ten  
my sign is stop!  
It's twenty mother-crooked-fuckin' styles in 'em  
Like women I did 'em I'm in for deadly ready venom

*[Stretch of Live Squad:]*

Yeah, as I take a puff I get rough, Big Mad  
To put it on, can't none come tougher see  
I'm down with the sound of the Squad hard, boom!  
Breakin' 'em down, I make 'em see their doom  
Coming straight from the dome where I roam it's a job to  
Rob and steal and runnin' from the coppers  
Who hold a, boulder, turn the gun controller  
Started from a punk now to be a high roller  
Youngest, reckless, crazy, disaster  
Mac-11 blaster, and I run faster  
Than a lot of cops I can't be stopped till my head gets popped  
A lot of fuckin' bodies will drop  
It's a disaster, I'm coming for the blood splatter  
I make 'em scatter, leavin' trails of brains and bladders  
Blowin' 'em out the frame with no shame  
Game tight, drop a body then get out of sight  
Count my loot after I shoot, leave my kicks up and it's  
Something I don't wanna do, something that I never did  
I try to get him, I think I hit 'em, I lit him  
He's out! A poison, a deadly venom

(Yeah Mad, fuck that! You know how we do  
Knowhatl'msayin? Squad in effect, YG'z in effect  
Now you know a nigga like me gotta represent)

*[Majestic of Live Squad:]*

Once again, back to rip shit, quick on the flip tip  
The psycho, represent the real to take the mic flow  
Deadly, rock a head G, check the melody  
Niggas can't touch me when I wreckin' G you better flee  
'Cause I'm gifted with a jab and a forty-four Mag  
So nigga flip or take a trip in a body bag  
Uhh, boom you slipped up, now you're zipped up  
Yeah one more statistic, fronted and got ripped up  
No joke, you be yolk, no matter how it sound  
We're taking all fake niggas back to the stomping grounds  
Line 'em up single file, dome runnin' in 'em  
A nigga hit 'em with the venom, the fourth deadly venom

(Nigga, yaknowhatl'msayin? Fuck that!  
I told you, we takin' over, yo 'Pac.)

*[2Pac:]*

Five deadly venomz verse five be the livet  
Strugglin' and strive, keep a nine in my waistline  
Take mine, you better bury me, G  
Punk ass niggas don't even worry me, see  
I got a glock that say 'Pac run the block  
Fuck the cops 'cause my gauge gets me... PAID  
As I sit and reminisce about the old days  
Hugging on my AK, fuck getting played, hey  
I say niggas need to get they mind right  
Until they do I pop a clip and grip my nine tight  
Now it's on everyday could be my last day  
That's why I blast on they ass as I passed let the glass spray.

First you had a mouth full of fronts  
Now your mouth's full of chunks, Pac's out puffin' blunts  
Deadly venomz

(Hahaha, yeah pass that shit over here  
Apache bout to clean shit up.)

*[Apache:]*

Throw up your middle finger! Start the track for the maniac  
Only thing I'm givin out is black donuts and dirty backs  
Let me tell how you rough I get  
I pop shit behind your back get in your face and pop the same shit  
You can't get in because my gate's bigger I'mma snake nigga  
My act guards me so hard I pull the fuckin' trigger  
I'm a cinch in a clinch, your punch is like a pinch.  
Test the rhyme I'll knock your hairline back an inch  
Fuckin' up pooh-butts, cut 'em like cold cuts  
Choke 'em with my boot lace, then leave 'em hangin' like old nuts  
Clip up and move out, time to get 'em  
That's the results of fuckin with the fifth venom in denim

(Yeah, yaknowhatl'msayin?  
Five motherfuckin deadly venomz, in effect for ninety-three  
Ninety-four ninety-five all that other shit  
We takin this motherfucker over this larger hit  
Yaknowhatl'msayin? Follow us, come along. Yaknowhatl'msayin?  
We takin this motherfucker over. TRUST. We out.)

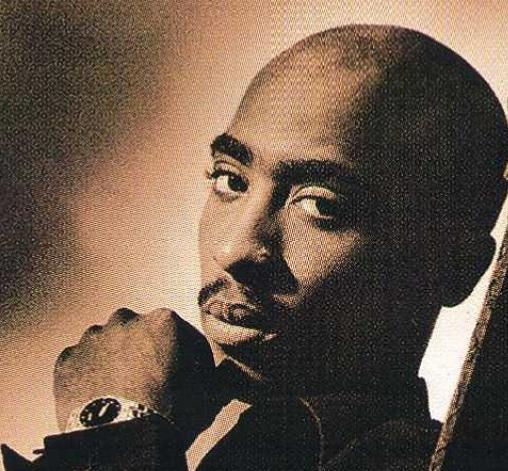
# 2PAC

ME

AGAINST

THE

WORLD



# 2Pac Lyrics

## "If I Die 2Nite"

A coward dies a thousand deaths  
A soldier dies but once

They say pussy and paper is poetry, power and pistols  
Plotting on murdering motherfuckers 'fore they get you  
Picturing pitiful punk niggas coppering pleas  
Puffing weed as I position myself to clock G's  
My enemies scatter in suicidal situations  
Never to witness the wicked shit that they was facin'  
Pockets is packed with presidents, pursue your riches  
Evading the playa hating tricks while hitting switches  
Bitches is bad-mouth, 'cause brawling motherfuckers is bold  
But charge them hoes; the game should be sold  
I'm sick of psychotic society, somebody save me  
Addicted to drama, so even mama couldn't raise me  
Even the preacher and all my teachers couldn't reach me  
I run in the streets and puffing weed with my peeps  
I'm duckin' the cops, I hit the weed as I'm clutchin' my Glock  
Niggas is hot when I hit the block; what if I die tonight?

[2Pac + Dr. Dre:]

If I die tonight  
If I die tonight  
Fuck it, if I die tonight  
Tonight's the night I get in some shit

Polish your pistols, prepare for battle, pass the pump  
When I get to poppin', niggas is droppin' then they done  
Calling the coroner, come collect the fucking corpse  
He got hit by a killer, preoccupied with being boss  
Revenge is the method  
Whenever steppin', keep a weapon close  
Adversaries are overdosed over deadly notes  
Jealous niggas and broke bitches equal packed jails  
Hit the block and fill your pockets, making crack sales  
Picture perfection, pursuing paper with a passion  
Visions of prisons for all the pussies that I blasted  
Running with criminals individuals with no remorse  
Try to stop me, my pistol posse's using deadly force  
In my brain all I can think about is fame  
The police know my name  
A different game, ain't a thing changed  
I'm seeing cemetery photos of my peers  
Conversating like they still here; if I die tonight

[2Pac + Dr. Dre:]

If I die tonight  
Scare to die nigga, is ya, ha?  
If I die tonight  
Never fear, never worry

If I die tonight  
Tonight's the night I get in some shit

Pussy and paper is poetry, power and pistols  
Plotting on murdering motherfuckers 'fore they get you  
Pray to the Heaven's, .357's to the sky  
And I hope I'm forgiven for thug livin' when I die  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto for thug niggas  
A stress free life and a spot for drug dealers  
Pissing while practicing how to pimp and be a playa  
Overdose of a dick while drinking liquor when I lay her  
Pistol whippin' these simps, for being petrified and lame  
Disrespecting the game, praying for punishment and pain  
Going insane, never die, I live eternal, who shall I fear?  
Don't shed a tear for me, nigga, I ain't happy here  
I hope they bury me and send me to my rest  
Headlines reading 'Murdered to death', my last breath  
Take a look, picture a crook on his last stand  
Motherfuckers don't understand; if I die tonight

[2Pac + Dr. Dre:]  
Nigga! If I die tonight  
No fear nigga, never worry  
If I die tonight  
Bury me a motherfucking G, closed casket fuck it  
If I die tonight  
You know  
Tonight's the night I get in some shit

Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder  
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder  
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder  
"Tonight's the night I get in some shit"  
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder  
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder

Writer(s): Norman Durham

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Me Against The World"

(feat. Puff Johnson, Dramacydal)

[2Pac:]

It's just me against the world

Nothin' to lose

It's just me against the world, baby

I got nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world

Stuck in the game

Me against the world, baby

[2Pac:]

Can you picture my prophecy?

Stress in the city, the cops is on top of me

The projects is full of bullets, though bodies is droppin'

They ain't no stoppin' me

Constantly movin' while makin' millions

Witnessin' killings

Leavin' dead bodies in abandoned buildings

Can't reach the children 'cause they're illin'

Addicted to killin' and the appeal from the cap peelin'

Without feelin', but will they last or be blasted?

Hard headed bastard

Maybe he'll listen in his casket; the aftermath

More bodies being buried, I'm losin' my homies in a hurry

They're relocatin' to the cemetery

Got me runnin', stressin', my vision's blurry

The question is will I live? No one in the world loves me

I'm headed for danger, don't trust strangers

Put one in the chamber whenever I'm feeling this anger

Don't wanna make excuses, cause this is how it is

What's the use? Unless we're shootin' no one notices the youth

It's just me against the world, baby

[2Pac & Puff Johnson:]

Me against the world

It's just me against the world

It's just me against the world

Me against the world

Cause it's just me against the world, baby

Me against the world

I got nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world, baby

I got nothin' to lose

[Yaki Kadaifi:]

Could somebody help me? I'm out here all by myself

See ladies in stores, Baby Capone's, livin' wealthy

Pictures of my birth on this earth is what I'm dreamin'

Seein' daddy's semen, full of crooked demons

Already crazy and screamin'

I guess them nightmares as a child

Had me scared, but left me prepared for a while

Is there another route? For a crooked outlaw  
Veteran, a villain, a young thug, who one day shall fall

*[E.D.I. Mean:]*

Everyday there's more death, and plus I'm dough-less  
I'm seein' more reasons for me to proceed with thievin'  
Scheme on the schemin' and leave they peeps grievin'  
Cause ain't no bucks to stack up, my nuts is backed up  
I'm about to act up, go load the MAC up, now watch me klacka  
Tried makin' fat cuts, but yo, it ain't workin'  
And evil's lurkin', I can see him smirkin' when I gets to pervin'  
So what? Go put some work in, and make my mail  
Makin' sales, riskin' 25 with a L, but oh well

*[2Pac & Puff Johnson:]*

Me against the world  
With nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world  
It's just me against the world, baby  
Me against the world  
I got nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world  
It's just me against the world, baby  
With nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world, baby  
Me against the world  
Me against the world  
I got nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world, baby

*[2Pac:]*

With all this extra stressin'  
The question I wonder is after death, after my last breath  
When will I finally get to rest through this oppression?  
They punish the people that's askin' questions,  
And those that possess steal from the ones without possessions  
The message I stress: to make it stop, study your lessons  
Don't settle for less, even the genius asks his questions  
Be grateful for blessings, don't ever change, keep your essence  
The power is in the people and politics we address  
Always do your best, don't let the pressure make you panic  
And when you get stranded  
And things don't go the way you planned it  
Dreamin' of riches, in a position of makin' a difference  
Politicians are hypocrites, they don't wanna listen  
If I'm insane, it's the fame made a brother change  
It wasn't nothin' like the game, it's just me against the world

*[2Pac & Puff Johnson:]*

Me against the world  
Nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world, baby  
Me against the world  
Got me stuck in the game, it's just me against the world  
Nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world, baby  
Me against the world

*[2Pac:]*

Hahaha, that's right  
I know it seem hard sometimes  
But uh, remember one thing

Through every dark night, there's a bright day after that  
So no matter how hard it get  
Stick your chest out, keep your head up, and handle it!

Thanks to Mortada Tofi, Juanita for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Richard Rudolph, Minnie Riperton, Hal David, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Leon Ware, Carsten Schack, Kenneth Karlin, Malcolm Greenidge, Yafeu A. Fula, Burt F Bacharach

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "So Many Tears"

I shall not fear no man but God  
Though I walk through the valley of death  
I shed so many tears  
If I should die before I wake  
Please God walk with me  
Grab a nigga and take me to Heaven

Back in elementary, I thrived on misery  
Left me alone I grew up amongst a dying breed  
Inside my mind couldn't find a place to rest  
Until I got that Thug Life tatted on my chest  
Tell me can you feel me  
I'm not living in the past, you wanna last?  
Be the first to blast Remember Kato  
No longer with us; he's deceased  
Call on the sirens, seen him murdered in the streets, now rest in peace  
Is there heaven for a G? Remember me  
So many homies in the cemetery, shed so many tears

!! I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears...  
Lord! I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Now that I'm struggling in this business, by any means  
Label me greedy gettin' green, but seldom seen  
And fuck the world cause I'm cursed, I'm having visions  
Of leaving here in a hearse, God can you feel me?  
Take me away from all the pressure and all the pain  
Show me some happiness again, I'm going blind  
I spend my time in this cell, ain't living well  
I know my destiny is Hell. Where did I fail?  
My life is in denial and when I die  
Baptized in eternal fire, shed so many tears

Lord! I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears...  
Lord! I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Now I'm lost and I'm weary, so many tears  
I'm suicidal so don't stand near me  
My every move is a calculated step, to bring me closer  
To embrace an early death, now there's nothing left  
There was no mercy on the streets, I couldn't rest  
I'm barely standing, bout to go to pieces, screamin' peace  
And though my soul was deleted, I couldn't see it  
I had my mind full of demons trying to break free  
They planted seeds and they hatched, sparking the flame  
Inside my brain like a match, such a dirty game  
No memories, just a misery  
Painting a picture of my enemies killing me, in my sleep  
Will I survive 'til the mornin' to see the sun  
Please Lord forgive me for my sins, cause here I come

Lord! (God!), I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears...  
God! I lost so many peers

And Lord knows I tried, been a witness to homicide  
Seen drive-bys takin' lives, little kids die  
Wonder why as I walk by  
Broken-hearted as I glance at the chalk line, getting high  
This ain't the life for me, I wanna change  
But ain't no future bright for me, I'm stuck in the game  
I'm trapped inside a maze  
See this Tanqueray influenced me to getting crazy  
Disillusioned lately, I've been really wanting babies  
So I could see a part of me that wasn't always shady  
Don't trust my lady cause she's a product of this poison  
I'm hearing noises, think she's fuckin' all my boys, can't take no more  
I'm fallin' to the floor; beginn' for the Lord to let me in  
To Heaven's door -- shed so many tears

Lord! lost so many peers, and shed so many tears...  
I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears...  
Lord! I suffered many years, and shed so many tears...  
God! I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Writer(s): Gregory E Jacobs, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Stevie Wonder, Eric Vandell Baker

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Temptations"

[Sample:]

Hey! Hey-ayyaahhyy

[2Pac:]

Yo Mo Bee mayn! Drop that shit!  
You know what time, boo-yaow, I know it's time for you  
So grab one by the hand you know what I'm sayin'  
And uh, throw up that finger  
Ayo throw y'all fingers up! Thug style baby, Thug style y'know?

[2Pac:]

Tell me baby are you lonely?  
Don't wanna rush ya, I can help ya if ya only  
Let me touch ya, if I'm wrong love tell me  
'cause I get caught up, and the life I live is Hell see  
I never thought I'd see, the day when I would calm down  
You ain't heard, I've been known to clown and Get Around  
That's my word, see you walkin' and you lookin' good  
Yes indeed, got a body like a sex fiend, you're killin' me  
With your attitude to match right?  
Don't be phony, 'cause I hate when you act like  
You don't know me I've be stressin' in the spotlight  
I want the fame, but the industry's a lot like  
A crap game, ain't no time for commitment, I gotta go  
Can't be with you every minute miss, another show  
And even though I'm known for my one night stand  
(Look here) I wanna be an honest man  
But temptations go

[2Pac:]

Throw up the finger! And all my homies go  
Throw them the finger! Ya know what baby it's like

[Easy Mo Bee:]

I know you've been searchin' for someone  
To make you happy, and get the job done  
You say you needed, a man with money  
But I can't be there, and will you still care

[2Pac:]

Will I cheat or will I be committed, heaven knows  
Gettin' weak and I wanna hit it, so here I go  
In my ride and I'm all in  
Gettin' high, I can hear the people callin'  
I'm passin' by, everybody knows I'm ballin'  
And to God, gotta keep myself from fall-in  
But it's hard, all the cuties know I'm under pressure  
What do I do, gettin' shaky when she pull the dress up  
And say it's cool, should I stroke or should I wait a while, you decide  
If you tell me that you don't want it, that's a lie

Move close and let me whisper  
Some dirty words in your ears as I kiss ya  
On every curve, slow down baby don't rush, I like it slow  
Can't hold it any longer, so let it go  
Open the gates to your waterfall up in heaven  
And don't worry, I let myself in, all I heard was

[2Pac:]  
Give 'em the finger!  
All my homies go, throw your fingers up  
That's just the Thug in me girl, you know  
Peep out all my homies, y'know, it's like

[Easy Mo Bee:]  
I know you've been searchin' for someone  
To make you happy, and get the job done  
You say you needed, a man with money  
But I can't be there, and will you still care

[2Pac:]  
A lotta people think it's easy  
To settle down, got a woman that'll please me  
In every town, I don't wanna but I gotta do it

The temptation got me ready to release the fluid Sensation, sit down and converse like you know me, take my hand  
'Cause even Thugs get lonely, understand  
Even the hardest of my homies need attention  
Catch you blowin' up the telephone, reminiscin'  
I wanna take you to the movies, and the park  
Let's find a spot for you to do me, in the dark  
Now that it's passion, hold me tight  
Don't need lights, I can see you by the moonlight  
I know your man ain't lovin' you right  
You're lonely and depressed you need a Thug in your life  
Enough talkin', you want me to leave, I'll get to walkin'  
See you later, 'cause baby I'm a player, and all I heard was

[2Pac:]  
Give 'em the finger, and all my homies go  
Yo this how we gonna do this in the nine-trey y'know?  
Throw your fingers up  
You know? They gonna peep this, this how we run game on you

(Everybody, hey, alright  
Hey, heyyeah, heyyyayy, oh)

All my niggas go, uptown in the, give 'em the finger!  
Throw your hands up, give em the finger!

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Young Niggaz"

I wanna dedicate this one to Robert 'Yummy' Sandifer  
And all other lil' Young Niggas that's in a rush to be gangstas

As a Young nigga, I'm almost runnin' in the wind  
Give anything, to be that innocent again, when I was ten  
I didn't bang but I was hangin' with the homies  
'Til them niggas started slangin', now they don't know me  
I got my hustle on, learned to ignore what couldn't pay me  
Lately I've been tryin' to make a mill-ion, can you blame me?  
With that jealousy they need to miss me, don't sweat me  
If them cowards really want me, come get me, and even I  
Someday will die but I'm cautious, I'm fin' to ride  
Put down the top, now we flossin'  
Hit the freeway, let the wind blow, drop the window  
Workin' with a twenty sack of indo, feelin' good  
Stop through the hood, grab the young thugs  
And I can't help but reminisce back when we slung drugs, though it's bad  
But all we had was our hopes and dreams  
Couldn't see unless we learned to slang dope to fiends  
As Young Niggas

He's the kind of G like everybody knows  
(As a strung nigga)  
He's always G'd up, from head to toe  
(My memories as a young nigga)  
Always got it blown like Al Capone  
(Strung nigga)  
He's the downest G I've ever known

Back in Junior High, when we was barely gettin' by, when daddy died  
That's when my momma started gettin' high  
My neighborhood was full of drive-bys, couldn't survive  
All our homies livin' short lives, I couldn't cry  
Told my momma if I did die, just put a blunt in my casket  
Let me get my dead homies high  
Come follow me throughout my history, it's just  
Me Against the World stuck in misery; as a young nigga  
My only thing was to be paid  
Life full of riches avoid snitches cause they shady, back in the days  
We always found the time to play  
But that's before they taught them gangbangers how to spray  
Not just L.A., but in the Bay and in Chicago and even St. Louis  
Every stadium that I go, when will they change?  
Stuck in the game like a dumb nigga  
Remember how it was, to be a young nigga

He's the kind of G like everybody knows  
(As a young nigga)  
He's always G'd up, from head to toe  
(My memories as a young nigga)

Always got it blown like Al Capone  
(young nigga)  
He's the downest G I've ever known

[*Ad-lib:*]  
I'm tellin' you  
...to be young, have your brains and have every limb and all that  
Yo, y'all niggas don't know how good you really do got it  
Muh'fuckers need to just calm down  
And peep what the fuck they wanna do for the rest of the life  
'Fore you end your life before you BEGIN your life  
You dumb nigga

Now that I'm grown, I got my mind on bein' somethin'  
Don't wanna be another statistic, out here doin' nuttin'  
Tryin' to maintain in this dirty game, keep it real  
And I will even if it kills me, my Young Niggas  
Break away from these dumb niggas  
Put down the guns and have some fun nigga, the rest'll come figure  
Fame is a fast thang, that gangbangin'  
Puttin' niggas in a casket, murdered for hangin'  
At the wrong place at the wrong time, no longer livin'  
Cause he threw up the wrong sign, and every day  
I watch the murder rate increases, and even worse  
The epidemic and diseases, what is the future?  
The projects lookin' hopeless, where  
More and more brothers givin' up and don't care  
Sometimes I hate when brothers act up, I hit the weed  
And I proceed to blow the track up, for Young Niggas

He's the kind of G like everybody knows  
(for the young niggas)  
He's always G'd up, from head to toe  
(My memories as a young nigga)  
Always got it blown like Al Capone  
(this for nigga..., this for the young nigga)  
He's the downest G I've ever known

He's the kind of G like everybody knows  
He's always G'd up, from head to toe  
He always got it blown like Al Capone  
He's the downest G I've ever known

[*Collision over the last 4 lines:*]  
This go out to the young thugs, the have-nots (you know)  
Little bad motherfuckers from the block (that's right)  
Them niggas that's thirteen and fourteen  
Drivin' Cadillacs, Benzes and shit (I see you boy)  
Young motherfuckin' hustlers (make that money boy)  
Stay strong nigga  
You could be a fuckin' accountant, not a dope dealer  
You know what I'm sayin'? (Go to school nigga, go to school)  
Fuck around and, you pimpin' out here  
You could be a lawyer (really doe)  
Niggas gotta get they priorities straight  
(Don't see Johnny Cochran out in this motherfucker)

Really doe. Young Niggas. little RahRah  
(sup nigga) Especially my little cousins don't be no dumb guy  
(Don't be a dumb nigga, listen, Young Niggas)

Thanks to Bonnie Barrow, Billy for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Black Lawrence Ernest, Shakur Tupac Amaru, Leftenant Nathan David, Singleton Charles, Stewart Loren Maurice, Jenkins Thomas Michael, Tyler Le-morrious Damon

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Heavy In The Game"

(feat. Eboni Foster, Lady Levi, Richie Rich)

*[Lady Levi:]*

Oh, you Thug Life is yours?  
Life ain't no something you can rap with  
Ooh come no ordinary game  
The game no something you can rap with  
Me's a player you know?  
I do not, play in no game  
Me just, make money, dollars.  
Every time, seen?

*[2Pac:]*

Now how can I explain how this game laced me, plus with this fame  
I got enemies do anything to break me, my attitude changed  
Got to the point where I was driven, twenty-four/seven  
Money's my mission, just a nigga tryin' to make a livin'  
These busta tricks don't want no mail  
They spendin' they riches on skanless bitches, who'll stay petrified in jail  
It's hell, plus all the dealers want a meal ticket  
Jealous-ass bitches, player-hatin' but we still kick it  
Always keep my eyes on the prize, watch the police  
Seen so much murder, neighborhoods gettin' no sleep  
But still, I get my money on major, continuously  
Communicatin' through my pager, niggas know me  
Don't have no homies since they jealous, I hustle solo  
'Cause when I'm broke I got no time for the fellas listen  
Ain't nothin' poppin' 'bout no broke nigga, I ain't no joke  
Fuck what they say and get your dough nigga  
Heavy in the game

*[Ad-libs — Lady Levi (Eboni Foster):]*

(Game's been good to me)

Who the bumba clat him a come try take mine?  
Oh, me see you rushin' up (Game's been good to me)  
I throw I'm blood claat P.M. to A.M  
All, all the bumba come ya take dis ting  
For ya take dis ting for joke?  
Oh, that's right (I don't care what it did to them  
The game's been good to me)

*[Richie Rich:]*

(Well let me shoot some of this how heavy type of shit)  
Certain niggas wanna stick to the game, you's a trick to the game  
Waitin' upon your turn, son when will you learn?  
Ain't no turns given, niggas be twistin' and takin' shit  
Puttin' they sack down, then puttin' they mack down  
Me myself I hustle with finesse yes I'm an Oakland baller  
Rule number one — check game, and fo' sho' you gon' respect game  
Be your own nigga meanin' buy your own dope  
Cause that front shit is punk shit, something I never funked with

Be true to this game and this game will be true to you  
That's real shit; disrespect, see what this here do to you  
    That jackin' and robbin', despisin' your homie  
Ain't healthy, niggas be endin' up dead 'fore they get wealthy  
    But not me though, I'm sewin' somethin' major  
So what I reap is boss — that's why my public status is floss  
    Went from a, young nigga livin' residential  
        To a, young nigga workin' presidential

*[Ad-libs — Lady Levi (Eboni Foster):]*

(Game's been good to me)  
    Me nigga Tu-pac ALWAYS look good  
You know that's true I'm look good every time  
Ooh, pussy war? Step up (Game's been good to me)  
    Can yi know I'm serving up blood claaat  
        Playing yi fucking games  
        Ooh, we take game, we won!  
            (I don't care what it did to them)  
        Any by now  
            (the game's been good to me)  
        All, yi haffa forget fi we won!  
            Everytime

*[2Pac:]*

I'm just a young black male, cursed since my birth  
Had to turn to crack sales, if worse come to worse  
Headed for them packed, jails, or maybe it's a hearse  
    My only way to stack mail, is out here doin' dirt  
My decisions do or die, been hustlin' since junior high  
    No time for askin' why, gettin' high, gettin' mine  
Put away my nine, cause these times call for four-five shells  
    Cause life is hell, and everybody dies  
    What about these niggas I despise  
Them loud talkin', cowards shootin' guns into crowds, jeopardizin' lives  
    Shoot 'em right between them niggas' eyes, it's time to realize  
        Follow the rules or follow them fools that die  
        Everybody's tryin' to make the news  
Niggas confused, quit tryin' to be an O.G. and pay your dues  
    If you choose to apply yourself  
Go with the grain then, come into riches and the bitches and the fame  
    Heavy in the game

*[Ad-libs — Lady Levi (Eboni Foster):]*

(Game's been good to me)  
    Boy, ya nah bitch!  
Major that's true we look good everytime  
    When we at Beers Diamond  
And 2Pac drives vintage car (Game's been good to me)  
    And fi them frame them look good, oh no?  
        This whole world ya call on  
        Gonna mass on a face  
For any, section of bumba ras claaat, oh!  
    (I don't care what it did to them)  
        ( the game's been good to me)  
        Flush it! Oh!  
Nobody wan come test me ya know

True them we a drive pretty car  
Wanna no part of any ting  
And now you wan come drown a gun  
But ya see we know, you haffa show I'm maximum respect  
For when a blood clat run or when a pussy walk up  
We look good everytime  
'Nough dollars, dollars!  
Ya know about dollars, them right?  
But we nah talk no shit  
We haffa walk de walk for we a talk, see it?  
'Cause action, action speak louder dan words  
You n who the record partner  
Don't blood claat ting at, ALL

Thanks to Sean L. for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Lewis Terry Steven, Harris James Samuel, Bostic Samuel, Mosley Michael

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Lord Knows"

Damn, another funeral, another motherfucker

Lord knows

[*'Pac is choking on blunt smoke\**]

Lord knows

[*\*coughing harder\**]

Lord knows

[*\*one final cough\**]

I smoke a blunt to take the pain out

And if I wasn't high, I'd probably try to blow my brains out

I'm hopeless, they should've killed me as a baby

And now they got me trapped in the storm, I'm goin' crazy

Forgive me; they wanna see me in my casket

And if I don't blast I'll be the victim of them bastards

I'm losin' hope, they got me stressin', can the Lord forgive me

Got the spirit of a thug in me

Another sip of that drink, this Hennessey got me queasy

Don't wanna hurl, young nigga take it easy

Picture your dreams on a triple beam, and it seems

Don't underestimate the power of a fiend

To my homies on the block

Slangin' rocks with your Glocks put this tape in your box

When you're runnin from the cops -- and never look back

If they could be black, then they would switch

Open fire on them busta-ass bitches, and Lord knows...

(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

Lord knows

[*\*coughing again\**]

(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

The Lord knows

[*\*still coughing\**]

(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

The Lord knows

(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

I wonder if the Lord will forgive me or bury me a G

I couldn't let my adversaries worry me

And every single day it's a test, wear a bulletproof vest

And still a nigga stressin' over death

If I could choose when a nigga die, figure I'd

Take a puff on the blunt, and let my trigga fly

When everyday it's another death, with every breath

It's a constant threat, so watch yo' step!

You could be next if you want to, who do you run to?

Murderin' niggas, look what it's come to

My memories bring me misery, and life is hard

In the ghetto, it's insanity, I can't breathe

Got me thinking, what do Hell got?

Cause I done suffered so much, I'm feelin' shell-shocked

And drive-by's an everyday thang  
I done lost too many homies to this motherfuckin' game  
And Lord knows...

(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)  
Lord knows  
[\*coughing again\*]  
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)  
The Lord knows  
[\*still coughing\*]  
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)  
The Lord knows  
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

One-time! One-time!  
Fuck the 5-0 cause they after me  
Kill me if they could, I'll never let 'em capture me  
Done lost too many niggas to this gangbangin'  
Homies died in my arms, with his brains hangin', fucked up!  
I had to tell him it was alright, and that's a lie  
And he knew it when he shook and died, my God  
Even though I know I'm wrong man  
Hennessey make a nigga think he strong, man (heh heh)  
I can't sleep, so I stay up, don't wanna fuck them bitches  
Try to calm me down, I ain't givin' up  
I'm gettin' lost in the weed, man, gettin' high  
Livin' every day, like I'm gon' die (gon' die, gon' die)  
I smoke a blunt to take the pain out  
And if I wasn't high, I'd probably try to blow my brains out  
Lord knows...

(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)  
Lord knows!  
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)  
Lord knows. Jesus.  
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)  
(He is listening! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

(Lord knows. Lord knows. He He. He. He.)  
(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)  
(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)  
(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)  
(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Dear Mama"

[2pac:]

You are appreciated

When I was young, me and my mama had beef

17 years old, kicked out on the streets

Though back at the time I never thought I'd see her face

Ain't a woman alive that could take my mama's place

Suspended from school

And scared to go home, I was a fool

With the big boys breaking all the rules

I shed tears with my baby sister, over the years

We was poorer than the other little kids

And even though we had different daddies, the same drama

When things went wrong we'd blame mama

I reminisce on the stress I caused, it was hell

Huggin' on my mama from a jail cell

And who'd think in elementary, hey

I'd see the penitentiary one day?

And running from the police, that's right

Mama catch me, put a whoopin' to my backside

And even as a crack fiend, mama

You always was a black queen, mama

I finally understand

For a woman it ain't easy trying to raise a man

You always was committed

A poor single mother on welfare, tell me how you did it

There's no way I can pay you back, but the plan

Is to show you that I understand; you are appreciated

[Reggie Green and "Sweet Franklin" (2Pac):]

Lady, don't you know we love ya? (Dear Mama)

Sweet lady, place no one above ya (You are appreciated)

Sweet lady, don't you know we love ya?

[2pac:]

Now, ain't nobody tell us it was fair

No love from my daddy, 'cause the coward wasn't there

He passed away and I didn't cry, 'cause my anger

wouldn't let me feel for a stranger

They say I'm wrong and I'm heartless, but all along

I was looking for a father he was gone

I hung around with the thugs

And even though they sold drugs

They showed a young brother love

I moved out and started really hangin'

I needed money of my own, so I started slangin'

I ain't guilty, 'cause even though I sell rocks

It feels good putting money in your mailbox

I love paying rent when the rent is due

I hope you got the diamond necklace that I sent to you

'Cause when I was low you was there for me

And never left me alone, because you cared for me  
And I could see you coming home after work late  
You're in the kitchen, trying to fix us a hot plate  
You just working with the scraps you was given  
And Mama made miracles every Thanksgivin'  
But now the road got rough, you're alone  
You're trying to raise two bad kids on your own  
And there's no way I can pay you back, but my plan  
Is to show you that I understand; you are appreciated

[Reggie Green and "Sweet Franklin" (2Pac):]  
Lady, don't you know we love ya? (Dear Mama)  
Sweet lady, place no one above ya (You are appreciated)  
Sweet lady, don't you know we love ya?

[2pac:]  
Pour out some liquor and I reminisce  
'Cause through the drama I can always depend on my mama  
And when it seems that I'm hopeless  
You say the words that can get me back in focus  
When I was sick as a little kid  
To keep me happy, there's no limit to the things you did  
And all my childhood memories  
Are full of all the sweet things you did for me  
And even though I act crazy  
I gotta thank the Lord that you made me  
There are no words that can express how I feel  
You never kept a secret, always stayed real  
And I appreciate how you raised me  
And all the extra love that you gave me  
I wish I could take the pain away  
If you can make it through the night, there's a brighter day  
Everything will be alright if you hold on  
It's a struggle everyday, gotta roll on  
And there's no way I can pay you back, but my plan  
Is to show you that I understand; you are appreciated

[Reggie Green and Sweet Franklin (2Pac):]  
Lady, don't you know we love ya? (Dear Mama)  
Sweet lady, place no one above ya (You are appreciated)  
Sweet lady, don't you know we love ya? (Dear Mama)  
Sweet lady  
Lady (Dear Mama)  
Lady  
Lady

Thanks to Alex Maldonado, [www.raulmora](http://www.raulmora), dikkevetteboer for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Joe Sample, Bruce Andre Hawes, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Charles B Simmons, Joseph B. Jefferson, Tony D Pizarro

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "It Ain't Easy"

[*Ad-lib:*]

Keepin' it real

I take a shot of Hennessy, now I'm strong enough to face the madness

Nickel bag full of cess weed laced with hash

Phone calls from my niggas on the, other side

Two childhood friends just died, I couldn't cry

A damn shame, when will we ever change?

And what remains from a twelve gauge to the brain?

Arguments with my Boo, it's true

I spend mo' time with my niggas than I do with you

But everywhere it's the same thang, that's the game

I'll be damned if a thang changed, fuck the fame

I'll be hustlin' to make a mill-ion

Lord knows ain't no love for us ghetto children

So we cold, Rag-top slowin' down, time to stop for gas

Beep my horn for a hoochie with a proper ass, uh

It ain't easy, that's my motto

Drinkin' Tanqueray straight out the bottle

Everybody wanna know if I'm insane

My baby mama gotta mind full of silly games

And all the drama got me stressin' like I'm hopeless

I can't cope me and the homies smokin' roaches

Cause we broke late night hangin' out 'til the sunrise gettin' high

Watchin' the cops roll by

It ain't easy... that's right... it ain't easy

...easy, being me

Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?

It ain't easy, being me

Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?

It ain't easy, being me

Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?

I can't sleep, niggas plottin' on me, kill me while I'm dreamin'

Wake up sweaty and screamin', cause I can hear them suckers schemin'

Probably paranoid, problem is, them punks be fantasizin'

A brother bite the bullet, open fire and I died

I wonder why this just the way it is

Even now lookin' out for these killa kids

Cause they wild

Bill Clinton can you recognize a nigga representin'

Doin' twenty to life in San Quentin

Gettin' calls from my nigga Mike Tyson, ain't nuttin' nice

Yo 'Pac, do something righteous witcha life

And even though you're innocent you still a nigga, so they figure, rather have you behind bars than triggers

But I'm hold ya down and holla Thug Life

Lickin' shots 'til I see my niggas free on the block

But no it ain't easy, hahahah

'Til I see my niggas free on the block, uh

It ain't easy

It ain't easy, being me  
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?  
It ain't easy, being me  
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?  
It ain't easy, being me  
Will I see the penitentiary?..

Lately been reminiscin'  
'Bout Peppermint Schnapps in Junior High hit the block  
Keep an eye on the cops while D-Boys slang rocks  
Just a project kid without a conscience, I'm havin' dreams  
Of hearin' screams at my concerts  
Me and all my childhood peers through the years tryin' to stack a little green  
I was only seventeen, when I started servin' fiends  
And I wish there was another way to stack a dolla  
Sold my Impala cause these hard times make me wanna holla  
Will I live to see tomorrow, am I fallin' off?  
I hit the weed and then proceed to say fuck all of y'all  
Ain't nobody down with me I'm thuggin'  
I can't go home 'cause muh-fuckers think I'm buggin'  
So now I'm in this high powered cell at the county jail  
Punk judge got a grudge, can't post no bail  
What, do I do in these county blues  
Gettin' battered and bruised by the you know who  
And these fakes get to shakin' when they face me  
Snakes ain't got enough nuts to replace me  
Sittin' in this, livin' hell, listenin' to niggas yell  
Tryna torture 'em to tell, I'm gettin' mail  
But ain't nobody sayin' much, the same old nuts  
Is makin' bucks while these sluts is gettin' fucked  
They violated my probation  
And it seems I'll be goin' on a long vacation  
Meanwhile it ain't easy..  
No it ain't easy

It ain't easy, being me  
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?  
It ain't easy, being me  
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?  
It ain't easy, being me  
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?  
It ain't easy, being me  
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?  
It ain't easy, being me  
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?  
It ain't easy, being me  
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?

Thanks to Sleepy A for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Pizarro Tony D



# 2Pac Lyrics

"Can U Get Away"

(feat. Anya Pinto)

[2Pac and Anya talking:]

Whassup? It's 2Pac. Can you get away?

Let me come swoop you up

(You know I got a man)

I know you got a man, but he ain't gon' mind if I take you out

(Of course he gon' mind)

Let me take you to lunch, I'll have you back before he even get home, before anybody see

(I can't, he ain't gon' let me

Aww c'mon! Please...

(Nah)

Oh aight – what's wrong with your eye?

Why you got on glasses?

[2Pac:]

Ever since I met ya I could peep the pressure

It's like your man don't understand, all he does is stress ya

I can see your state of misery from the introduction

Ain't 'bout no suckin' and touchin', just harmless discussion

Maybe we can see a better way, find a brighter day

Late night phone conversations – would that be OK?

I don't wanna take up all your time, be the next in line

Tell me your size, let me find you things with you in mind

I can see you're cautious and I'm careful not to scare you

The anticipation of love makin'

Got you shakin' when I'm standin' near you

News of precision will prepare ya

In case you get scared, just ask the man in the mirror

Now the picture's gettin' clearer

All he does is hit you hard

I tell you to leave him, and you tell me keep my faith in God

I don't understand, I just wanna bring ya home

I wonder should I leave you alone

And find a woman of my own

All the homies tell me that you don't deserve it

I contemplate – but in my heart I know you worth it

Tell me, can you get away?

Ebony, can you get away?

C'mon... Let's go... Can you get away?

Can you get away?

[Anya Pinto (2Pac):]

So much pressure in the air (I know, I know)

And I can't get away (Just for a little while love)

I'm not happy here (I know it's hard but, can you get away?)

So much pressure in the air

(Let's go man, get up outta there, can you get away?)

And I can't get away (Do you love him?)

I'm not happy here (Do you love that man?)

[2Pac:]

Could it be my destiny to be lonely?  
Ain't checkin' for these hoochies that be on me  
'Cause they phony  
But you was different, I got no need to be suspicious  
'Cause I can tell, my life with you would be delicious  
The way you lick your lips and shake your hips got me addicted  
I'm sittin' here hopin' that we can find some way to kick it  
Even though I got your digits, gotta struggle to resist it  
Slowly advance when it's my chance not to miss it  
You blow me kisses when he ain't lookin'  
Now your heart's tooken  
My only wish is that you change your mind and he get shook  
Wanna take you there but you scared to follow  
Come see tomorrow  
Hopin' I can take you through the pain and sorrow  
Let you know I care – that someone's there for your struggle  
Depend on me, when you have needs or there's trouble  
I wanna give you happiness and maybe even more  
I told you before, no time to waste  
We can hook up at the store. Can you get away?

[Anya Pinto (2Pac):]

So much pressure in the air (I know it is)  
And I can't get away (Yeah, you can)  
I'm not happy here (You ain't happy, huh? Can you get away?)  
So much pressure in the air (I know... is he beatin' on you?)  
And I can't get away (Did he punch you?)  
I'm not happy here (Throwin' you around the house?)

[2Pac:]

I sit here reminiscin' and I hope you listenin'  
In the position to pressure and offer competition  
Me and you was meant to be my destiny, no longer lonely  
'Cause now it's on for you and me, all I can see  
A happy home – that's my fantasy  
But my reality is problems with your man and me  
What can I do? Don't wanna lose you to this sucker  
'Cause if he touch ya, I got some drama for that busta  
Don't wanna rush ya, but make your mind up fast  
Nobody knows, on who controls will it last?  
Before I ask, I hope you see that I'm sincere  
And even if you stay with him today I'm still here  
I refuse to give up, 'cause I believe in what we share  
You're livin' in prison and what he's givin' can't compare  
'Cause everything I feel for you I wanna let you know  
Passionately yours and I'll never let you go  
Tell me, can you get away?

[Anya Pinto (2Pac):]

So much pressure in the air (Can't get away why?)  
And I can't get away  
I'm not happy here  
(Let me take you away, all I wanna know, can you get away?)  
So much pressure in the air (Man)

And I can't get away (Course you can get away)

I'm not happy here

(If you really wanted to get away, you could get away)

*[2Pac:]*

You ain't got to go through all this drama and this stress

With this old half a man, ya know what I'm sayin'?

I ain't tryin' to put you in a position

Where you gotta give up your lifestyle for everything

You need, but now... he ain't even takin' care of you

He beatin' on you and shit; look how you look!

You too motherfuckin' raw to be with that nigga

Ya know what I'm sayin'?

Shake that sucker to the left

Let me show you what this life is really about

Ya know what I'm sayin'? You need to be on first class

Need to be goin' to Hawaii, seein' the world

Seein' what this world got to offer you

Not goin' to, ya know what I'm sayin'?

The emergency room, gettin' stitches

'Cause this nigga done got jealous. Don't cry, it's all good

*[2Pac and Anya talking again:]*

Can you take me from here?

Shake that man, get away

Can you take me from here?

I'ahhhhhm unhappy here

And I need you to show me love

Because it's so much pressure now

And I need to get awayyyheyyyeahhh

Thanks to charlesgagnon69 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Mosley Michael, Beverly Frankie

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Old School"

[2Pac:]

Here we go; we gonna send this one out to the old school  
All these motherfuckers in the Bronx, and Brooklyn, and Staten Island  
Queens, and all the motherfuckers that laid it down, the foundation  
Ya know what I'm saying? Nothing but love for the old school  
That's who were going do this one for, ya feel me?

[Grand Puba sample:]

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way."

[5x]

[2Pac:]

I remember Mr. Magic, FLASH, Grandmaster Caz  
LL, Raising Hell, but, that didn't last  
Eric B. & Rakim was, the shit to me  
I flip to see a Doug E. Fresh show, with Ricky D  
and Red Alert was puttin in work, with Chuck Chill  
Had my homies on the hill getting ill, when shit was real  
Went out to steal. Remember Raw, with Daddy Kane?  
when De La Soul was puttin Potholes in the game  
I can't explain how it was, Whodini  
had me puffin on that Buddha gettin buzzed, cause there I was  
Them block parties in the projects, and on my block  
You diggy don't stop, sippin on that Private Stock  
Through my speaker Queen Latifah, and MC Lyte  
Listen to Treach, KRS to get me through the night  
With T La Rock and Mantronix, to Stetsasonic  
Remember "Push It" was the bomb shit, nuttin like the old school

[Grand Puba sample:]

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way."

[2Pac:]

I had, Shell Toes, and BVD's  
A killer crease inside my Lee's when I hit the streets  
I'm playing skelly, Ringolevio, or catch a kiss  
Before the homies in my hood learned to smack a bitch  
I remember. Way back, the weak weed they had  
Too many seeds in the trey bag  
I'm on the train headin uptown, freestyling  
With some wild kids from Bucktown, profiling  
Cus the hoochies was starin, thinking, "What them niggas wearing?"  
I'm wondering if that's her hair, I remember  
Stickball, humpin hoochies on the wall  
Or taking leaks on the steps, stinking up the hall  
Through my childhood, wild as a juvenile  
A young nigga tryin to stay away from Rikers Isle  
Me and my homies breakin nights, tryin to keep it true

Out on the roof sipping 90 proof, ain't nuttin like the old school

*[Grand Puba sample:]*

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way."

*[2Pac:]*

Remember popping and locking to Kurtis Blow, the name belts  
And Scott LaRock the Super Ho back in Latin Quarters  
When Slick Rick was spittin La Di Da Di  
Gaming the hoochies at the neighborhood block parties  
I remember, breakdancing to Melle Mel  
Jekyll and Hyde, LL when he Rocks the Bells  
Forget the TV, I'd rather hit the streets and do graffiti  
Be careful don't let the transit cops see me  
It ain't nothing like the old school!

*[Grand Puba sample:]*

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way."

*[2Pac:]*

Haha, on the real though  
Remember seeing Brooklyn go crazy up in the motherfucking party?  
Remember motherfuckers used to go, "Is Brooklyn in the house?"  
And motherfuckers would lose they God Damn Mind!  
That's the old school to me; that's what I'm sayin (Super, Sperm)  
I remember goin places that motherfuckers was scared to say  
they was from anywhere but Brooklyn; that shit was the bomb  
Back in the motherfucking old school nigga  
Remember skelly nigga? Knocking niggas out the box, popping boxes?  
Remember stickball? Member niggas to run that shit like that?  
Remember the block-- 'Member screaming up at your moms from the window?  
(LL Cool J is hard as HELL...)  
The ice cream truck, remember all the mother--  
'Member the Italian Ices, yo? Yo, remember the Italian Ices?!  
The Spanish Niggas comin' down with the coconut ices and shit?  
I came through the door, said it before  
That was the SHIT!

Writer(s): Buchanan, Shaker, Tilery

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Fuck The World"

(feat. Digital Underground)

[2Pac:]

(Haha, what you say?)

Who you callin' rapist?

Ain't that a bitch

You devils are so two faced

Wanna see me locked in chains, dropped in shame

And gettin' stalked by these crooked cops again

Fuckin' with the young Black male, tryin' to stack bail

And um, stay away from the packed jails

I told the judge I'm in danger

And that's why I had that four-five with one in the chamber

Fuck the world!

[Shock G (2Pac):]

They tryna say that I don't care

(I woke up screamin' "Fuck the world!")

They tryna say that I don't care

(Just woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")

They tryna say that I don't care

(Uh, I woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")

They're tryna say that I don't care

(Just got up and screamed "Fuck the world!")

[2Pac:]

When I was comin' up rough that wasn't even what you called it

That's why I smoke blunts now and run with alcoholics

I'm gettin' flex to me, comin' from my enemies

And in their dreams it's hell where they sendin' me

Have I lost control or just another soul?

A car full of motherfuckers when we roll

Sippin' on yak as I sit back

Life as a big mack

Brothers come up and say, "You did that?"

Never take your eyes off the prize and even if you gettin' high

Don't ever hesitate to try

Cause you can fall off or stay ballin', niggas we all in

And them my motherfuckers callin'

Fuck the world!

[Shock G (2Pac):]

They tryna say that I don't care

(Woke up screamed "Fuck the world!")

They tryna say that I don't care

(Just woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")

They tryna say that I don't care

(I got up and screamed "Fuck the world!")

They're tryna say that I don't care

(I woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")

They're tryna say that I don't care

*[2Pac:]*

(Man, Fuck the world)

Damn, they wanna label me a menace  
Cause I'm sittin' here sippin' on Guinness  
Weighin' 165 and these tricks should die  
For being jealous of a brother when he rise

I can see it in your eyes, you wanna see a young playa fallin'  
They hate to see a nigga ballin'  
Some of you suckers is rotten, plottin' on what I got  
And then you wonder why I shot him (Booyeah)  
Stop givin' game for free, you wanna hang with me  
Like being a thug is the thang to be  
But I got love for my homies, the G's and macks  
And if you're black, you better stay strapped  
Nigga, fuck the world!

*[Shock G (2Pac):]*

They tryna say that I don't care  
(I woke up screamed "Fuck the world!")  
They tryna say that I don't care  
(I woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")  
They tryna say that I don't care  
(I got up and screamed "Fuck the world!")  
(Haha, Fuck the world!)  
(Fuck it)  
(I hear my niggas screamin' "Fuck the world")

*[2Pac:]*

They wanna know if I claim the clique that I'm hangin' with  
And if I'm down with this bangin' shit  
Well homie I don't give a fuck if you Blood or Cuz  
Long as you got love for thugs  
But don't try to test me out, stall that  
Homie this is Thug Life nigga and we all strapped  
I been through hell and back and if I fail, black  
Then it's back to the corner where we sell crack  
Some of you niggas is bustas, you runnin' round  
With these tramp-ass bitches, don't trust her  
But don't cry, this world ain't prepared for us  
A straight thug motherfucker who ain't scared to bust  
Fuck the world!

*[Shock G (2Pac):]*

They tryna say that I don't care  
(I woke up screamed "Fuck the world!")  
They tryna say that I don't care  
(I woke up screamin' "Fuck the world!")

They tryna say that I don't care (They tryna say that I don't care)  
(I woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")  
Yeah what's goin on y'all?)

Uh, uh, uh. Fuck the world!

*[Shock G singing:]*

I don't care. I don't care, I don't care!

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Gregory E. Jacobs

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Death Around The Corner"

(from "Resurrection" soundtrack)

[*Child:*] Why you by the window? What's wrong daddy?

[*Mother:*] I know what's wrong with that crazy motherfucker  
He just stand by the goddamn window  
With that fuckin' AK all day (there you go)  
You don't work, you don't fuck, you don't  
You don't do a goddamn thing

I see death around the corner, gotta stay high while I survive  
In the city where the skinny niggas die  
If they bury me, bury me as a G nigga, no need to worry  
I expect retaliation in a hurry  
I see death around the- corner, anyday  
Tryin to keep it together, no one lives forever anyway  
Strugglin' and strivin', my destiny's to die  
Keep my finger on the trigger, no mercy in my eyes  
In a ball of confusion, I'm thinkin' 'bout my daddy  
Madder than a motherfucker, they never shoulda had me  
I guess I seen too many murders, the doctors can't help me  
Got me stressin' with my pistol in my sheets, it ain't healthy  
Am I paranoid? - Tell me the truth  
I'm out the window with my AK, ready to shoot  
Ran out of indo and my mind can't take the stress, I'm out of breath  
Make me wanna kill my damn self; but I see death around the corner

("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")

I see death around the corner

("But having respect, that feels even better.")

I see death around the corner

("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")

I see death around the corner

("But having respect, that feels even better.")

I see death around the corner, the pressure's gettin' to me  
I no longer trust my homies - them phonies tried to do me  
Smokin' too much weed, got me paranoid, stressed  
Pack a gat and my vest, under my clothes when I dress  
Here's hopin' I die the way I lived, straight thuggin'  
Huggin' my trigger for all them niggas that was buggin'  
My homie told me once, don't you trust them other suckers  
They front like they your homies but they phony motherfuckers  
And even if I did die young, who'd care  
All I ever got was mean mugs and cold stares  
Got homies in my head that done passed away screamin', please  
Young nigga, make G's  
I can't give up, although I'm hopeless, I think my mind's gone  
All I can do is get my grind on, death around the corner

("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")

I see death around the corner  
("But having respect, that feels even better.")  
I see death around the corner  
("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")  
I see death around the corner  
("But having respect, that feels even better.")

(I was raised) I was raised in the city, shitty  
Ever since I was an itty bitty kitty  
Drinkin' liquor out my momma's titty  
And smokin' weed was an everyday thang in my household  
And drinkin' liquor til' you out cold  
And though I'm grown now, nigga it's still on - Pow!  
Bustin on them niggas 'til they gone  
How many more jealous ass bitches, comin' for my riches  
Now I gotta be suspicious when I bone  
Cause if I ain't sharp and heartless, them bitches'll start shit  
Excuse me, but this is where we part bitch  
No more game for free, please explain to me  
Why niggas trip bitch, who you came to see?  
Murder me now but see me later man, that's on my pops  
I got homies that will hunt you 'til you drop  
I hope the Lord can forgive me, I was a G  
And gettin' high was a way of bein' free; I see death around the corner

("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")  
I see death around the corner  
("But having respect, that feels even better.")  
I see death around the corner  
("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")  
I see death around the corner  
("But having respect, that feels even better.")  
I see death around the corner

This is for all the real motherfuckin' niggas out there  
I know you ain't scared to die; we all gotta go, y'know?  
A real motherfucker will pick the time he goes  
And make sure he handles his motherfuckin' business  
("You think you're gonna live long enough to spend that money  
You fuckin hump?" - )  
Y'all niggas stop actin' like pussies out there, all right

[\*movie samples\*]  
"If any of you.  
Are tired of gettin' ripped off by guys like that." -

"I want his family dead! I want his house burnt to the ground!  
I wanna go there in the middle of the night I wanna piss on his ashes!"  
"I want his family dead! I want his house burnt to the ground!  
I wanna go there in the middle of the night I wanna piss on his ashes!"

"I want that son of a bitch dead, I want him dead!  
I want him dead, I don't care."

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Johnny Lee

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Outlaw"

(feat. Dramacydal)

[2Pac (RahRah):]

That's right nigga you gotta get your papers in this motherfucker  
I ain't mad at ya at all (damn)

Aiyyo, what the fuck you wanna be when you grow up RahRah?  
(Nigga, is you stupid, I wanna be a motherfuckin' Outlaw)

That's right nigga, hahaha. Housin' these hoes, you feel me?  
(Eight, you know what I'm sayin'?)

You got to do that shit, keepin' it real nigga or what?  
(Keepin' it real!)

How old are you nigga?  
(I'm eleven)

[2Pac:]

Cause all I see is, murder murder, my mind state  
Preoccupied with homicide, tryin' to survive through this crime rate  
Dead bodies at block parties, those unlucky bastards  
Gunfire now they require many closed caskets  
Who can you blame? It's insane what we been through  
Witnessin' evil that these men do, bitches sin too  
In fact they be the reasons niggas get to bleedin'  
Pull 'n' fuckin' fire when I leave 'em, you shoulda seen 'em  
Hostile hoes catch elbows (beotch!) negroes disposed of  
and snitches get dealt with, with no love  
Body bags of adversaries that I had to bury  
I broke the law and they jaw, all in the same flurry  
But never worry, they'll remember me through history  
Causin' motherfuckers to bleed, they'll label me a

Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)  
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)

[2Pac:]

Before I close my eyes I fantasize I'm livin' well  
When I awake and realize I'm just a prisoner in hell  
Just as well, cause in my cell I'm keepin' pictures of these bastards  
Exercisin', visualizin', everyone inside a casket  
Picture me blasted, surrounded by niggas in masks  
Sent with the task to harass and murder my ass  
Will I last? Heaven or Hell? Freedom or jail?  
Shit's hard, who can you tell? And if we fail?  
High speeds, and Thai weed on the freeway  
When will they learn to take it easy? Uh  
Drive-by's and niggas die, murder without a motive  
By makin' motherfuckers fry  
Got me runnin' from these coward-ass crooked-ass cops  
Helicopters tryna hover over niggas 'til we drop  
Got no time for the courts, my only thought is open fire  
Hit the district attorney, but fuck that bitch, cause she's a liar  
Now it's time to expire, I see the judge, spray the bitch

"Motherfuckers is crooked," is what I scream, and hit the fence  
I commence to get wicked, spittin' rounds as the plot thickens

Never missin', an early grave is my only mission  
If I die, never worry, bury me beside my four-five  
May God forgive me, I was high, label me a

Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)  
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)

[Dramacydal:]

[Kadafi:]

Society lied to me, I ain't never gonna try to be  
My mob'll be doin' robberies, and stickups on these wannabe's  
I witnessed niggas lose they chest  
For ordinary reasons niggas bodies put to rest

[Kastro:]

So I just... swallow my Beck's and holla, "Fuck 'em!"  
And if I'm next... just let a nigga step with somethin'  
I ain't fearin' nuttin'

[EDI Amin (Kastro):]

Young and thuggin', prepared for bustin' if that's my destiny  
Ready for whatever, see you niggas can't get the best of me  
(hold me down) Definitely no need for askin'  
(how he mashin') Top speed (smokin' weed) laughin' (biotch!)

[Napoleon:]

Cause when I bust 'em they gonna shiver, the killers cry  
Soldiers got bodies floatin' in the river, what is they sayin'?  
Talkin' 'bout prayin'

[Kadafi:]

They need to stop, that ain't gon' help  
These niggas sprayin' up my block

[Napolean:]

Tryin' to take my wealth

Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)  
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)  
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)  
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)

[2Pac:]

Fuck the judge, I gotta grudge  
Punk police, niggas run the streets  
Hahah, it ain't nuttin' but music  
Shit's changed

1995 the game has changed, motherfuckers is actin REAL strange  
The rules is all rearranged  
You got babies lyin' dead in the streets  
These punk police is crooked as me  
but all I see is motherfuckers actin less than G's  
Stop bein' a playa-hater, be a innovator nigga  
Fuck that shit, don't be no entertainer and a stranger  
Be a real motherfucker keep it real pack that steel  
Cause you know these streets is real ill  
Muh'fuckers wanna see me in my casket  
Jealous, motherfuckin' bastards  
I never die, thug niggas multiply

Cause after me is Thug Life baby  
Then the young thugs  
Then the youngest thug of all, my nigga RahRah!

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Fula Yafeu A, Stewart Loren Maurice

# 2PAC



**all eyez on me**

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Ambitionz Az A Ridah"

I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah  
You don't wanna fuck with me  
Got the police bustin' at me  
But they can't do nothin' to a G  
Let's get ready to rumble!

Now, you know how we do it, like a G  
What really go on in the mind of a nigga  
that get down for theirs  
Constantly, money over bitches  
Not bitches over money  
Stay on your grind, nigga  
My ambitions as a ridah  
My ambitions as a ridah

So many battlefield scars while driven in plush cars  
This life as a rap star is nothing without guard  
Was born rough and rugged, addressing the mass public  
My attitude was "fuck it," because motherfuckers love it  
To be a soldier, must maintain composure at ease  
Though life is complicated, only what you make it to be  
Uh, and my ambitions as a ridah  
To catch her while she hot and horny, go up inside her  
Then I spit some game in her ear, "Go to the telly, hoe!"  
Equipped with money in a Benz 'cause, bitch, I'm barely broke  
I'm smokin' bomb-ass weed, feeling crucial  
From player to player the game's tight, the feeling's mutual  
From hustlin' and prayers  
To breaking motherfuckers to pay up  
I got no time for these bitches, 'cause these hoes try to play us  
I'm on a meal ticket mission, want a mill, so I'm wishin'  
Competition got me ripped on that bullshit they stressin'  
I'ma rhyme though, clown hoes like it's mandatory  
No guts, no glory, my nigga, bitch got the game distorted  
Now it's on and it's on because I said so  
Can't trust a bitch in the business so I got with Death Row  
Now these money-hungry bitches gettin' suspicious  
Started plottin' and plannin' on schemes to come and trick us  
But thug niggas be on point and game tight  
Me, Syke and Bogart strapped up the same night  
Got problems, then handle it, motherfuckers see me  
These niggas is jealous  
'Cause deep in they heart they wanna be me  
Uh, yeah, and now you got me right beside ya  
Hopin' you listen, I catch you payin' attention  
To my ambitions as a ridah

I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah  
You don't wanna fuck with me  
Got the police bustin' at me

But they can't do nothin' to a G  
Let's get ready to rumble

Peep it, it was my only wish to rise  
Above these jealous coward motherfuckers I despise  
When it's time to ride  
I was the first off this side, give me the 9  
I'm ready to die right here tonight and motherfuck they life  
That's what they screaming as they drill me  
But I'm hard to kill (that's all you niggas got?)  
So open fire, I see you kill me, witness my steel  
Spittin' at adversaries, envious and after me  
I'd rather die before they capture me, watch me bleed  
Mama, come rescue me, I'm suicidal, thinking thoughts  
I'm innocent, so there'll be bullets flyin' when I'm caught  
(Shoot!) Fuck doin' jail time, better day, sacrificin'  
Won't get a chance to do me like they did my nigga Tyson  
Thuggin' for life, and if you right, then nigga die for it  
Let them other brothers try, at least you tried for it  
When it's time to die, to be a man  
And pick the way you leave  
Fuck peace and the police, my ambitions as a ridah

I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah  
You don't wanna fuck with me  
Got the police bustin' at me  
But they can't do nothin' to a G  
Let's get ready to rumble

My murderous lyrics  
Equipped with spirits of the thugs before me  
Pay off the block, evade the cops  
'Cause I know they coming for me  
I been hesitant to reappear, been away for years  
Now I'm back, my adversaries been reduced to tears  
Question my methods to switch up speeds  
Sure as some bitches bleed  
Niggas'll feel the fire of my mother's corrupted seed  
Blast me, but they didn't finish, (buck buck buck buck buck)  
didn't diminish my powers  
So now I'm back to be a motherfuckin' menace, they cowards  
That's why they tried to set me up  
Had bitch ass niggas on my team, so indeed they wet me up  
But I'm back reincarnated, incarcerated  
At the time I contemplate the way that God made it  
Lace 'em with lyrics that's legendary, musical mercenary  
For money I'll have these motherfuckers buried  
I been gettin' much mail in jail, niggas tellin' me to kill it  
Knowin' when I get out, they gon' feel it  
Witness the realest! A hoo-ridah when I put the shit inside  
the cry from all your people when they find her  
Just remind ya, my history'll prove authentic  
Revenge on them niggas that played me  
And all the cowards that was down with it  
Now it's your nigga right beside ya, hopin' you listenin'  
Catch you payin' attention to my ambitions as a ridah

I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah  
You don't wanna fuck with me  
Got the police bustin' at me  
But they can't do nothin' to a G  
Let's get ready to rumble

Thanks to benmarining, forcefedzx for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Delmar Drew Arnaud

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "All Bout U"

(feat. Dru Down, Nate Dogg, Outlawz, Snoop Dogg)

[2Pac (Dru Down):]

Ah, yeah! Hahaha (Yeah!)

It's all about you, one time!

(I'ma say it's all about you, baby, yeah!)

Haha, for the bitches that think it's all about you

It's all about you! (This Dru Down in the house

With my boy 'Pizznac, you know what I'm sayin'?)

It's all about you

(Yeah, I'm gon' say it's all about you

But you know I'm lyin' though, hah! Yeah)

[2Pac:]

You probably crooked as the last trick

Want to laugh about how I got my ass caught up

With this bad bitch?

Thinkin' I had her, but she had me in the long run

It's just my luck, I'm stuck with fuckin' with the wrong one

Wise decisions, based on lies we livin'

Scandalous times, this game's like my religion

You could be rollin' with a thug

Instead you with this weak scrub, lookin' for some love

In every club, I see you starin' like you want it

Well, baby, if you got it, better flaunt it

Let the liquor help you get up on it

I'm still tipsy from last night

Bumpin' these walls as I pause, addicted to the fast life

I try to holla, but you tell me you taken

Sayin' you ain't impressed with the money I'm makin'

Guess it's true what they tellin' me

Fresh out of jail, life's hell for a black celebrity

So that's the reason why I call, and maybe you with it

Fantasies of us sweatin', can I hit it?

Addicted to the things you do

But still true what I'm sayin', boo, 'cause this is all about you

[Nate Dogg (2Pac):]

Every other city we go, every other video

(It's all about you)

No matter where I go, I see the same ho

(Yeah, nigga)

Every other city we go, every other video

(It's all about you)

No matter where I go, I see the same ho

[2Pac:]

I make a promise if you go with me, just let me know

I'll have you hollerin' my name out before I leave

Nobody loves me, I'm a thug nigga

I only hung out with the criminals and drug dealers

I love niggas, 'cause we comin' from the same place  
Witness me holla at a hoochie, see how quick the game takes  
How can I tell her I'm a playa? And I don't even care  
Creep low, weed smoke's in the air  
Everywhere I go, it's all about the groupie hoes  
Waitin' for niggas at the end of every show  
I just seen you in my friend's video  
Could never put a bitch before my friends, so here we go  
Follow the leader and peep the drama that I'm goin' through  
It's all about you, yeah, nigga, it's all about you

*[Nate Dogg (2Pac):]*  
Every other city we go, every other video  
(It's all about you)  
No matter where I go, I see the same ho  
(Yeah, nigga)  
Every other city we go, every other video  
(It's all about you)  
No matter where I go, I see the same ho

*[Hussein Fatal:]*  
Is you sick from the dick, or is it the flu?  
It ain't about you or your bitch-ass crew  
Every other city we go and every video  
Explain to a nigga why I see the same shitty ho  
You think it's all about you? Well, boo  
I gets down like Dru, and my nasty new niggas, too

*[Yaki Kadafi:]*  
You couldn't hold me back, it'd take a fatter track  
A lyrical attack, perhaps, it was a visual bluff  
When I started to snaps all your rode 'em swell  
Straight in control, flows'll fold, while hoes cold stroll  
Hold the set, I told Dramacy' go in next  
Gold diggin', cold diggin' a gold Rolex

*[Hussein Fatal:]*  
I slide in easily, try a grizzly  
Sluts know the cuts, I came to fuck, try skeezin' me  
Runnin' up in ya just like Bruce Jenner when I bend ya  
At the most, I fucked a bitch  
From the West Coast to West Virginia

*[Nate Dogg (2Pac):]*  
Every other city we go, every other video  
(It's all about you)  
No matter where I go, I see the same ho  
Every other city we go, every other video  
(It's all about you)  
No matter where I go, I see the same ho  
Every other city we go, every other video  
(It's all about you)  
No matter where I go, I see the same ho  
Every other city we go, every other video  
No matter where I go, I see the same ho

*[Snoop Doggy Dogg:]*

I'm tellin' ya, it's the same old shit

I mean, goddamn, you know what I'm sayin'?

I'm sittin' back, watchin' Montell Jordan video

I see the same bitch who was in my homeboy Nate Dogg video

Then I flip the channel

I'm checkin' out my homeboy 2Pac video

I see the same bitch that was in my video, you knahmsayin'?

And then, you nahmsayin', what make that even mo' fucked up

I'm watchin' a Million Man March

And I see the same bitch, on the Million Man March

That was in the homeboy Warren G video

I mean, damn, everywhere I look

Everywhere I go, I see the same ho'

Don't get mad, I'm only bein' real, yeah

Thanks to d2pwned, andrew\_tibbo for correcting these lyrics.

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Skandalouz"

(feat. Nate Dogg)

[2Pac:]

Hey Nate you know you got to focus on this motherfucker

We's gonna talk about these scandalous hoes

[Nate:]

I can talk about scandalous bitches

[2Pac:]

Oh I know you can!

I know you that's why we gonna do it

Daz on the beat

Hey Daz, nigga stop fuckin around with the piano nigga

Just drop that shit like uh, this here

[2Pac:]

I met you through my homie now you act like you don't know me

So disappointed cause baby that shit was so phony

It's not for me, you see no lovin from my closest homies

Woulda paid you no mind, but baby you was all up on me

While you proceed with precision, you had the table hosed

No, I ain't mad at you baby, go 'head and play them fools

They chose not to listen, so now he stuck inside his house

And can't leave without his bitch permission

The mission's to be a playa, my alias is Boss

Drop a top on these jealous niggaz, playa let me floss

Y'all don't wanna see me in pain

I'll leave that ass like Toni Braxton, "Never breathing again"

It's scandalous, I never liked your back stabbin ass, trick

Used to watch you money grabbin, who you baggin beeyitch?

Ready to bust, in the city you don't know who to trust

But bitches lookin scandalous

[Nate Dogg:]

Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous

She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous

Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous

She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous

[2Pac:]

How's it hangin? Cause baby from the back the shit is bangin

I've been stressin in this ghetto game, tryin to do my thang

Won't be no bullshit, no ass-kissin

This bitch'll have ya wakin up with all your cash missin

I'm askin, as if I'm qualified to analyze

You're lookin at a bitch who specialize in tellin lies

She got a body make a motherfucker fantasize

Her face ain't never shed a tear through them scandalous eyes

My sister precious in poverty

Plus I knew she was a freak bitch so why should it bother me?

I'd probably be sprung, addicted to the heat of her tongue

And though I don't where we're goin, she's makin me come

I've been trained as a boss playa, so what you sayin?  
Let me show you, got some hookers we can toss later  
    Before I let her get me, I got her  
    Went in her purse took a hundred dollars  
    Nigga I'm so scandalous

*[Nate Dogg:]*  
Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous  
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous  
    Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous  
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous

*[2Pac:]*  
Dangerous and ambitious, while schemin on gettin riches  
I'm spittin at tricks cause I'm addicted to pretty bitches  
    Currency motivated, not easily terminated  
Now that we made it, my niggaz can never be faded  
    This is my prophecy -- I gotta be paid  
All you cowards that try to stop me is beggin for early graves  
I thought we was cool, I was a fool, thinkin you could be true  
    When I don't fuck with your punk crew  
These are the tales for my niggaz doin time in the cell  
    I went from hell, to livin well  
    Bustin at niggaz who said my name in vain  
I got no time for them tricks, I'm heavy in the game  
    I wanna be a baller, please  
But the bitches and the liquor keep on callin me  
I'm floatin free on the highway, formulatin plans  
Can't wait til I see L.A., cause it's so scandalous

*[Nate Dogg:]*  
Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous  
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous  
    Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous  
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous

*[Nate Dogg repeats to end (2Pac speaks over):]*  
Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous  
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous  
    Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous  
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous  
(Aiyyo. How the prettiest bitch be the more scandalous the hoe be  
    You ever peep that shit? (Nah)  
A bitch can be like fifteen, fuckin with a nigga 35  
    Gettin him for ends  
Hoes these days is way too motherfuckin intelligent  
When these niggaz get to trickin, hahaha, it's over then  
    That's aight though  
Keep a nigga heavy in the game, bout so long  
    Watch them hoes  
    All you niggaz out there  
    Beware these lyin ass scandalous bitches)



# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Got My Mind Made Up"

(feat. Daz, Kurupt, Method Man, Redman)

*[Daz Dillinger:]*

You find an MC like me who's strong  
Leavin' motherfuckers aborted with no verbal support  
And when I command the microphone I get deadly as Khan though  
With a bear and a snake and a panda, I'm all those  
Who can withstand the more power I gain  
And make it possible for me to drop a few to wreck your brain  
Imagine and keep on wishin' upon a star  
Finally realizin' who the fuck we are  
When I penetrate, it's been withstandin', faded  
Would it be the greatest MC of all time when I created rhyme  
For the simple fact, when I attack, I crush your pride  
My intention to ride, every time on lye  
I'm faced with the scars beyond this one bar  
For me to put down my guard, I'm faced what I'ma ride  
Breakin' in gas with the '68 all day  
In-and-out with my pay, I'm soon to count the bodies

*[2Pac:]*

So mandatory my elevation, my lyrics like orientation  
So you can be more familiar with the nigga you facin'  
We must be patient, nothin' better than communication  
Known to damage and highly flammable like gas stations  
Sorry I left that ass waitin'  
No more procrastination, give up to fate and get that ass shakin'  
I'm bustin' and makin' motherfuckers panic  
Don't take your life for granted  
Put that ass in the dirt, you swear the bitch was planted  
My lyrics motivate the planet  
It's similar to Rhythm Nation, but thugged out, forgive me, Janet  
Who's in control, I'm activatin' your souls  
You know the way the games get controlled  
Yo, two years ago, a friend of mine  
Told me Alize and Cristal blows your mind  
Bear witness to the dopest fuckin' rhyme I wrote  
Takin' off my coat, clearin' my throat

*[Method Man:]*

I got my mind made up, come on  
Get in, get into  
Let it ride, tonight's the night  
I got my mind made up, come on  
Get in, get into  
Let it ride, tonight's the night

*[Kurupt:]*

Well I comes through with two packs of the bomb prophylactics  
For protection so my fuckin' sac won't collapse  
Cause nowadays, shit's evadin' the X-rays

Sendin' young motherfuckers to an early grave  
I wonder if my terrorifyin' tactics of torturin' MC's  
Shows my heart's as cold as the tundra  
Electrifyin' like thunder, I'm just too much

Rough and raw with that motherfuckin' poisonous touch  
I'm an, MC with lyrics that's the fuckin' Bombay  
You got ten steps before instant death like Bai Mei  
My rhymes'll leave a mark on your mind

As the deadly virus spread through your head like Sand Palm  
There's no escape, nah, I ain't blastin'  
I use my mental to assassinate assassin's for those askin"  
Opposed to laughin', raw maniacal villain

Laughter enhances the chances of the killin'  
Why is that? Cause smilin' faces deceive  
You best believe: to MC's, I'm the deadliest disease  
My thoughts rip your throat and make it hard to breathe

Your whole camp's under siege and I'm Jason Voorhees  
In the heat of the night is when I defeat and ignite mics  
My verbal snipe your vocabs on site  
I'm out the cut, uncut and raw with no clause for all

So all my rhymes hit and split the bricks on the wall  
You already have an idea about the superior sphere  
The greater rhyme creator on both sides of the equator  
I rock from here to there, to Philly and back

To LA on the spot where I rock and bust like straps  
As your views get overshadowed when you come in contact  
Beware, set and prepare to enter verbal combat

*[Method Man:]*

Fuck you losers, while you fake jacks, I makes manoeuvres  
Like Hitler, stickin' up Jews with German Lugers  
The Mr. Meth-Tical from Staten Isle  
Will be back after this message, don't touch the dial  
Rarely do you see an MC out for justice  
Got my gun powder and my musket, blaow  
Melons get swellings, I paint mental pictures like Magellan  
Half of my Clan's repeat felons  
Niggas best protect they joints for Nine-Nickel  
Man, I stay on point like icicles  
Now who wanna test Tical, then touch Tical  
All up in your motherfuckin' mouth  
Headbanger boogie, catch me on tour with Al Doogie  
Method Man rolled too tight, you can't pull me  
Better take one and pass or that's that ass  
Your vital statistics are low and fallin' fast  
Johnny Blaze out to get loot like Johnny Cash  
Play a game of Russian Roulette and have a blast

*[Redman:]*

Lyrical gats spittin' the criminal tactics  
Non-believers get my dick and genitals backwards  
Let's face it, there's no replacement  
Taste this mad underground basement shit I'm laced with  
Avalanche on your whole camp when I'm spliffted  
Funk Doctor who, Spock, bitch, don't get it twisted  
I got connects like Federal Express

To get the fresh package of bless the dogs can't fetch  
Got the clear spot from the rear block  
To bust 'til every nigga here drop, men I fear not  
Hold your nose and blow out 'til your ears pop  
Since your crew suit you to shift, now you claim that your gears locked  
Whiff this underground cannabis  
I'm dangerous like John the bomb analyst  
Flip MC's like ki's  
My degrees freeze consecutively like EPMD LP's  
Lick off a shot and hit your fam by mistake  
So I erase the whole front row at the wake  
I planned my escape in case Jake wann' snake bust it  
I'm the one pushin' the hearse in the first place  
Confidence for you shaky-ass folks  
Pump for Rockafeller for the day he got smoked  
Choke off this antidote, got you ope  
Get roast by my lyrical Billy Dee .45 Colt  
And I'm out for 9-nickel

[\**in the background\**]

[INS *the rebel*]

Thanks to grillo\_stylee, David for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Delmer Drew Arnaud, Ricardo Emmanuel Brown

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "How Do You Want It"

(feat. K-Ci and JoJo)

[K-Ci & JoJo:]

How do you want it?

How do you feel?

Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game

Livin' in the fast lane; I'm for real

How do you want it yeah?

How do you feel?

Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game

Livin' in the fast lane; I'm for real

[2Pac:]

I love the way you activate your hips and push your ass out

Got a brother wantin' it so bad, I'm about to pass out

Wanna dig you, and I can't even lie about it

Baby just alleviate your clothes, time to fly up out it

Catch you at a club, oh shit you got me fiendin'

Body talkin' shit to me but I can't comprehend the meanin'

Now, if you wanna roll with me, then here's your chance

Doin' eighty on the freeway, police catch me if you can

Forgive me I'm a rider, still I'm just a simple man

All I want is money, fuck the fame I'm a simple man

Mr. International, player with the passport

Just like Aladdin bitch, get you anything you ask for

It's either him or me - Champagne, Hennessy

A favorite of my homies when we floss on our enemies

Witness as we creep to a low speed, peep what a ho need

Puff some mo' weed, funk, ya don't need

Approachin' hoochies with a passion, been a long day

But I've been driven by attraction in a strong way

Your body is bangin' baby I love it when you flaunt it

Time to give it to daddy, nigga, now tell me how you want it

[K-Ci & JoJo:]

How do you want it?

How does it feel?

Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game

Livin' in the fast lane

I'm for real

How do you want it?

How do you feel?

Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game

Livin' in the fast lane

I'm for real

[2Pac:]

Tell me is it cool to fuck?

Did you think I come to talk?

Am I a fool or what?

Positions on the floor

It's like erotic  
Ironic, cause I'm somewhat psychotic  
I'm hittin" switches on bitches like I been fixed with hydraulics  
Up and down like a roller coaster  
I'm up inside ya, I ain't quittin' 'til the show is over  
Cause I'm a rider, in and out just like a robbery, I'll probably be a freak and let you get on top of me  
Get her rockin' these  
Nights full of Alize  
A livin' legend you ain't heard about  
These niggas play these Cali days  
C. Delores Tucker, you's a motherfucker  
Instead of tryin' to help a nigga you destroy a brother  
Worse than the others; Bill Clinton, Mr. Bob Dole  
You're too old to understand the way the game's told  
You're lame so I gotta hit you with the hot facts  
Once I'm released, I'm makin' millions, nigga, top that  
They wanna censor me; they'd rather see me in a cell  
Livin' in hell - only a few of us'll live to tell  
Now everybody talkin' about us I could give a fuck  
I'd be the first one to bomb and cuss  
Nigga, tell me how you want it

[K-Ci & JoJo:]  
How do you want it?  
How do you feel?  
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game  
Livin' in the fast lane  
I'm for real  
How do you want it?  
How do you feel?  
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game  
Livin' in the fast lane  
I'm for real

[2Pac:]  
Raised as a youth  
Tell the truth, I got the scoop  
On how to get a bulletproof  
Cause I jumped from the roof  
'fore I was a teenager, mobile phone, Skypager  
Game rules, I'm livin' major - my adversaries  
Is lookin' worried, they paranoid of gettin' buried  
One of us gonna see the cemetery  
My only hope to survive if I wish to stay alive  
Gettin' high, see the demons in my eyes, before I die  
I wanna live my life and ball, make a couple million  
And then I'm chillin' fade 'em all  
These taxes got me crossed up and people tryin' to sue me  
Media is in my business and they actin' like they know me  
But I'ma mash out and peel out  
I'm with a clique that's quick to whip that fuckin' steel out  
Yeah nigga, it's some new shit so better get up on it  
When you see me, tell a nigga how you want it  
How do you want it?

[K-Ci & JoJo:]

How do you want it?  
How do you feel?  
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game  
Livin' in the fast lane  
I'm for real  
How do you want it?  
How do you feel?  
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game  
Livin' in the fast lane  
I'm for real

How do you want it?  
How do you feel?  
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game  
Livin' in the fast lane  
I'm for real  
How do you want it?  
How do you feel?  
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game  
Livin' in the fast lane  
I'm for real

*[2Pac:]*  
Me and my Nigga Johnny J... yeah we out

*[K-Ci & JoJo:]*  
How do you want it?  
How do you feel?  
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game  
Livin' in the fast lane  
I'm for real  
How do you want it?  
How do you feel?  
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game  
Livin' in the fast lane  
I'm for real

*[K-Ci & JoJo:]*  
How do you want it?  
How do you feel?  
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game  
Livin' in the fast lane  
I'm for real

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "2 Of Amerikaz Most Wanted"

(feat. Snoop Doggy Dogg)

[2Pac:]

Up out of there

Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party

Eh, light that up, Snoop! Why you actin like that?

Ah shit, you done fucked up now

(Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party)

You done put two of America's most wanted in the same motherfuckin' place at the same motherfuckin' time

(Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party)

Y'all niggas about to feel this

(Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party)

Break out the Champagne glasses and the motherfuckin' condoms, have one on us, aight?

(Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party)

[Snoop Dogg:]

A toast to the gangsters

[2Pac:]

Picture perfect, I paint a perfect picture

Bomb the hoochies with precision

My intention's to get richer

With the S-N double-O-P, Dogg, my fuckin' homie

You's a cold-ass nigga on them hogs

[Snoop Dogg:]

Sho 'nuff, I keep my hand on my gun

'Cause they got me on the run

Now I'm back in the courtroom, waitin' on the outcome

"Free 2Pac" is all that's on a nigga's mind

But at the same time, it seems they tryin' to take mine

So I'ma get smart and get defensive and shit

And put together a Million March for some gangsta shit

[2Pac:]

So now they got us laced

Two multi-millionaire motherfuckers catchin' cases

Bitches get ready for the throw down

The shit's about to go down

Me and Snoop about to clown

I'm losin' my religion

I'm vicious on these stool pigeons

You might be deep in this game, but you got the rules missin'

Niggas be actin' like they savage

They out to get the cabbage

I've got nothin' but love for my niggas livin' lavish

[Snoop Dogg:]

I've got a pit named Petey, she Nigerina

I've got a house out in the hills right next to Chino

And I think I've got a black Bimmer

But my dream's to own a fly casino  
Like Bugsy Siegel, and do it all legal  
And get scooped up by the little homie in the Regal  
It feels good to you, baby-bubba  
You see, this is for the G's and the keys, motherfucker

[2Pac:]

Now follow as we ride  
Motherfuck the rest, two of the best from the West side  
And I can make you famous  
Niggas been dyin' for years, so how could they blame us?  
I live in fear of a felony  
I never stop bailin' these motherfuckin' G's  
If you got it, better flaunt it  
Another warrant for two of America's most wanted

[Daz Dillinger (2Pac):]

Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party  
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party  
(Nothin' but a gangsta party)  
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party  
(Nothin' but a gangsta party)  
Ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)  
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party  
(Nothin' but a gangsta party)  
Ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)  
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party

[2Pac:]

Now give me fifty feet  
Defeat is not my destiny, release me to the streets  
And keep whatever's left of me  
Jealousy is misery, sufferin' is grief  
Better be prepared when you cowards fuck with me  
I bust and flee, these niggas must be crazy, what?  
There ain't no mercy, motherfuckers who can't fade the thugs  
You thought it was, but it wasn't, now disappear  
Bow down in the presence of a boss player

[Snoop Dogg:]

It's like Cuz/Blood gang-bangin'  
Everybody in the party doin' dope-slangin'  
You gotta have papers in this world  
You might get your first snatch before your eyes swirl  
You doin' your job every day  
And then you work so hard 'til your hair turns gray  
Let me tell you about life and about the way it is  
You see, we live by the gun, so we die by the guns, kids

[2Pac:]

They tell me not to roll with my glock  
So now I got a throw-away  
Floatin' in the black Benz, tryin' to do a show a day  
They wonder how I live with five shots  
Niggas is hard to kill on my block  
Schemes for currency and dough-related

Affiliated with the hustlers, so we made it  
No answers to questions, I'm tryin' to get up on it  
My nigga Dogg with me, eternally the most wanted

*[Daz Dillinger (2Pac):]*

Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party  
(Nothin' but a gangsta party)  
It ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)  
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party  
(Nothin' but a gangsta party)  
It ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)  
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party  
(Nothin' but a gangsta party)  
It ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)  
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party

*[2Pac:]*

Biatch! Where you at? Where you at?  
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party  
Yeah, Death Row

Writer(s): Calvin C. Broadus, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Delmer Drew Arnaud

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "No More Pain"

Hey DeVante

Nigga, don'tcha know we're gonna sow up every bitch in the country

Me and you, up in the same motherfuckin' room

On the same level

This shit here, hahahaha

Please, no more pain

That's right nigga

Hey drop that shit boy

My adversaries cry like hoes fully eradicate my foes

My lyrics explode on contact, gamin' you hoes

Who else but Mama's only son, fuck the phony niggas I'm the one

Say my name, watch bitches come

Now fire when ready, stay watchin' our figure

Increase speed, make you motherfuckers bleed from your mouth quicker

Plus all these niggas that you run with, be on some dumb shit

Trickin' on hoes, I ain't the one bitch

Holla my name and witness game official, it's so sick

Have every single bitch that came withchu, on my dick

Plus this alcohol increases the chance to be deceased

I'm movin' you stupid bitches, vicious telekinesis

Am I reachin' your brain? Nigga how can I explain?

How vicious this Thug motherfucker came

When I die, I want to be a living legend, say my name

Affiliated with this motherfuckin' game, with no more pain

*[Interpretation of Method Man's "Bring the Pain":]*

I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain

Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)

I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain

Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)

I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain

Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)

I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain

Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)

Line up my adversaries, blast on sight

And fuck your boyfriend bitch, I want some ass tonight You know my steelo, Alize and Cristal, weed

Sure you heard of all the freaky shit they say about me, huh

Plus all you busters is jealous, pull your gun out and blast

I dare you niggas to open fire, I'll murder that ass

And disappear before the, cops come runnin'

My Glock's spittin' rounds, niggas fallin' down clutchin' their stomach

It's Westside, Death Row, Thug niggas on the rise

Busters shot me five times, real niggas don't die

Can ya hear me?, laced with this game, I know you fear me

Spit the secret to war, so cowards fear me

My only fear of death is reincarnation

Heart of a soldier with a brain to teach your whole nation

And feelin' no more pain

I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain  
Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)  
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain  
Let's go inside my astral plane (yeah nigga, no more pain)  
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain (what, what nigga)  
Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)  
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain  
Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)  
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain (no pain nigga)  
Let's go inside my astral plane (no pain)

Bury me that's what they all say  
It's time to make a killin', sure to make a million with DeVante  
Bitch I know you want me, what your mouth say?, now, watch your eyes  
You don't wanna get with me, that's a lie  
I got my hands on your hips, no time to bullshit  
Freaky bitch, come give me kiss  
Tell them niggas from other areas, brothers from here  
So obsessed with this money makin' it ain't nothin' we fear  
Now they label me a troublemaker, cause I'm a ridah  
Death to you playa haters, don't let me find ya  
Mama made me rugged, Baptize the public  
Now you all thugs, nigga don't you love it  
It's similar to multiple gunshots, retaliation is a must  
Wasn't too sure what you facin' so watch the guns bust  
You niggas'll bleed, fuckin' with me you'll be deceased  
Never restin' in peace, nigga  
With no more pain

I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain  
Let's go inside my astral plane  
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain  
Let's go inside my astral plane

[Collision:]  
Hahahahaha, yeah nigga, yeah! Hahahaha  
No more pain  
It's just like that nigga, like that yeah  
No more pain  
Motherfuckers can't handle that shit  
Much too much for these bitches  
No more pain  
Feel me nigga? Feel me?  
How you figure you can fuck with me?  
Fully automatic type shit  
No more pain  
Coward ass niggas, cowards  
Come put your mouth on this pistol nigga  
Come put your mouth on the pistol, no more pain  
Close your eyes nigga, do it  
Die in the dark, no more pain

Death Row, so what you motherfuckers do?  
Hey that's DeVante droppin' that beat like that BEYATCH  
In case you wonderin'

And jealous niggas, hahaha, see y'all niggas  
Motherfuckin' niggas are shit  
Hey

*[Whispering in the background:]*  
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain  
Let's go inside my astral plane  
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain  
Let's go inside my astral plane

Westsiiide! Death to everybody that ain't down with me  
That's on, feel me? Hahaha  
Oh yeah, to the cowards, you know who you are, it's still Bad Boy Killa  
Just feel that, Thug Life, shit don't stop  
Fat motherfuckers got Downs Syndrome, motherfuckers  
Weak ass niggas, dancers turned fuckin' CEOs  
Put your mouth on this pistol nigga  
Put your mouth on the pistol!  
Hahahaha, yeah nigga no more pain  
Prison ain't changed me nigga, it made me worse  
Feel me nigga, haha  
No more pain  
Hey DeVante I'm givin' these motherfuckers choices  
Niggas can roll with us, or they can be rolled up under us  
That's on you nigga, what you wanna do?  
Last year we was lettin' these niggas kick up dust  
This year you motherfuckers gonna be dust  
Thug Life nigga Westsiiide!

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Devante Smith, Robert F. Diggs, Clifford Smith

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Heartz Of Men"

Hey Suge, what I tell you, nigga  
When I come out of jail, what was I gonna do?  
I was gonna start diggin' into these niggas' chest, right  
Watch this

Hey Quik, let me get them binoculars, nigga, the binoculars  
Hahahaha, yeah nigga, time to ride  
Grab your bulletproof vest nigga  
Cause it's gonna be a long one

Now me and Quik finna show you niggas what it's like on this side - the real side  
Now, on this ride there's gonna be some real motherfuckers  
And there's gonna be some pussies

Now the real niggas gonna be the ones with money and bitches  
The pussies are gonna be the niggas on the floor bleedin'  
Now everybody keep your eyes on the prize cause the ride get tricky

See, you got some niggas on your side that say they're your friends, but in real life they your enemies  
And then you got some motherfuckers that say they your enemies  
But in real life they eyes is on your money  
See, the enemies will say they true  
But in real life those niggas will be the snitches  
It's a dirty game, y'all

Y'all got ta be careful about who you fuck with and who you don't fuck with  
Cause the shit get wild, y'all  
Keep your mind on your riches, Baby  
Keep your mind on your riches

9-1-1! It's an emergency, cowards tried to murder me  
From hood to the 'burbs, everyone of you niggas heard of me  
Shit, I'm legendary niggas scary and paralyzed  
Nothing more I despise than a liar  
Cowards die

My mama told me when I was a seed  
Just a vicious motherfucker why these devils left me free  
I proceed to make them shiver  
When I deliver  
Criminal lyrics

From a world wide mob figure  
Thug niggas from everywhere Mr. Makaveli  
Niggas is waiting for some thug shit, that's what they tell me  
So many rumors but I'm infinite Immortal Outlaw  
Switching up on you ordinary bitches  
Like a southpaw you get left

And every breath I breathe until the moment I'm deceased  
Will be another moment ballin' as a 'G'  
I rip the crowd, then I start again  
Eternally I live in sin

Until the moment that they let me breathe again  
The heartz of men

The hearts of men

My lyrical verse was so much pain, to some niggas it hurts  
My guns bust and, if you ain't one of us, it gets worse  
Bitch niggas get their eyes swell  
In fly mode  
I'm a homicidal outlaw  
And 5-0, get your lights on, the fight's on  
Tonight's gonna be a fucking fight  
So we might roll  
My own homies say I'm heartless  
But I'm a G to this til the day I'm gone, that's regardless  
Ride by, niggas bow down  
Thought I'd rot in jail, paid bail, well, nigga's out now  
Throw up your hands if you thugged out  
First nigga act up  
First nigga getting drugged out  
I can be a villain if ya let me  
But motherfucker if ya do upset me  
Tell the cops to come and get me  
Rip the crowd like a phone number  
Then start again, don't have no mutherfuckin' friends, nigga  
Look inside the hearts of men

In the hearts of men

To all my niggas engaged in making money in the fifty states  
Keep your mind on your chips and fuck a punk bitch  
No longer living in fear, my pistol close in hand  
Convinced this is my year, like I'm the chosen man  
Give me my money and label me as a don  
If niggas is having problems  
Smoke' em, fire and bomb  
I died and came back  
I hustle with these lyrics as if it's a game of crack  
Thugging is in my spirit  
I'm lost and not knowing  
Scared up, but still flowing  
Energized and still going  
Uh, can it be fate  
That makes a sick motherfucker break  
On these jealous ass coward cause they evil and fake  
What will it take ?  
Give me that bass line, I'm feeling bomb  
Death Row, baby, don't be alarmed  
The homie Quik gave a nigga a beat and let me start again  
Represent  
Cause I've been sent  
The hearts of men

Thanks to anthony wansor, vilpe85\_poker for correcting these lyrics.

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Life Goes On"

How many brothers fell victim to the streets?  
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G  
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death  
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on  
How many brothers fell victim to the streets?  
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G  
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death  
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on

As I bail through the empty halls, breath stinkin' in my jaws  
Ring, ring, ring, quiet y'all, incoming call  
Plus this my homie from high school, he's getting by  
It's time to bury another brother, nobody cry  
Life as a baller: alcohol and booty calls  
We used to do them as adolescents, do you recall?  
Raised as G's, loc'ed out and blazed the weed  
Get on the roof, let's get smoked out and blaze with me  
2 in the morning and we still high assed out  
Screaming "thug till I die" before I passed out  
But now that you're gone, I'm in the zone  
Thinking I don't wanna die all alone, but now ya gone  
And all I got left are stinkin' memories  
I love them niggas to death, I'm drinkin' Hennessy  
While trying to make it last  
I drank a fifth for that ass when you passed  
Cause life goes on

How many brothers fell victim to the streets?  
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G  
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death  
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on  
How many brothers fell victim to the streets?  
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G  
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death  
My niggas, we the last ones left, and life goes on

Yeah nigga, I got the word is hell  
Ya blew trial and the judge gave you 25 with an L  
Time to prepare to do fed time, won't see parole  
Imagine life as a convict that's getting old  
Plus with the drama we're looking out for your baby's mama  
Taken risks, while keeping cheap tricks from getting on her  
Life in the hood is all good for nobody  
Remember gaming on dumb hotties at yo' parties  
Me and you, no truer two  
While scheming on hits  
And getting tricks that maybe we can slide into  
But now you buried. Rest, nigga, cause I ain't worried  
Eyes blurry saying goodbye at the cemetery  
Though memories fade

I got your name tatted on my arm  
So we both ball till my dying days  
Before I say goodbye  
Kato and Mental rest in peace. Thug till I die!

How many brothers fell victim to the streets?  
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G  
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death  
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on  
How many brothers fell victim to the streets?  
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G  
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death  
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on

Bury me smiling with G's in my pocket  
Have a party at my funeral, let every rapper rock it  
Let the hoes that I used to know  
From way before kiss me from my head to my toe  
Give me a paper and a pen so I can write about my life of sin  
A couple bottles of gin in case I don't get in  
Tell all my people I'm a Ridah  
Nobody cries when we die, we outlaws, let me ride  
Until I get free, I live my life in the fast lane  
Got police chasing me  
To my niggas from old blocks, from old crews  
Niggas that guided me through back in the old school  
Pour out some liquor, have a toast for the homies  
See, we both gotta die, but you chose to go before me  
And brothers, miss ya while your gone  
You left your nigga on his own. How long we mourn?  
Life goes on

How many brothers fell victim to the streets?

Life goes on homie  
Gone on, cause they passed away  
Niggas doing life, niggas doing 50 and 60 years and shit  
I feel ya, nigga. Trust me, I feel ya  
You know what I mean  
Last year we poured out liquor for ya  
This year nigga, life goes on  
We're gonna clock now

Get money, evade bitches, evade tricks, give playa haters plenty of space, and basically just represent for you  
baby

Next time you see your niggas, you're gonna be on top, nigga  
They're gonna be like, "Goddamn, them niggas came up"  
That's right, baby, life goes on and we up out this bitch  
Hey Kato, Mental

Y'all niggas make sure it's poppin' when we get up there man  
Don't front  
Life goes on  
Hold me no more hold me no more  
Yes it do yes it do yes it do

Thanks to pimp\_of\_da\_nati0n for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Johnny Lee Jackson, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Joseph Banks Jefferson, Charles B. Simmons

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Only God Can Judge Me"

(feat. Rappin 4-Tay)

[2Pac:]

Only God can judge me (that right?)

Only God can judge me now

Nobody else (nobody else)

All you other motherfuckers get out my business (really)

Only God can judge me now

[2Pac:]

Perhaps I was blind to the facts, stabbed in the back  
I couldn't trust my own homies, just a bunch of dirty rats

Will I succeed? Paranoid from the weed

And hocus pocus, I try to focus, but I can't see

And in my mind I'm a blind man doin' time

Look to my future, 'cause my past is all behind me

Is it a crime to fight for what is mine?

Everybody's dyin', tell me what's the use of tryin'

I've been trapped since birth, cautious 'cause I'm cursed

And fantasies of my family in a hearse

And they say it's the white man I should fear

But it's my own kind doin' all the killin' here

I can't lie, ain't no love for the other side

Jealousy inside, make 'em wish I died

Oh my Lord, tell me what I'm livin' for

Everybody's droppin', got me knockin' on Heaven's door

And all my memories of seein' brothers bleed

And everybody grieves, but still nobody sees

Recollect your thoughts, don't get caught up in the mix

'Cause the media is full of dirty tricks

[2Pac:]

Only God can judge me

Only God can judge me, only God

Only God can judge me

Only God can judge me

Only God can judge me, only God

Only God can judge me now

Only God can judge me, only God

Only God can judge me

Only God can judge me, only God

Only God can judge me

[Flatline]

[2Pac:]

I hear the doctor standin' over me, screamin' I can make it

Got a body full of bullet holes, layin' here naked

Still I can't breathe, something's evil in my IV

'Cause everytime I breathe I think they killin' me

I'm havin' nightmares, homicidal fantasies

I wake up stranglin', tangled in my bed sheets  
I call the nurse 'cause it hurts to reminisce  
How did it come to this? I wish they didn't miss  
Somebody help me, tell me where to go from here  
'Cause even thugs cry, but do the Lord care?  
Try to remember, but it hurts  
I'm walkin' through the cemetery, talkin' to the dirt  
I'd rather die like a man than live like a coward  
There's a ghetto up in Heaven and it's ours  
"Black Power!" is what we scream  
As we dream in a paranoid state  
And our fate is a lifetime of hate  
Dear Mama, can you save me? And fuck peace  
'Cause the streets got our babies, we gotta eat  
No more hesitation, each and every black male's trapped  
And they wonder why we suicidal running 'round strapped  
Mr. Police, please try to see  
That there's a million motherfuckers stressin' just like me

[2Pac:]

Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me, only God  
Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me, only God  
Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me, only God  
Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me now

[2Pac:]

That which does not kill me can only make me stronger  
That's for real  
and I don't see why everybody feel as though  
that they gotta tell me how to live my life  
You know?  
Let me live, baby, let me live

[Rappin' 4-Tay:]

Pac, I feel ya, keep servin' it on the reala  
For instance, say a playa hatin' mark is out to kill ya  
Would you be wrong for buckin' a nigga to the pavement?  
He gon' get me first, if I don't get him fool start prayin'  
Ain't no such thing as self-defense in the court of law  
So judge us when we get to where we're goin wearin' a cross  
That's real, got him, lurked him, crept the fuck up on him  
Sold a half a million tapes, now everybody want him  
After talkin' behind my back like a bitch would  
Tellin' them niggas, "You can fade him," punk I wish you would  
It be them same motherfuckers in your face  
That'll rush up in your place to get your safe  
Knowin' you on that paper chase  
Grass, glass, big screen and leather couch  
My new shit is so fetti, already sold a ki or ounce  
Bitch, remember 2Pac and 4-Tay

Them same two brothers dodgin' bullets representin' the Bay  
Pac, when you was locked down  
That's when I'll be around  
Start climbin' up the charts, so sick, but they tried to clown  
That's why they ride the bandwagon  
Still be draggin' sellin' lies  
Don't think I don't see you haters, I know y'all in disguise

[2Pac:]

Guess you figure you know me, 'cause I'm a thug  
That love to hit the late night club drink and buzzed  
Been livin' lavish like a player all day  
Now I'm bout to floss 'em off, player shit with 4-Tay

[2Pac:]

Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me, only God  
Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me, only God  
Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me, only God  
Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me now

[2Pac (Rappin 4-Tay):]

(Only God, mane)  
That right?  
(That's real)  
Hahahahahaha  
(Fuck everybody else, you know what I'm sayin'?)  
Man, look here, man  
My only fear of death  
Is comin' back to this bitch reincarnated, man  
That's for the homie mental  
(Hehehehe)  
We up out

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Forte Anthony, Rasheed Douglas B, Fretty Harold A

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Tradin War Stories"

(feat. C-Bo, Dramacydal, Storm, CPO, Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

A military mind, nigga  
A military mind mean money  
A criminal grind, nigga  
A criminal grind mean hustle  
You know

[2Pac:]

We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes

[2Pac:]

Now can your mind picture, a thug nigga drinkin' hard liquor  
This ghetto life has got me catchin' up to God quicker  
Who would figure that all I need was a hair trigger  
Semi-automatic MAC-11 just to scare niggas  
Pardon my thug poetry, but suckers is born everyday  
And feared men grow on trees  
Criminal ties for centuries, a legend in my own rhymes  
So niggas whisper when they mention  
Machiavelli was my tutor Donald Goines, my father figure  
Mama sent me to go play with the drug dealers  
Henceforth, we thug niggas and we came in packs  
Every one of niggas strapped sippin' on 'yak  
In the back, my AR-15  
Thuggin' 'til I die, these streets got me cravin' thorazine  
My lyrics are blueprints to money makin'  
Fat as that ass that honey shakin'

[2Pac & Kastro:]

My nigga tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
My nigga tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas despise, look in my eyes

[Kastro:]

I bust a trey-trey, buggin an' shit  
They call it overthuggin' and shit  
But I was just a younger nigga;  
Gettin' older and lovin' this shit  
But what was I doin' in this place?  
To the fakes without a pistol in the first  
Facin' termination in the worst  
But I figured to play the wall; to watch all  
These playa hatin' niggas position for I could see 'em all  
Made it up out of there, lucky to be here to tell you  
But it'll never be a repeat people I'm tryna tell you

*[Edi Amin:]*

Now picture the scenery, I'm thugged out smokin' greenery  
Considered a B.G., but I'm off in this game something D-P  
My eyes only see deez, that's why I'm young and burnt out  
Learned the know how, well how to do now, by 18 turned out  
And wide open - the ridin' and smokin'  
Collidin' with foes - in the worst place;  
y'all shouldn'ta fucked with us ,in the first place  
Y'all real O.G.'s, droppin' game to the youngsters  
Y'all don't want no funk cause  
y'all be the next in the long line of war stories

*[2Pac & C-Bo:]*

We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes

*[C-Bo:]*

I breaks them off with this gangsta war story tale  
Stacking loot up in the coupe that I protect with a Mack 12  
Slap my clip in the chamber; fool, your life's in danger  
No one will remain when I come through dumping insane  
Call me Bo Loc Major Pain, gun-slang and moving 'caine  
I be the nigga that's pulling the trigger and dumping the hot ones up in your brain  
More bigger balls than RuPaul, Thug Life ain't a ball  
We bust that ass up against the wall (up against the wall)  
Never been no sign for men call  
How we bucks them down on the way to the ground  
Ain't nothing but the hog in me  
Plus, stompin' steel toed, killin' up hoes and keep mobbin' G  
It ain't no calling the funk off  
Don't be funkling with my sawed off  
Bust they dirty-ass drawers off  
And had them bitch niggas hauled off

*[2Pac (Napolean):]*

We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise (look in my eyes)  
We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise (look in my eyes)

*[Napoleon:]*

My whole family been raised, on shit that ain't okay  
Ain't nothing on this earth will make a nigga like me stay  
I'm reminiscing, and catchin' flashbacks when niggas ran up  
in my house and I was too young, to try to blast back  
What happened then? No one would tell me since I was three  
Heard that God took my peoples, now they living somewhere free  
But fuck that, you got whats mines and I want that  
Never drop my guard, been on the squad, since ways back  
And now I'm sitting, holding in anger because my parents missing  
Thugging Immortal when got some war stories for you

*[Storm:]*

Now look at me - straight Outlaw Immortal  
Never gave a fuck cause I was nobody's daughter  
Outlawing from my tits to my clits, don't try to figure  
Cause the murderous tendencies in my mind, can't be controlled, nigga  
So who's the bigger, who's the quickest killer?  
Would you try to trip with my finger on the 9 milla  
When I got you on kay-nine-fourths  
Prayin' to God as your life goes back and forth  
We tradin' war stories

[2Pac:]

We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes

[2Pac:]

War stories nigga; hahaha, what players do  
Thug Life, Outlaw Immortalz  
Motherfucking 2Pac a.k.a. Makaveli  
Can you feel me?  
Just so you know, it's on Death Row  
My niggas love that shit  
Dramacydal in this motherfucker, heheheh  
Yea nigga! Shout out to my niggas Fatal N Felony  
C-Bo, the bald head nut, what?  
You know what time it is

# 2Pac Lyrics

"California Love"

(feat. Dr. Dre, Roger Troutman)

[*Roger Troutman:*]

California love  
California knows how to party  
California knows how to party  
In the city of L.A.  
In the city of good ol' Watts  
In the city, the city of Compton  
We keep it rockin', we keep it rockin'

[*Dr. Dre:*]

Now let me welcome everybody to the wild, wild west  
A state that's untouchable like Eliot Ness  
The track hits your eardrum like a slug to your chest  
Pack a vest for your Jimmy in the city of sex  
We in that sunshine state where the bomb-ass hemp be  
The state where you never find a dance floor empty  
And pimps be on a mission for them greens  
Lean mean money-making-machines serving fiends  
I been in the game for 10 years making rap tunes  
Ever since honeys was wearing Sassoon  
Now it's '95 and they clock me and watch me  
Diamonds shining, looking like I robbed Liberace  
It's all good, from Diego to the Bay  
Your city is the bomb if your city making pay  
Throw up a finger if you feel the same way  
Dre putting it down for Californ-i-a

[*Roger Troutman:*]

California knows how to party  
California knows how to party (Yes, they do)  
In the city of L.A.  
In the city of good ol' Watts  
In the city, the city of Compton  
We keep it rockin', we keep it rockin'

[*Roger Troutman:*]

Shake, shake it, baby  
Shake, shake it, mama  
Shake it Cali, shake it shake it baby  
Shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it

[*2Pac:*]

Out on bail, fresh out of jail, California dreaming  
Soon as I step on the scene, I'm hearing hoochies screaming  
Fiending for money and alcohol  
The life of a Westside player where cowards die and the strong ball  
Only in Cali where we riot not rally to live and die  
In L.A. we wearing Chucks not Ballys (yeah, that's right)  
Dressed in Locs and Khaki suits, and ride is what we do

Flossing, but have caution: we collide with other crews  
Famous because we throw grams  
Worldwide, let them recognize from Long Beach to Rosecrans  
Bumping and grinding like a slow jam, it's Westside  
So you know the row won't bow down to no man  
Say what you say, but give me that bomb beat from Dre  
Let me serenade the streets of L.A  
From Oakland to Sac-town, the Bay Area and back down  
Cali is where they put their mack down  
Give me love!

*[Roger Troutman:]*  
California knows how to party  
California knows how to party (Yes, they do)  
In the city of L.A  
In the city of good ol' Watts  
In the city, the city of Compton  
We keep it rockin'

*[Dr. Dre:]* South Central  
*[2Pac:]* Uh, that's right  
*[Dr. Dre:]* Now make it shake

*[Roger Troutman:]*  
Shake, shake it, baby  
Shake, shake it, mama  
Shake it Cali, shake it shake it baby  
Shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it

*[Dr. Dre:]*  
Shake it Cali  
Uh, uh, West Coast  
Uh, yeah, uh, uh, Long Beach in the house  
Uh, yeah, Oaktown, Oakland definitely in the house  
Frisco, Frisco

*[2Pac:]*  
And you know L.A. up in here

*[Dr. Dre:]*  
Pasadena where you at?  
Yeah, Inglewood  
Inglewood always up to no good

*[2Pac:]*  
Even Hollywood trying to get a piece, baby

*[Dr. Dre:]*  
Sacramento, Sacramento where you at?

*[2Pac:]*  
Throw it up ya'll, throw it up, throw it up!  
I can't see ya  
Let's show these fools how we do it over on this West Side  
Cause you and I know it's the best side  
Yeah, that's right

## West Coast, West Coast

Thanks to Blades, Serg, fattygurlfantasy, mourssss for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Mikel Hooks, Larry Troutman, Roger Troutman, Ronnie Hudson, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Chris Stainton, Joe Cocker

# 2Pac Lyrics

"I Ain't Mad At Cha"

(feat. Danny Boy Steward)

Change, shit

I guess change is good for any of us

Whatever it take for any of y'all niggas to get up out the hood

Shit, I'm wit 'cha

I ain't mad at 'cha

Got nothin' but love for ya, do your thing, boy

Yeah, all the homies that I ain't talk to in a while  
I'mma send this one out for y'all, know what I mean?

Cause I ain't mad at 'cha

Heard y'all tearin' up shit out there, kickin' up dust

Givin' a motherfuck

Yeah, niggas

Cause I ain't mad at 'cha

[2Pac:]

Now we was once two niggas of the same kind

Quick to holla at a hoochie with the same line

You was just a little smaller but you still rolled

Got stretched to Y.A. and hit the hood swell

'member when you had a Jheri Curl didn't quite learn

On the block, wit'cha Glock, trippin' off sherm

Collect calls to the crib, sayin' how you've changed

Oh you's a Muslim now? No more dope game

Heard you might be comin' home, just got bail

Wanna go to the Mosque, don't wanna chase tail

It seems I lost my little homie, he's a changed man

Hit the pen and now no sinnin' is the game plan

When I talk about money all you see is the struggle

When I tell you I'm livin' large you tell me it's trouble

Congratulations on the wedding, I hope your wife know

She got a playa for life, and that's no bullshittin'

I know we grew apart, you probably don't remember

I used to fiend for your sister, but never went up in her

And I can see us after school, we'd BOMB

on the first motherfucker with the wrong shit on

Now the whole shit's changed and we don't even kick it

Got a big money scheme and you ain't even with it

Hmm, knew in my heart you was the same motherfucker that

Go toe to toe when it's time to roll you got a brother's back

And I can't even trip, cause I'm just laughin' at 'cha

You tryin' hard to maintain, then go ahead

Cause I ain't mad at 'cha

(Hmm, I ain't mad at 'cha)

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]

I ain't - mad - at 'cha

(I ain't mad at 'cha)

I ain't - mad - at 'cha

[2Pac:]

We used to be like distant cousins  
Fightin', playin' dozens, whole neighborhood buzzin'  
Knowin' that we wasn't  
Used to catch us on the roof or behind the stairs  
I'm gettin' blitzed and I reminisce on all the times we shared  
Besides, bumpin' 'n grindin' wasn't nothin' on our mind  
In time we'd learned to live a life of crime  
Rewind us back to a time was much too young to know  
I caught a felony lovin' the way the guns blow  
And even though we separated, you said that you'd wait  
Don't give nobody no coochie while I'll be locked up state  
I kiss my momma, goodbye, and wipe the tears from her lonely eyes  
Said I'll return but I gotta fight the fate's arrived  
Don't shed a tear, cause momma I ain't happy here  
I blew trial, no more smiles for a couple years  
They got me goin' mad  
I'm knockin' busters on they backs, in my cell, thinkin'  
"Hell, I know one day I'll be back"  
As soon as I touch down  
I told my girl I'll be there, so prepare, to get fucked down  
The homies wanna kick it, but I'm just laughin' at 'cha  
Cause you's a down ass bitch and I ain't mad at 'cha

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]

I ain't - mad - at 'cha  
(I ain't mad at 'cha)  
I ain't - mad - at 'cha

(a true down ass bitch and I ain't mad at 'cha)

[2Pac:]

Well guess who's movin' up, this nigga's ballin' now  
Bitches be callin' to get it, hookers keep fallin' down  
He went from nothing to lots, ten carats to rock  
Went from a nobody nigga to the big man on the block  
He's Mr. Local-Celebrity, addicted to movin' ki's  
Most hated by enemies, escape in the luxury  
See, first you was our nigga but you made it, so the choice is made  
Now we gotta slay you while you faded, in the younger days  
So full of pain while the weapons blaze  
Gettin' so high off that bomb hopin' we make it, to the better days  
Cause crime pays and in time, you'll find a rhyme'll blaze  
You'll feel the fire from the niggas in my younger days  
So many changed on me, so many tried to plot  
That I keep a glock beside my head, when will it stop?  
'Til God return me to my essence  
Cause even as an adolescent, I refuse to be a convalescent  
So many questions and they ask me if I'm still down  
I moved up out of the ghetto, so I ain't real now?  
They got so much to say, but I'm just laughin' at 'cha  
You niggas just don't know, but I ain't mad at 'cha

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]

I ain't - mad - at 'cha

(I ain't mad at 'cha)  
I ain't - mad - at 'cha  
(Hell nah I ain't mad at 'cha)  
I ain't - mad - at 'cha  
(And I ain't mad at 'cha)  
I ain't - mad - at 'cha  
(I ain't mad at 'cha)  
I ain't - mad - at 'cha  
I ain't - mad - at 'cha

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Arnaud Delmar, Jordan Etterlene, Steward Danny Boy

# 2Pac Lyrics

"What'z Ya Phone #"

(feat. Danny Boy)

What's your phone number?

Now, I could make miracles to tempos  
It's instrumental, waiting for the nymphos; that's the intro  
Shook when you rush me, walked up and touched me

Why? Do you want to fuck me?

Just 'cause I'm paid in the worst way? True!

Lookin' kinda good in your birthday suit

I wonder if you're wild and you act shy

Do you like to be on top or the back side?

Watch me while you lick your lips

Shake your hips, goddamn, I love that shit

Yo, let's stop fakin', be real now

I got a room and a hard-on; still down?

Met you standing at a bar full of black dudes

Said you wanna see my scars and my tattoos

When we head for my hideout, act right

Boss player when I ride out, that's right

What's ya phone number?

If you really wanna fuck with me, I'm ready

Baby, let me give you a call

How long will it take to break you off?

If you really wanna fuck with me, I'm ready

Baby, let me give you a call

How long will it take to break you off?

Oh shit, baby is a dime piece, more than just fine

She's personally blessed from the gods

If I seen her right now, she could get me hard

Didn't want to talk to me, just to see my car

Never had sex with a rich rap star

'Til I got her in the back of my homeboy's car

Tell me, why do we live this way?

Money over bitches, let me hear you say

What's your phone number?

Are you alone? Got a pocket full of rubbers, let's bone!

Time for your girlfriend to take you home

I had fun, but baby, gotta leave me alone

Picture in my rhyme

Take time to rewind these words I say

If you open your mind bet in a minute you'll find

It's time let the Outlawz play

What's ya phone number?

If you really wanna fuck with me, I'm ready

Baby, let me give you a call

How long will it take to break you off?

If you really wanna fuck with me, I'm ready  
Baby, let me give you a call  
How long will it take to break you off?

[Girl and 2Pac converse:]

[Girl:] Hello?

[2Pac:] Hello? Who is this?

[Girl:] Is this 2Pac?

[2Pac:] This is who?

[Girl:] Is this 2Pac?

[2Pac:] Yeah, it's 2Pac. Who is this?

[Girl:] Hi, baby. How are you?

[2Pac:] I'm aight. What up, baby?

[Girl:] You don't recognize the voice?

[2Pac:] You recognize my voice, huh?

[Girl:] Do you recognize MY voice?

[2Pac:] Nah, I know you?

[Girl:] Yeah, you know me. I guess you don't recognize me when I'm talking

[2Pac:] Where I know you from? Where I know you from?

[Girl:] You just know me, baby

[2Pac:] Where? Talk up, I can't barely hear you

[Girl:] You know me from when we were, you know, intimate

[2Pac:] Oh, we fucked?

[Girl:] Oh baby, did we ever

[2Pac:] Oh, tell me about it, baby

[Girl:] I remember when I put that big dick in my hand and stroked it up and down

[2Pac:] OOOOH!

[Girl:] Then I put it in my mouth. I sucked it

[2Pac:] Ooh, you did?

[Girl:] Ooh, I did

[2Pac:] Shit!

[Girl:] Fucked it and fucked it. Put me in. You came

[2Pac:] Did I come?

[Girl:] Ooh, baby: everywhere, everywhere. You don't remember me yet?

[2Pac:] I'm starting to get a picture. Why don't you help me out. What did I do to the pussy? What a nigga do to the pussy?

[Girl:] You rocked it

[2Pac:] Did I?

[Girl:] Yeah, you did

[2Pac:] Did I give you some of that Thug Passion?

[Girl:] Mmmmmmm

[2Pac:] Heh, heh. Eh, so what you doing right now, though?

[Girl:] Me and my finger are getting acquainted

[2Pac:] How many you got?

[Girl:] I got ten, but only one is workin'

[2Pac:] Oh well, can I come over there?

[Girl:] If you want to

[2Pac:] Do I want to? Do a bear shit in the woods and wipe his ass with a rabbit?

[Girl:] Mmm. You gonna rock it, baby?

[2Pac:] Hell yeah, I'm gonna rock it, baby

[Girl:] Like you did before?

[2Pac:] No dizoubt. You gonna feel that Thug Passion for real

[Girl:] Mmmmm, baby

[2Pac:] I'm on my way though. I'm about to fly over there in a 500. It ain't gonna take but a minute. Eh, light the candles, get the baby oil out, turn all the lights out. Drink a little bit of that shit. I'm on my way, babe. I'm gonna

knock that pussy to the next week

[Girl:] Knock it out, baby, knock it out

[2Pac:] I'm gon knock the taste out your mouth, girl. I'm gonna put your legs on your head. I'ma tie you up, blindfold you. And we gonna play which hole feel the best

[Girl:] You know which hole feel the best

[2Pac:] We finna see tonight, though

[Girl:] I'm gonna make you remember me

[2Pac:] Oh, yeah

[Girl:] Yeah

[2Pac:] Oh yeah, you got my dick hard. I can't find the steering shift, you got me so fucked up. I'm playing with myself and shit

[Girl:] Can I shift your gear? Can I shift it in the front?

[2Pac:] Hell yeah, aye, you know what I wanna do though?

[Girl:] Whatch you wanna do?

[2Pac:] I wanna fuck you on the balcony, while you lookin' out over L.A., yaknahmean? Just poundin' that shit from the back

'Cause a motherfucker hop that shit like I got hydraulics

Fixed in me, you feel me? I be hittin' switches, baby

[Girl:] Ooh, I feel you, yes

[2Pac:] Heh, hey, I'm fin' to come over there. Just wait for me sweetheart, I'm on my way right now. I'll see you later, baby, bye

[Girl:] Bye, boo

[2Pac:] Hah, yeah, I'm gonna get some pussy

Heh, get some pussy, hah, hah

Writer(s): Prince Rogers Nelson, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Johnny Lee Jackson

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Can't C Me"

(feat. Nancy Fletcher, George Clinton)

*[George Clinton:]*

The blind stares of a million pairs of eyes  
Looking hard, but won't realize  
That they will never see the P!  
You must be goin' blind

*[2Pac:]*

Give me my money in stacks  
And lace my bitches with dime figures  
Real niggas fingers on nickel-plated 9 triggers  
Must see my enemies defeated  
I catch 'em while they coked up and weeded  
Open fire, now them niggas bleeding  
See me in flesh and test and get your chest blown  
Straight out the west, don't get blown  
My adversaries cry like hoes  
Open and shut like doors  
Is you a friend or foe?  
Nigga, you ain't know?  
They got me stressed out on Death Row  
I've seen money, but baby, I've gots to get mo'  
You screaming: "Go 2Pac!" and I ain't stopping 'til I'm well-paid  
Bail's paid now nigga look what hell made  
Visions of cops and sirens, niggas open fire  
Bunch of Thug Life niggas on the rise, until I die  
Ask me why I'm a boss player, getting high  
And when I'm rolling by niggas can't see me!

*[George Clinton:]*

The stares of a million pairs of eyes  
And you'll never realize  
You can't see me

*[2Pac:]*

Been getting word that these square motherfuckers with nerves  
Saying they can get with us, but picture me getting served  
My own mama say I'm thugged out  
My shit be bumping out the record store as if it was a drug house  
My lyrics bang like a Crip or Blood  
Nigga what! It ain't nothing but a party when we thug  
And there I was, a young nigga with heart  
Ain't had shit to lose  
Pullin' my pistol on them fools, you know the rules  
D-R-E you got me heated  
My words like a penitentiary dick  
Hitting bitches where it's most needed  
Money and weed, Alize and Hennessy  
To my thug niggas in lock down: witness me  
Bail on these hoes in floss-mode

The life of a boss playa, fuck what you thought, though  
My enemies deceased, die like a bitch  
When my album hit the streets, niggas can't see me!

[George Clinton (2Pac):]  
(Niggas can't see me)  
(They can't see me)  
Which way did he go, George?  
Which way did he go?  
Oh!! which way did he go?  
Which way did he go?

[2Pac:]  
You niggas made a mistake  
You should've never put my rhymes with Dre  
Them Thug niggas have arrived and it's Judgement Day  
Hey homie, if you feel me  
Tell them tricks that shot me that they missed, they ain't killed me  
I can make a motherfucker shake, rattle n' roll  
I'm full of liquor, thug nigga, quick to jab at them hoes  
And I can make you jealous niggas famous  
Fuck around with 2Pac and see how good a nigga's aim is  
I'm just a rich motherfucker from the way  
If this rapping bring me money, then I'm rapping 'til I'm paid  
I'm getting green like I'm supposed to  
Nigga, I holla at these hoes and see how many I can go through  
Look to the star, and visualize my debut  
Niggas know me, player, I gotta stay true  
Don't be a dumb motherfucker cause it's crazy after dark  
Where the true thug-niggas see your heart  
Niggas can't see me!

Yo, check this out: stay off his dick

[George Clinton (2Pac):]  
(Niggas can't see me)  
Right before your eyes, I'll disappear from here  
You niggas can't see me  
You can't see me  
(I know it's hard nigga, I'm all up in your face)  
(But you still can't see me)  
You can't see me  
(All up in your range, but niggas can't see me)  
20/20 vision won't visualize  
(I'm in the flesh baby, but you can't see me)  
All those glasses won't help you realize  
(You blinded, you blinded, you can't see me)  
You can't see me  
(Thug Life, baby)  
(Don't believe everything you read!)  
(Alize and weed)  
You can't see me, right before your very eyes  
You won't even visualize, you can't see me  
(Dr. Dre all day, 2Pac)  
Niggas can't see me  
(I dedicate this to you punk motherfuckers!)

(This one's for you, BIG baby)  
(Cause you bitch-ass niggas can't see me)  
(Niggas can't see me)  
You can't see me

See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil  
You won't see me  
Yeah, first see me, now you don't  
Wanna see me, but you won't  
Come to see me, but you can't  
Oh, you can't see me, you can't see me  
Right between your eyes and you'll never realize  
Right before your eyes, you won't even realize  
Visualize what you can't see

Thanks to schar for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Young Andre Romell, Clinton George

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Shorty Wanna Be A Thug"

Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug  
Said he wanna be, one day he's gonna be  
Said he's gonna be, shorty's gonna be a thug  
Said he's gonna be, one day he's gonna be  
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug!  
Said he wanna be, one day he's gonna be  
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug

Was a nice middle-class nigga  
But no one knew the evil he'd do when he got a little bigger  
You'd often find him blazed, for puffing on a Newport  
Plotting on a another way to catch a case  
Was only 16, yet convicted as a felon  
With a bunch of old niggas, but you the only one ain't tellin'  
I tell you it's a cold world, stay in school  
You tell me it's a man's world, play the rules  
And fade fools, break rules until we major  
Blaze up, getting with hoes through my pager  
Was raised up, commence to money-makin' tactics  
It's getting drastic, niggas got automatics  
My finger's on the trigger  
Tell the Lord to make way for another straight thug nigga  
I'm sitting, getting buzzed, looking for some love  
From the homies, 'cause shorty wanna be a thug

Said he's gonna be, said he's gonna be  
One day he's gonna be, shorty's gonna be a thug  
Said he's wanna be, said he's wanna be  
One day he's gonna be, shorty's gonna be a thug  
Said he's gonna be, one day he's gonna be  
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug  
Said he wanna be, one day he's gonna be  
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug

Straight from the hall to the pen  
An adolescent nigga standing way higher than six feet ten  
He carried weight, like a Mack truck  
Gonna bust on playa haters, if them mothafuckas act tuff  
Then that's when, a lethal weapon with the razor  
This little nigga smoking weed and getting blazed up  
No one could figure, when the guns blast, pull the trigger  
Could take the life of a young nigga, guns bigger  
No mother and father, you see, the nigga's all alone  
Old timers my role model, the war zone  
Been laced with this game 'til it's a part of me  
My heart don't beat no fear, and that ain't hard to see  
The future is looking dim  
I'm tryin' to make a profit out of living in this sin  
I'm in the dark, getting buzzed, looking for some love  
Out with the homies, 'cause shorty wanna be a thug

Said he's gonna be, said he's gonna be  
One day he's gonna be, shorty's gonna be a thug  
Said he's wanna be, one day he's gonna be  
Said he's gonna be, shorty's gonna be a thug  
Said he's wanna be, one day he's gonna be  
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug  
Said he wanna be, one day he's gonna be  
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug

Shorty's gonna be a thug  
Little bad ass nigga, to the young niggas  
Gotta stay sharp, nigga, play your part!  
Got plenty of time (you bad mothafuckas)  
You only get three mistakes, and then it's life, big baby  
(Niggas craaazy) Watch the signs!  
Damn, nigga! Sixteen, nigga?  
Sixteen?! Too bad, mothafuckers

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Edwards Douglas Fraser, Richardson Thomas David, Jackson Johnny Lee

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Holla At Me"

(feat. Nancy Fletcher)

[*Nanci Fletcher (2Pac):*]

Niggas out there jealous cause we be bailin' with Death Row  
They try to playa hate, but they can't fade us though  
We be mobbin' through the neighborhood, yeah  
With that funky sound, so funky  
We be throwin' down  
(This goes out to you playa)  
(You know, you know who you are)

[*2Pac:*]

Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me  
So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me  
Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me  
So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me  
Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me  
So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me

[*2Pac:*]

Are you confused?

You wonder how it feels to walk a mile inside the shoes of a nigga who don't have a thing to lose  
When me and you was homies  
No one informed me it was all a scheme  
You infiltrated my team and sold a nigga's dreams  
How could you do me like that?  
I took ya family in  
I put some cash in ya pocket, made you a man again  
And now you let the fear put your ass in a place  
Complicated to escape, it's a fool's fate  
Without your word you're a shell of a man  
I lost respect for ya, nigga  
We can never be friends  
I know I'm runnin' through your head now  
What could you do?  
If it was up to you, I'd be dead now  
I let the world know, nigga, you a coward  
Ya could never be live  
Until you die  
See the motherfuckin' bitch in your eye  
Type of nigga, that let the evil of the money trap me  
When ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me (holla at me)

[*(2Pac) Nanci Fletcher:*]

(Gotta be afraid, don't let the evil of the money trap me)  
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)  
You better beware where you lay  
We better not find where you stay  
(So I gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)  
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)  
You better beware where you lay

We better not find where you stay

[2Pac:]

Curious, spittin' lyrics on the verge of furious

I'm addicted to currency

Nigga that's why we're doin' this

I got shot up, I surprised the niggas the way I got up

And then I hit the studio, it's time to blow the block up

No hesitation

This information got you contemplatin'

Heartbreakin' and eliminatin' with this conversation

Break him and let him see the face of a mental patient

It's a celebration of my criminal elevation, more participation

I want members that call the fifty states

To keep the nation anticipatin' until we break

Will I be great, is it my fate?

To live the life of luxury, some niggas bought my tapes

So much jealousy it scares me

So be prepared, cause only the strong survive

Life isn't fair (fair)

Probably never knew the way it feels to die

So you see come fuck with me, I give that ass a try!

Nigga, Holla at me

[(2Pac) Nanci Fletcher:]

(Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)

(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)

You better beware where you lay

We better not find where you stay

(And now I gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)

(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)

You better beware where you lay

We better not find where you stay

[2Pac:]

I should've saw the signs, I was blinded

Criminal minds of a young black brotha doin' time

So many brothas framed in this dirty game

It's a shame, so much pressure on my brain while she blame me

Secrets in the dark, only her and I know

Now I'm sittin' in the state pen', doin' time slow

Guess she made a bad decision

That got me livin' just like an animal

I'm caged up in state prison

My niggas dissin' cause hell hath no fury like a woman's scorn

A cemetery full of motherfuckers not knowin'

Picture my prophecy I got some attacking me, on top of me

I'm runnin' from the coppers, but never let 'em stop me

Cause I'm a soldier

Hell, ever since I was a little nigga havin' fantasies of one day getting older

Niggas is paranoid, trust; a no no

Love is a mystery, fuck the po po

Holla at me

[(2Pac) Nanci Fletcher:]

(So when you see me nigga)

(You better holla at me)  
You better beware where you lay  
We better not find where you stay  
(Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)  
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)  
You better beware where you lay  
We better not find where you stay  
(A nigga gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)  
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)  
You better beware where you lay  
We better not find where you stay

*[Nanci Fletcher:]*

Niggas out there jealous cause we be bailin' with Death Row  
They try to playa hate, but they can't fade us tho'  
We be mobbin' through the neighborhood, yeah  
With that funky sound (so funky)  
We be throwin' down

*[(2Pac) Nanci Fletcher:]*

(Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)  
(So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me)  
You better beware where you lay  
We better not find where you stay  
(Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)  
(So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me)  
You better beware where you lay  
We better not find where you stay

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Bobby F Ervin

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Wonder Why They Call U"

(feat. Faith Evans)

You wonda why they call you bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch

Look here, Miss Thang, hate to salt your game  
But you's a money-hungry woman and you need to change  
In the locker room, all the homies do is laugh  
High fives 'cause another nigga played your ass  
It was said you were sleezy, even easy  
Sleepin' around for what you need, see  
It's your thing, and you can shake it how you wanna  
Give it up free or make your money on the corner  
But don't be bad, play the game, get mad and change  
Then you wonder why these motherfuckers call you names  
Still lookin' for a way out, and that's okay  
I can see you wanna stray, there's a way out  
Keep your mind on your money, enroll in school  
And as the years pass by, you can show them fools  
But you ain't tryin' to hear me 'cause you're stuck  
You're headin' for the bathroom, 'bout to get tossed up  
Still lookin' for a rich man, you dug a ditch  
Got your legs up tryin' to get rich  
I love you like a sister, but you need to switch  
And that's why they called you bitch—I betcha!

You wonda why they call you bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha  
You wonda why they call you bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha, bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha  
You wonda why they call you bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch

You leave your kids with your mama  
'Cause your headin' for the club  
In a skin-tight miniskirt, lookin' for some love  
Got them legs wide open while you're sittin' at the bar  
Talkin' to some nigga 'bout his car  
I guess he said he had a Lexus, what's next?  
You headin' to his car for some sex?  
I pass by, can't hold back tears inside  
'Cause Lord knows, for years I tried  
And all the other people on my block hate your guts  
Then you wonder why they stare and call you slut  
It's like your mind don't understand

You don't have to kill your dreams plottin' schemes on a man  
Keep your head up, legs closed, eyes open  
Either a nigga wear a rubber or he die smokin'  
I'm hearin' rumors, so you need to switch  
And niggas wouldn't call you bitch—I betcha!

You wonda why they call you bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha  
You wonda why they call you bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha, bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha  
You wonda why they call you bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch

I guess times gettin' hard, even harder for you  
'Cause hey now, got a baby on the way now  
More money from the county, and thanks to the welfare  
You're about to get your hair done  
Got a dinner date, can't be late  
Trick or treat, sweet thang got another trick to meet  
The way he did it it was smooth  
Plottin' while he gamin' you so, baby, peep the rules  
I should've seen it in the first case, the worst case  
I should've never called you back in the first place  
I remember back in high school, baby, you was fast  
Straight sex when you moved your ass  
But now things change, 'cause you don't look the same  
Let the ghetto get the best of you, baby, that's a shame  
Caught HIV and now you 'bout to be deceased  
And finally be at peace  
So where your niggas at now? 'Cause everybody left  
They stepped, and left you on your own  
See, I loved you like a sister, but you died too quick  
And that's why we called you bitch—I betcha!

You wonda why they call you bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha, bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha, bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha, bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch

Dear Ms. Delores Tucker, keep stressin' me  
Fuckin' with a motherfuckin' mind  
I figured you wanted to know  
You know, why we call them hoes bitches  
And maybe this might help you understand  
It ain't personal, strictly business, baby, strictly business  
So If you wonder why we call you bitch  
You wonder why we call you bitch  
If you wonder why we call you bitch  
You wonder why we call you bitch



# 2Pac Lyrics

"When We Ride"

(feat. Nancy Fletcher, Mo Khomeini, ilOutlawz)

[2Pac:]

Outlaw Immortalz

Bow down to somethin' greater than yourself, trick  
Individuals capable of enormous amounts of chin checks and eye swells  
They know you watchin'  
But you ain't seein' what lies before you, biatch  
Picture if you will seven deadly human beings  
Blessed with the gift of speech  
The power to reach  
Each nigga on every street

May the heavenly father look down and be proud of what transpired  
Since the day the seed was planted  
The G grew but we knew he'd rise up quick  
Smoked out, loc'ed out, all into shit  
Just me and my dogs, livin' like hogs  
Outlaw Immortalz  
What follows is the story, what proceeded was the glue  
What lies between is the fiction  
Don't fuck around and make it true

[\*laughing\*]

My adversaries crumble when we rumble it's a catastrophe  
Out for revenge on bitch niggas that blasted me  
Plus my alias is Makaveli  
A loaded three-fifty-seven with hollow points to a nigga belly  
Bust him to see if he bleed  
He shoulda never fucked around with a sick-ass nigga like me  
They call my name out and niggas run  
Best be prepared for the Outlawz, here we come

[Hussein Fatal:]

They call me Hussein Fatal, it's a two game table  
I'm robbin' ya niggas' cradle with a knife in your navel  
Rap-related, criminally activated and evil  
I wouldn't wanna be you behind my fuckin' Desert Eagle  
'Til the end, I'm tellin' all friends and enemies  
You see what I got to make you freeze, to touch me you need ten of these  
Complete most, wanted on the streets of the East coast  
Young Gunz fire and niggas bleed, I see Mo

[Kastro:]

I be shinin' like white diamonds and crystal  
Glistenin' holdin' pistols  
The mission's simple, fold up and roll up dead presidents  
Sew up all the potential, million, billion dollar baller potential  
Sort it, oughta call on a nigga I'll be sure to get you  
Take cash bro, fast yo, for my Kastro  
Blast and I'mma last yo past all these Glass Joes  
And assholes who claim, like they be runnin' thangs

I be gunnin' those same niggas runnin' late, to their fate

[Napoleon:]

My alias is motherfuckin' Na-poleon, and I'd rather be  
Robbin' again before these motherfuckers leave me sufferin'  
But it ain't nothin', and I got no time for no bluffin'  
Befo' a nigga finish with puttin' in work I betta end up with somethin'  
I think these niggas got the game fucked up  
If they don't believe, that a young nigga like me, would bust (Boo-Yaa!)  
Perhaps it's a must, I'm facin' cases, fuck probation  
Is what I'm screamin' when these money hungry cops be chasin'

[2Pac:]

Thug nigga 'til we die  
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride  
Thug nigga 'til we die  
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride

[Mussolini:]

It's the imperial serial killer, alias Mussolini  
Mentally unstable G status, so you can't see me  
Drug warlord, ridin' Concorde jets  
Rag Vette's, shakin' bitches and snitches and trippin' on sets  
Inglewoods banger, keepin' one in the chamber  
For the anger that I build inside, when it's time to ride  
Suicidal thoughts lurk fuckin' no end to revenge  
Fuck any, my alias Mussolini

[E.D.I.:]

They call me Idi, from the side of seedy  
Young nigga greedy, so I'm runnin' up on these niggas easy  
It ain't nuttin, cause if they wantin' somethin', so Imma commence  
To dumpin' stomp down and struck up while my beat is bumpin', Thuggin'  
To my fuckin' last note, with Lo-Pole and Kastro  
Who you thought was on that asshole, don't ask though  
Outlaw Immortalz doin' this dit-nirt on the sli-zow  
Ain't no chance to hide when we ride

[Kadafi:]

My alias Khadafi, Trump tight so feds can't copy  
Six-three and cocky quick to hit your bitch if she jock me  
Severely addicted to livin' like a fuckin' felon  
While beefin' with rookie cops the cookie rocks a nigga sellin'  
Since a shorty I been livin' life defiant, nickel plated chrome  
Got this baby Capone lookin' like a giant, and I ain't lyin'  
It's like it's me against myself with all these  
Backstabbin' snakes grabbin' at my fuckin' wealth

[Mo Khomeini:]

Mo Khomeini goes terrorist, mad man killer  
The bottom of the river where the body lays and shivers  
I'm that nigga with the fifty cap pouch, with the murderous stacks  
That increase, while these motherfuckers eat beef  
It's been a long road, a lot of episodes  
And as the glock loads, I gotta teach hoes  
Reach hoes, make 'em feel a nigga when I'm mashin'

Now I'm surpassin' any assassin'

[2Pac:]

Thug nigga 'til we die

No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride

Thug nigga 'til we die

No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride

Thug nigga 'til we die

No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride

Thug nigga 'til we die

No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride

Thug nigga 'til we die

Hahahaha, Outlaw Immortalz baby

Y'all niggas can't fade this ol crazy shit (can't c me, can't c me)

Makaveli, Hussein, Castro, Kadaffi, Mussolini

Amin, Napoleon, Khomein

What y'all really wanna do?

Haha, like them niggas said

"What would you do? If you could fuck with me and my crew"

Hehahahahaha, Thug Life, yeah nigga

Flashin on niggas

Thug Life right? This year we Thug Life

But we Outlaw Immortalz

We die nigga, but we multiply, we like legends nigga, like forever

Like I'll make you famous motherfucker

I'm talkin about Newsweek and Time Magazine and all that ol good shit

My niggas make the papers baby

My niggas make the front page

The gunshots can't stop me, they know [\*fades\*]

Writer(s): Tupac Shakur, Yafeu Fula, Tyruss Himes, Bruce Washington, Mark Jordan

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Thug Passion"

(feat. Dramacydal, Storm, Jewell)

Aight, new drink  
One part Alizé, one part Cristal  
Thug passion, baby  
y'all know what time it is  
This drink is Guaranteed to get the pussy wet and the dick hard  
Now, if you with me  
Pour a glass and drink with a nigga, knowhatimean?  
I ain't tryin' to turn you all niggas into alcoholics - alcoholics  
I'm just tryin' to turn you into motherfuckin' thugs  
So come and get some of this thug passion, baby

[Kastro:]

Mayne! I could pull out the drink and be good until it's relevant  
But I'm a straight soldier, I'll roll up a nigga like it's Heaven sent  
Trippin' over dead presidents  
they got these derelicts  
I throw was down with this business, tryin' to clown and get a cent  
And so rather, than stand forever  
Been thinkin' drinkin' over a felony  
And hell of me  
And how it will be in hella shit, people tellin' me to cool out  
But they ain't feelin' me, a motherfuckin' fool, about  
My fuckin' cheddar cheese  
and it pleases, passion of mine  
Thuggin', huggin' plenty of G's and laughin' while I pass through times  
And all these bastards be watchin' just keep it plain  
I'ma keep it the same partner, just take it the simple game  
I can, pinkle with the rain twinklin'  
Diamonds and things go blinkin'  
Enough to hold me, 'til I'm, old and wrinklin'  
and These adversaries  
They gonna have to be worryin'  
Cause I'ma be illin', fulfillin' my passion  
'Til I'm buryin' my thug passion

[Jewell:]

I heard it's the bomb  
And you got it goin' on  
Give me some of your thug passion, baby  
You got me drippin' wet  
from the way you make me sweat  
Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!

[Napoleon:]

Now what if me  
Turn this Hennessy into a robbery  
The Prophecy probably suddenly switch and how it supposed to be  
And Dirty money  
Can't be evil cause it's fillin' up my tummy

Born in a position, death collision was futuristic  
Twistin' riches, but there is only one way to make more  
So I'm standin' on the corner tryin' to hustle in the snow  
And my bigger bro, couldn't know  
But buy a .44, blastin' at playa haters wantin' more  
with a Thug Passion

*[E.D.I. Mean:]*  
Puttin' down mashin', control by this thug's passion  
Unlike them other bustas pistol blastin'  
I'm askin', what happened  
To the niggas who kept it real like they claim to  
That's what money and fame do, see they ain't true  
Travelin' this road my poor soul has been consolidated  
With all this bullshit that I done tolerated  
How I made it, can be easily stated  
It's like my hardest bring the grip with the passion, left me to fuckin' greatest  
Load up and take shit

*[Yaki Kadaffi:]*  
Make it to some high dollar gangsta shit  
Jack a stack 'til we got enough bank to split

*[Storm:]*  
Creep with me, through that immortal flow  
Thug passion got you tremblin' like Death on the Row  
Make your move, so I can throw your mind a curve  
While I'll be blowin' up the scene, like my nigga Mr. Herb  
Take a toke, as your heart goes full arrest  
I got the bomb, so nigga, fuck the rest  
You need a dub to get you flowin'  
and let that loc see smoke  
Feelin' the strokes of the 9 squeeze tight and slow

*[Jewell:]*  
I heard it's the bomb  
And you got it goin' on  
Give me some of your thug passion, baby  
You got me drippin' wet  
From the way you make me sweat  
Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!

They say money don't make the man  
But damn, I'm makin' money  
Observin' you motherfuckers, 'cause some of you bitches funny  
Say you want it but you bullshittin'  
Lickin' them lips, you got me about to act a fool quick  
Sippin' on some Alizé and Cristal, meanwhile  
Buy me a drink and get to winkin' at me, she smiles; a niggas full of passion  
Satisfaction is everlastin'  
"How does it feel?" what I'm askin'  
While I'm rubbin' on that ass "Why you laughin'?"  
see, I'm diggin' as if I'm curious  
full blown and furious  
Baby, get a grip, when I be doin' this  
It's so physical my attraction

Driven by alcohol, beware of my reaction  
    baby I'm born to ball  
        thugged out on Death Row  
    You better recognize and picture what I said so  
Now you can feel it, it's a portion for my niggas in motion  
    Forever blastin', bitches ain't ready for this thug passion

[Jewell (DJ Quik):]  
    I heard it's the bomb  
        And you got it goin' on  
    Give me some of your thug passion, baby  
        (Thug passion)  
    You got me drippin' wet  
        From the way you make me sweat  
    Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!  
        (Thug passion)  
    I heard it's the bomb  
        And you got it goin' on  
    Give me some of your thug passion, baby  
        (Thug passion)  
    You got me drippin' wet  
        From the way you make me sweat  
    Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!  
        (Thug passion)  
    I heard it's the bomb  
        And you got it goin' on  
    Give me some of your thug passion, baby  
        (Thug passion)  
    You got me drippin' wet  
        From the way you make me sweat  
    Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!  
        (Thug passion)  
    I heard it's the bomb  
        And you got it goin' on  
    Give me some of your thug passion, baby  
        (Thug passion)  
    You got me drippin' wet  
        From the way you make me sweat  
    Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!

Thanks to schonky, mzhoney for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Troutman Roger, Murdock Shirley J, Troutman Larry, Beale Mutah (pka Napolean), Caples Jewel Lynne, Cox Kotari (pka Kastro), Greenridge Malcolm (pka E.d.i. Mean), Hunter Donna T, Jackson John C

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Picture Me Rollin'"

(feat. CPO, Danny Boy Steward, Syke)

Yeah, clear enough for ya? (alright)  
My niggas look mad  
Y'all supposed to be happy I'm free!  
Y'all niggas look like y'all wanted me to stay in jail  
Hoe bustas!

[2Pac:]

Picture me rollin' in my 500 Benz  
I got no love for these niggas, there's no need to be friends  
They got me under surveillance, that's what somebody be tellin'  
"Know there's dope being sold", but I ain't the one sellin'  
Don't want to be another number  
I gotta puff a gang of weed to keep from goin' under  
The federales wanna see me dead  
Niggas put prices on my head  
Now I got two Rottweilers by my bed, I feed 'em lead  
Now I'm released, how will I live?  
Will God forgive me for all the dirt a nigga did, to feed kids?  
One life to live, it's so hard to be positive  
When niggas shootin' at your crib  
Mama, I'm still thuggin', the world is a war zone  
My homies is inmates, and most of them dead wrong  
Full grown, finally a man, just schemin' on ways  
to put some green inside the palms of my empty hands  
Just picture me rollin'  
Flossin' a Benz on rims that isn't stolen  
My dreams is censored, my hopes are gone  
I'm like a fiend that finally sees when all the dope is gone  
My nerves is wrecked, heart beatin' and my hands are swollen  
Thinkin' of the G's I'll be holdin'  
Picture me rollin'

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]

Picture me rollin'  
Picture me rollin'  
Picture me, picture me rollin'  
Picture me rollin'  
Ooh wee  
(Can you see me now?  
Move to the side a little bit so you can get a CLEAR picture  
Can you see it?  
Picture me rollin'  
Picture me rollin'  
Yeah nigga!  
Ay, but peep how my nigga Syke do it to you  
Guess who's back?)

[Big Syke:]

I got ki's comin' from overseas

Cost a nigga 200 G's  
I'm a street commando, Nino for example  
This lavish lifestyle is hard to handle  
So I got to floss cause I'm more like a boss player  
Thug, branded to be a women-layer  
So many player haters, imitators steady swangin'  
Make me wanna start back bangin'  
So I'm caught up in the game, dress code changed  
Packin' 40 Glocks, contain 'em or rearrange  
All that jealousy and envy comin' from my enemies  
While I'm sippin' on Rémy  
in front of black Lexus, Chevy's on the roam  
'96 big body, sittin' on chrome  
As we head up out the zone, stone-facin' is on  
You can admire, but don't look too long  
I'm livin' a dream with triple beams and my pockets bulgin'  
It's hard to imagine  
Picture me rollin'

*[Danny Boy:]*

Picture me rollin'  
Picture, picture me rollin'  
Picture me rollin'  
Picture me rollin'  
Picture me

*[CPO (2Pac):]*

I gots to get the fuck up in it, formulate a caper  
Cause a nigga straight sufferin' from lack of havin' paper  
My bitch fin' to have a bastard, see?  
So I needs to hit a lick, drastically  
I see some ballin' ass niggas, and they slippin' in my spot  
And, uh, diggin' the plots. So what?  
Checkin' in the park, 'Pac  
(We caught 'em sleepin', he didn't peep you niggas creepin'?)  
(This how we do it every weekend)  
(I dump for madness, it's time to count the profit)  
(CPO, we got the bomb spot, nigga time to clock it)  
(I get the liquor, and you could get the females)  
(This crooked shit that we inflictin' gettin' street sales)  
Move smooth as a motherfucker, me and my 9  
I'm as cool as a motherfucker, I'ma get mine  
Now we satisfied, got the pockets on swollen  
Boss Hogg and this 'Pac nigga  
Picture us rollin'

*[Danny Boy:]*

Picture me rollin'  
Picture me  
Picture me rollin'  
Picture me rollin'

*[2Pac:]*

Is y'all ready for me?  
Picture me rollin' roll call  
You know there's some muh'fuckers out there

I just could not forget about  
I wanna make sure they can see me  
Number one on my list: Clinton Correctional Facilities  
All you bitch ass C.O.'s  
Can you niggas see me from there?  
Ballin' on y'all punk ass!  
Picture me rollin', baby  
Yeah, all them niggas up in them cell blocks  
I told y'all niggas when I come home it's on  
That's right nigga, picture me rollin'  
Oh, I forgot! The D.A  
Yeah, that bitch had a lot to talk about in court  
Can the hoe see me from here?  
Can you see me, hoe?  
Picture me rollin'  
And all you punk police, can you see me?  
Am I clear to you?  
Picture me rollin' nigga, legit  
Free like O.J. all day  
You can't stop me  
You know I got my niggas up in this motherfucker  
Manute, Pain, Syke, Bogart, Mopreme  
It's sad dog, can you picture us rollin'?  
Can you see me hoe?  
Is y'all ready for me?  
We up out this bitch  
Any time y'all wanna see me again  
Rewind this track right here, close your eyes  
And picture me rollin'

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Bell Ronald N, Westfield Richard Allen, Brown George Melvin, Thomas Dennis Ronald, Bell Robert Earl, Mickens Robert Spike, Smith Claydes Eugene, Jackson Johnny Lee, Himes Tyruss Gerald, Nash Otha, Edwards Vince

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Check Out Time"

(feat. Natasha Walker, Kurupt, Big Syke)

[2Pac:]

Ay what time is it nigga?

("I don't know.")

Oh shit, 12 o'clock

Oh shit, we got to get the fuck up outta here

("Hell yeah.")

Nigga, it's check out time nigga

Hey call up Kurupt, call Daz room

("Hey there, bitch, where Suge at, nigga?")

Call Suge, call all the niggas tell 'em to meet me downstairs

("Where K and them niggas at man?")

Tell the valet, bring the Benz around

("Ay, y'all seen my shoes?")

Hey Kurupt, y'all niggas drivin' or y'all flyin' back, whassup?

("Man, I'm rollin' man, fuck that shit.")

Hey Syke nigga, come on man, get up out the bathroom fool

("Fuck that, I lost some money, nigga.")

Aw nigga, damn

[2Pac:]

Now I'm up early in the mornin', breath stinkin' as I'm yawnin'

Just another sunny day in California

I got my mind focused on some papers while I'm into sexy capers

Give a holla to them hoochies last night, that tried to rape us

Will these rap lyrics take us, plus room all up in Vegas

I'm a boss playa, death before I let these bitches break us

Last night was like a fantasy, Alizé and Hennessy

A hoochie and her homie dirty dancin' with my man and me

Told her I was interested, picture all the shit we did

I got her hot and horny, all up on me, what a freaky bitch

First you argued, then I fight it, 'til you lick me where I like it

Got a nigga all excited, it don't matter, just don't bite it

I never got to check out the scene

Too busy tryin' to dig a hole in your jeans

Now it seems, it's check out time

[Natasha Walker:]

We gotta go, we gotta go!

We gotta go, we gotta go!

We gotta go, we gotta go!

[2Pac:]

Gotta go, gotta go

Yeah baby, hahaha, it's check it out time!

Gotta go nigga, gotta go

("Y'all know what time it is!")

Ay, c'mon man get y'all bags man, call that valet motherfucker

Tell him to get a nigga shit, cause we out this, motherfucker

*[Kurupt:]*

They label me an outlaw, so it's time for the panty raid  
My fantasies came true with Janet on, I'm in a escapade  
    But did it all, end too soon  
All the homies runnin' through the halls room to room  
    So I assume, since I'm a playa like my nigga Syke  
Then it's only right for me to disappear into the night  
    My game's trump tight  
    So I find time to recline  
Sneak in your room, instant Messiah, shit wines of all kinds  
    I ain't got that much time  
So hurry up and pop the Dom and let me hit it from behind  
    Since I'm only here for one night  
    I got to get you hot and heated  
    Play like Micheal Jackson, and Beat It  
One more thing I like to mention, I'm done and I'm out  
cause there's someone else who deserves my attention  
    So all the homies round up in the lobby  
    Cause bustin' bitches is a hobby, nigga  
    It's check out time

*[Natasha Walker:]*

We gotta go, we gotta go!  
We gotta go, we gotta go!  
We gotta go, we gotta go!  
We gotta go, we gotta go!

*[Kurupt:]*

Aiyyo man 'Pac, ay, where the where the fuck is Daz at man?  
    This nigga locked up or somethin'?  
    The only one not to leave  
Yo man, it's check out time, it's time to get out this mother  
    (You seem them bitches?)  
    We out man, fuck that shit  
    Yo Rece! Yo nigga, whassup?

*[Big Syke:]*

Hey, I'm livin' the life of a boss playa  
The front desk callin' but I'm checkin' out later  
My behavior is crazy from what you did to me baby  
    If walls could talk, they'd say, you tried to fade me  
I'm puttin' in work, but didn't hurt from the jacuzzi to the bed  
Carressin' your thoughts, cause I'm livin' fed, heard what I said?  
    Passion is crashin' the room  
From the liquor we consumed I heard a boom  
I'm blackin' out, you're yellin' out 'Big Syke Daddy'  
    We did it in the caddy on the highway, my way  
I'm lost in a dream and so it seemed, to be the night  
    Five bottles of Cristal and I'm still tight  
    Out of sight from 'Pac and Kurupt  
As I get it up, once the doors close, you stuck  
    In a heaty, sticky situation  
Get up baby, you ain't on vacation  
    It's check out time

*[Natasha Walker:]*

We gotta go, we gotta go!  
We gotta go, we gotta go!  
We gotta go, we gotta go!  
We gotta go, we gotta go!

*[Big Syke:]*

Ay, it's check out time

Ay Pac, nigga where my motherfuckin', where my shoes go, nigga?  
Where my motherfuckin' drawers and shit at man?  
Man, y'all niggas was in here partyin' too fuckin' much  
What the fuck y'all doin', nigga?  
Kurupt, go tell Daz, man, and Bogart and the rest of them niggas  
C'mon man, niggas is trippin' man  
Front desk all callin' me, tellin' me to get the hell outta here, man  
I ain't got no more money, somebody loan me a hundred

*[Natasha Walker:]*

We gotta go, we gotta go!  
We gotta go, we gotta go!  
We gotta go, we gotta go!  
We gotta go, we gotta go!

We gotta go! Oooo!  
We gotta, go!  
We, hey!  
We! We gotta go! Haaa!  
We gotta, go! Haa!

Thanks to Darryle for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Brown Ricardo Emmanuel, Jackson Johnny Lee, Himes Tyruss Gerald

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Ratha Be Ya Nigga"

(feat. Richie Rich, Stacey Smallie)

[Richie Rich (2Pac):]

'Pac

(Hey)

What's happening

(Not motherfucking double R, Richie baby)

What's happening baby, you know how we do it

(Yeah nigga, you know I'm up out this bitch)

(It's time for me to uh regulate)

Fo' sho', hey

(Observe)

And you ain't going back?

(Nah nah nah, we got to show these motherfuckers whassup though)

This is for the honeys, the superstar

(I don't want to be her man, I want to be her nigga)

(You feel me?)

Well let 'em know

[2Pac:]

You fucking with niggas that's insecure

Watered down, my shit is pure

Write down my number but don't call me 'til you sure

I ain't begging just trying to relocate between your legs

Dripping wet, as we experiment in sweaty sex

When you met me you wouldn't let me, and now

You straight begging to sex me got you undressing to test me and uh.

[Richie Rich:]

Shut me down if you want, and miss the chance to do it live

When I stroll by, I see that look in yo' eye

You want a nigga, but think that you can't have a nigga

Don't cheat yourself, instead treat yourself

If you scared, go to church, I know it hurts

To find out me and your man be sharing skirts

[2Pac:]

I'm hoping you don't take this the wrong way

But your body is banging, got me attracted in a strong way

After a long day of trying to make my songs pay

Making love all day against the wall in the hallway

Your fantasies come alive, your heart rate

Shall increase when we meet up in this dark place

You might think you're happy with him

But that's a lie, so give this Thug a try

I'd rather be ya nigga

[2Pac:]

I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A

So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day

It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a Thug in your life

These busters ain't loving you right  
I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A  
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day  
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life  
(Cause) These busters ain't loving you right

[2Pac:]

Look, now you was sprung from the introduction  
My conversation's full of game yet laced with seductions  
I see you blushing like you want something, come get a taste  
Of Amerikaz Most Wanted and let's get into some touching, erotic fuckin'  
My up and down with no interruptions  
Have no intentions of busting until you learn your lesson  
Now many questions are often asked, a drop top, 500 Benz  
And plenty cash, to help a nigga get the ass

[Richie Rich:]

You can ride out with spoke coke, to get your lobster and crab  
Cause all I got is conversation and a gang of stab  
And I'ma listen when it hurts, I'ma hang out but never stay  
Smoke blunts but leave them stunts up to Super Dave  
I'll be your nigga, as long as we can understand  
That I's the nigga and spoke coke can be the man  
He wine and dine, but me and you we whine and grind  
And when I'm on the field keep you on the sidelines

[2Pac:]

I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A  
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day  
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life  
Them busters ain't loving you right  
I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A  
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day  
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life  
Them busters ain't loving you right

[2Pac:]

Now it's time for the moment of truth, I got you naked  
Totally sweating, let's see how hot I can make it  
Tongue kissing 'til yo' head swang  
I'm so into you, witness a nigga make the bed bang  
If it's all mine, then let me know  
Now scream my name out; do you want it fast or shall I hit it slow?  
Not to mention, the multiple positions I inflict  
A boss player, freaky motherfucker, can I dig?

[Richie Rich (2Pac):]

It's on and popping, now you see what I was seeing  
Why your eyes rolling? Loosen up, girl, I ain't going  
Nowhere, let's let that sucker stay out there  
While he's stressed out and knock I stretch out the cock  
Hold the boots, and let a nigga execute  
And though you got it right, I'm going home tonight  
(You say you don't need a man, but I don't care)  
(You're in the presence of a player, I'd rather be ya nigga)

[2Pac:]

I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A  
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day  
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life  
These busters ain't loving you right  
So I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A  
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day  
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life  
These busters ain't loving you right  
I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A  
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day  
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life  
These busters ain't loving you right  
I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A  
(I'd rather be yo' nigga)

Thanks to Wojtek Niestrój, nottinmatterz\_2day for correcting these lyrics.

# 2Pac Lyrics

"All Eyez On Me"

(feat. Big Syke)

[2Pac:]

Big Syke, Newt, Hank

Beugard, Big Sur

Y'all know how this shit go

All eyes on me

Motherfuckin' O.G

Roll up in the club and shit, is that right

All eyes on me

All eyes on me

But you know what?

[2Pac:]

I bet you got it twisted you don't know who to trust

So many playa hatin' niggas tryin' to sound like us

Say they ready for the funk, but I don't think they knowin'

Straight to the depths of hell is where those cowards goin'

Well are you still down nigga, holla when you see me

And let these devils be sorry for the day they finally freed me

I got a caravan of niggas every time we ride

Hittin' motherfuckers up when we pass by

Until I die; live the life of a boss playa

Cause even when I'm high, fuck with me and get crossed later

The futures in my eyes, cause all I want is cash and thangs

A five-double-oh Benz flauntin' flashy rings, uh

Bitches pursue me like a dream

Been know to disappear before your eyes just like a dope fiend

It seems, my main thing was to be major paid

The game sharper than a motherfuckin' razor blade

Say money bring bitches, bitches bring lies

One nigga's gettin' jealous, and motherfuckers die

Depend on me like the first and fifteenth

They might hold me for a second, but these punks won't get me

We got four niggas, in low riders, and ski masks

Screamin' THUG LIFE every time they pass - all eyes on me

[2Pac:]

Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die

Live the life of a boss playa (All eyes on me), cause even gettin' high

All eyes on me

Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die

Live the life of a boss playa, cause even gettin' high

[Big Syke:]

Hey, to my nigga 'Pac

So much trouble in the world, nigga

Can nobody feel your pain

The world's changin' everyday, time's movin' fast

My girl said I need a raise, how long will she last

I'm caught between my woman, and my pistol, and my chips

Triple beam, got some smokers on, whistle as I dip  
I'm lost in the land with no plan, livin' life flawless  
Crime boss, contraband, let me toss this  
Needy hookers got a lot of nerve, let my bucket swerve  
I'm takin' off from the curb  
The nervousness neglect make me pack a tech  
Devoted to servin' this, Moet and pay checks  
Like Akai satellite nigga I'm forever ballin'  
It ain't right parasites triggers and fleas crawlin'  
Sucker duck and get busted, no emotion  
My devotion is handlin' my business, nigga, keep on coastin'  
Where you goin' I been there, came back as lonely homie  
Steady flowin' against the grain, niggas still don't know me  
It's about the money in this rap shit, this crap shit  
It ain't funny niggas don't even know how to act, shit  
What can I do, what can I say, is there another way  
Blunts and gin all day, twenty-fo' parlay  
My little homie G, can't you see, I'm busta-free  
Niggas can't stand me - all eyes on me

[2Pac:]

Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die  
Live the life of a boss playa (All eyes on me), cause even gettin' high  
All eyes on me  
Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die  
Live the life of a boss playa (All eyes on me), cause even gettin' high

[2Pac:]

The feds is watchin', niggas plottin' to get me  
Will I survive, will I die, come on let's picture the possibility  
Givin' me charges, lawyers makin' a grip  
I told the judge I was raised wrong, and that's why I blaze shit  
Was hyper as a kid, cold as a teenager  
On my mobile callin' big shots on the scene major  
Packin' hundreds in my drawers; fuck the law  
Bitches I fuck with a passion, I'm livin' rough and raw  
Catchin' cases at a fast rate, ballin' in the fast lane  
Hustle 'til the mornin', never stopped until the cash came  
Live my life as a thug nigga until the day I die  
Live my life as a boss playa, cause even gettin' high  
These niggas got me tossin' shit  
I put the top down, now it's time to floss my shit  
Keep your head up, nigga, make these motherfuckers suffer  
Up in the Benz, burnin' rubber  
The money is mandatory, the hoes is for the stress  
This criminal lifestyle, equipped with the bulletproof vest  
Make sure your eyes is on the mill ticket  
Get your money, motherfucker, let's get rich and we'll kick it  
All eyes on me

[2Pac:]

Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die  
Live the life of a boss playa (All eyes on me), cause even gettin' high  
All eyes on me  
Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die  
Live the life of a boss playa (All eyes on me), cause even gettin' high

All eyes on me

[2Pac:]

Pay attention my niggas

See how that shit go

Nigga, walk up in this, motherfucker

And it be like, bing

Cops, bitches, everymotherfuckingbody

Live my life as a thug nigga until the day I die

Live my life as a boss playa, cause even gettin' high

I got bustas, hoes and police watchin' a nigga, y'know

I live my life as a thug nigga until the day I die

Livin' life as a boss playa, cause even gettin' high

Hehehe... it's like what they think

I'm walkin' around with some Ki's in my pocket or somethin'

They think I'm goin' back to jail, they really on that dope

Live my life as a thug nigga until the day I die

Live my life as a boss playa

I know y'all watchin', I know y'all got me in the scopes

Live my life as a thug nigga until the day I die

Live my life as a boss playa, cause even gettin' high

I know y'all know this is Thug Life baayy-bay

Y'all got me under surveillance, huh

All eyes on me, but I'm knowin'

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Johnny Lee, Himes Tyruss Gerald, Pennington James P

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Run Tha Streetz"

(feat. Mutah, Storm, Michel'le)

[*Michel'le:*]

You can run the streets with your thugs

I'll be waitin' for you

Until you get through, I'll be waitin'

You can run the streets with your thugs

I'll be waitin' for you

Until you get through, I'll be waitin'

[*2Pac:*]

Hey yo, Storm, honestly I think

I can fuck with a motherfucker like you

See, I don't like a motherfucker that be all on me and shit

All up under a nigga, tellin' me where I can go

Can she go with me? When I'm comin' home?

And all that ol' crazy shit, type of life I live

Now peep it, here go the secret on how to keep a playa

Some love makin' and homecookin', I'll see you later

It don't take a lot to keep a nigga heart

Must be a lady in the light but real freaky in the dark

Plus I got some enemies, baby, hold my pistol

And wrap your arms around a nigga every time I kiss you

Can you visualize the picture: me and you in ecstasy?

Don't be upset, it's good sex, when you next to me

Do you wanna test me, put your tired head on my chest?

A thug nigga's in the house, now you can rest

I bet'cha never screamed a nigga's whole name out

And felt the pleasure and the pain

'Bout to fuck the very taste out your mouth

You can call me when you need me

1-800-SKYPAGE, when you wanna see me

'Cause I can be your man and, baby, you can be my lady

But you gotta give a nigga space or you'll drive me crazy

Run the streets

[*Michel'le:*]

You can run the streets with your thugs

I'll be waitin' for you

Until you get through, I'll be waitin'

You can run the streets with your thugs

I'll be waitin' for you

Until you get through, I'll be waitin'

[*Storm:*]

Yo 'Pac, you know I'm 16 strong behind you boo

But I gotta do what I gotta do

I gotta run the streets, you know

I ain't no "clean up woman" type of ho

You know

Now me and you is cool, but I ain't the one to play the fool  
Can't make no money in bed, so ain't no future fuckin' you  
I ain't the bitch that love ya, can't do a damn thang for you  
If you ain't about money, nine outta ten I'll ignore you  
It's a man's world, but real women make the shit go 'round  
Disrespect and I clown the type of bitch to throw down  
Throw up the block 'cause nothin' stops my chips  
A boss playa with this, that twist you lame tricks  
Holla if you understand my plan, ladies, fuck havin' babies  
By them shady-ass niggas, swearin' he can save me  
My strategy's official, checkin' ya pockets while I tongue kiss you  
Soft as tissue, so my next issue is how to diss you  
They call me Storm, from the day I was born  
I've been known to break the coldest mothafucka 'til his heart's warm  
I ain't never been the type to wait at home alone  
Just 'cause we bone don't mean you own me, nigga, I'm grown

*[Michel'le:]*

You can run the streets with your thugs  
I'll be waitin' for you  
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'  
You can run the streets with your thugs  
I'll be waitin' for you  
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'

*[2Pac:]*

Hahahaha, yeah nigga  
Let a nigga hang out with the homies, you know, baby  
Ay, a nigga that hang out more will come home and love you better—you feel me, sweetheart? Let that nigga be free!  
Don't have that nigga all up under you!  
Let him run with his niggas!  
Let the nigga run the street, boo, let him run the streets!

*[Mutah:]*

I'd rather run the streets then make some mail  
And put the game down tight  
For these gamin' bitches could get it right  
It might be yo' plan that I'm choosin'  
Don't get it confusion  
Because I'm known for showin' examples how I do it  
Thinkin' I'm new to this because I'm younger  
Why only leave you suspicious and I wonder  
And at the end I'll make a come up  
Nigga, was raised up off of M.O.B  
Fetti over somethin' that's tellin' me don't run the streets

*[2Pac:]*

So tell me, am I wrong  
For tryin' to communicate through a song?  
I'm up early in the morning, by sunrise I'll be gone  
All my homies is waitin' for me  
Plottin' on plans that we made and all the fun that it's gonna be  
So meet me at 3' and don't be late, nigga  
We hangin' out all night while drinkin' straight liquor

I heard it's poppin' at a club  
But they say I can't get in 'cause I'm dressed like a thug  
Until I die I'll be gang related  
Got me strivin' for a million, stayin' motivated  
Now that we made it, it's a battle just for the big money  
I'm livin' wild, no smiles, 'cause ain't a thing funny  
I came up hungry, just a lil nigga tryna make it  
I only got one chance so I gotta take it  
You never know when it's all gonna happen  
The rappin' or the drugs  
But until then give me love and let me run the streets

*[Michel'le:]*  
You can run the streets with your thugs  
I'll be waitin' for you  
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'  
You can run the streets with your thugs  
I'll be waitin' for you  
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'

*[2Pac:]*  
Let a nigga run the streets, boo  
Page me, hahah, I'll call you back  
Just let me hang with my niggas  
Why you actin' like that Michel'le, ha?  
You know nigga wanna kick it with his homeboys and shit  
I told you I was comin' back later on, right?  
So you don't believe a nigga?  
Just cook for a nigga, pleaaase!  
Make some of that shit you made last meal  
Some of them ribs and shit  
I'll be back through later tonight, I'm havin' some weed  
We finna drink some Hennessy and some Alize  
We finna eat that foods, smoke a lil blunt  
Lay up in the bed, watch umm... Jay Leno or somethin'  
Then after that? Shit, we could do whatever comes to mind, baby  
Just let a nigga run with the homies  
Let me go kick it with my niggas  
When I come back, I be all yours, for real

*[Michel'le:]*  
You can run the streets with your thugs  
I'll be waitin' for you  
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'  
You can run the streets with your thugs  
I'll be waitin' for you  
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Ain't Hard 2 Find"

(feat. B-Legit, C-Bo, Richie Rich, E-40)

[B-Legit, C-Bo, Richie Rich (2Pac), E-40:]

(They say)

Influenced by crime, addicted to grindin'

Where I can pile up my chips

And niggas call me a timer

(I been ballin' since my adolescent years steady climbin')

Man, you motherfuckers don't know nuttin' about no timin'

(That's right, that's right boy, start that shit off)

[2Pac:]

I heard a rumor I died, murdered in cold blood dramatized

Pictures of me in my final stage, you know mama cried

But that was fiction, some coward got the story twisted

Like I no longer existed, mysteriously missin'

Although I'm worldwide, baby I ain't hard to find

Where I spend most of my time, my California grind

Watchin' for thievin', I'm cautious, it's like I'm barely breathin'

Puttin' a bullet in motherfuckers, give me a reason

See me and hope I'm intoxicated or slightly faded

You tried to play me, now homicide is my only payment

I'm addicted to currency in this life I lead

Why the fuck you cowards be runnin', too scared to fight a G?

For the life of me, I cannot see

How motherfuckers picture livin' life after a night of fuckin' around with me

And if you don't like this rhyme

Then bring your big bad ass to California, 'cause we ain't hard to find

[B-Legit, C-Bo, Richie Rich (2Pac), E-40:]

Influenced by crime, addicted to grindin'

Where I can pile up my chips

And niggas call me a timer

(I been ballin' since my adolescent years steady climbin')

Motherfuckers don't know nuttin' about no timin'

[C-Bo:]

I got my locs on, hard hat, goin' to war

Breakin' them off on sight, stoppin' lives like red lights

Watch 'em pause as I pull my strap out my drawers

And get to dumpin' on they ass like the last outlaw

Rich, 2Pac and The Click, smokin' blunts, loadin' clips

With enough shit to raise your block in one dip

We bring on horror like Tales From the Crypt

And we ain't hard to find is the tales that we kick

[B-Legit:]

I'm fully automatic, full of static and shit

Movin' Dodge van, fifty rounds in the clip

I'm ridin' shotgun with the tint in the back

I'm plan to have a motherfuckin' mint in this rap

I'm from the V-A-L-L-E-J-O  
Where sellin' narcotics is all I know  
I got blow, speed, and weed, whatever yo' kind  
And if you need a motherfucker, I ain't hard to find

[D-Shot:]  
Some may call me bootsy, but I call it timin'  
That's while I keeps on grindin' (that's right)  
to the point where a nigga can't stop  
Too much feelin' this shit, that's why I'm quick to peel a bitch  
Whether it's a nigga or a ho, a ho  
get in my way, then that ass gots to go  
'Cause a nigga steady plottin'  
I serves hit for hit, and motherfuckers keep droppin'

[B-Legit, C-Bo, Richie Rich (2Pac), E-40:]  
Influenced by crime, addicted to grindin'  
Where I can pile up my chips  
And niggas call me a timer  
(I been ballin' since my adolescent years steady climbin')  
Man, you motherfuckers don't know nuttin' about no timin'

[(2Pac), E-40:]  
(C-Bo, D-Shot, E-40, Richie Rich)  
Da Bay, beitch!  
  
[E-40:]  
Down the steps  
Abandoned broken down apartment complex  
Heavy metal weapons they carry, can't be scary  
Playboy, what the fuck is a proof without the trauma plate?  
Nigga, what the fuck you got a gun for if you gon' hesitate?  
Best shake and bake all those I-was-finest-to-ask niggas  
Motherfuckers-didn't-think-I was-gon'-do-somethin'-ass niggas  
Threaten your life, ain't like you love him  
Bury your thoughts, take his head fuck him, have at him

[Richie Rich:]  
(Check this out)  
I grew up with that nigga  
Threw up with that nigga  
I hear he tryin' to ride  
Double agent for the other side  
But now, my Glock be so judgmental  
Back seat of a rental  
Keep my name out your dental, nigga  
If your gum bleedin' and you needin'  
More than twenty stitches, you behaved like them bitches  
Sideways to the next  
Heavy in the game  
Check the resident, it's all the same  
Nigga, and we ain't hard to find

[Ad-libs — 2Pac, C-BO & E-40:]  
[2Pac:] Hell nah we ain't hard to find  
[C-Bo:] The whole Clickalation fool

[E-40:] Motherfuckers hard to find, right here bitch

[2Pac:] Why them niggas actin' like they can't find us? Like they can't see us and like we don't be at the same spots they be at?

[D-Shot:] It's the same congregation. Young Pac is back, youknowwhatimean?

[C-Bo:] Nigga be lookin' all the way when he see you and shit

[D-Shot:] It's a celebration

[E-40:] Motherfuckers better understand this shit

[D-Shot:] Young 'Pac is back

[2Pac:] Ay D-Shot, nigga, can we get paid man?

Can we just go there and sock this shit up, please?

[D-Shot:] Hey, we smokin', and we ain't hard to find

[2Pac:] Drinkin' and shit, fuckin' with some Hurricane

[E-40:] A motherfucker's gonna get his marbles regardless, playboy

[2Pac:] You supposed to

[Rich:] Sideways to the next light, and to the next coast, poppin' the muthafuckin' most, you understand what I'm sayin'

[2Pac:] Money over bitches, nigga, M.O.B., M.O.B.

Thanks to Postmaster for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Stevens Earl T, Shaw Thomas, Thomas Ricardo, Mosley Michael, Jones Brent, Stevens Danell

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Heaven Ain't Hard 2 Find"

(feat. Danny Boy Steward)

Heaven ain't hard to find  
All you gotta do is look

Simply because you nervous, let me start off with my conversation  
Hopin' my information, alleviates the hesitation  
I can see it clearly now  
Catch you smilin' through your frown  
I'm askin' baby boo are you down  
Although I know you've heard about my reputation  
Across the nation, Mr. I-Get-Around  
My temptation got me drippin' wet, perspiration  
I'm activated by the moves you're makin'  
Baby why you fakin'? Strip naked get to love makin'  
See it's all in your mind, so every time I sip a glass of wine  
I fantasize 'til that ass is mine  
Never gettin' but wantin', never touchin' but wishin'  
A straight thug on a mission, until I get what I'm missin'  
Stop with the beeper, baby, listen  
I know you're grown but pay attention  
Let me hypnotize with my tongue kissin'  
This is a message to bomb bodies and all dimes  
Turn around one more time, heaven ain't hard to find

[*Danny Boy (2Pac):*]

Hea-ven!

(Heaven ain't hard to find)  
Heaven ain't hard to find

Heaven ain't hard to find  
In fact you can have it just have faith  
Just like a little kid, still believin' in magic  
It takes a lot of sacrifice  
With all the lonely nights on tour  
I need somebody I can trust in my life  
Let me apply the brakes  
Baby, you're movin' to fast  
My conversations are gettin' deeper, but first let me ask  
Are you afraid of a thug?  
And have you ever made love  
With candles and bubbles sippin' in your tub?  
Touch me and let me activate your blood pressure  
This thug passion help the average man love better  
Picture me naked and glistenin' beneath the moonlight mist  
Take a shot of that Alizé, come give me a kiss  
And maybe we can be better friends, perhaps we'll be closer  
I'll be the thug in your life, baby, and you'll be my soldier  
And I know it takes some time and you got a lot of questions on your mind  
But relax, in due time  
Heaven Ain't Hard to Find

*[Danny Boy (2Pac):]*

Hea-ven!

(Heaven ain't hard to find)

Hea-ven! It ain't hard to find

You think we all dogs, that's why you cautious when I approached you

Been talkin' since you arrived, but not a word is spoken

Through my eye contact I wink and you respond back

Lookin' mean, what's all that?

It's like the closer you get

Baby, the quicker I'm speakin'

I got a flight out to Cabo

Let's kick it this weekend

I'm sippin' Hennessy and Coke

Though addicted to weed smoke

I'm fiendin' for your body even mo'

Oh God, help me, identify me truest thoughts

Your hidden motives full of passion

Who would have thought?

Come holler at me baby, love me for my thug nature

Far from a playa hater, label me a money maker,

Straight heart breaker

Baby we can be friends, I can soup you in my Benz

We'll ride, I'll let you floss it for your friends

Once we begin

Until the end, it gets better with time

I'm makin' love to your mind, baby

Heaven ain't hard to find

*[Danny Boy (2Pac):]*

Hea-ven! Hea-ven, it ain't hard to find)

(Heaven ain't hard to find)

(Heaven ain't hard to find nice glass of Alize)

Hea-ven! Hea-ven! Hea-ven. Heaven

Hea-ven! It ain't hard to find

Hea-ven! Heaven

It ain't hard to find

It ain't hard to find

It ain't hard to find

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jones Quincy D

# MAKAVELI

the don illuminati

PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

In no way is this portrait an expression of disrespect for Jesus Christ.  
-Makaveli

the 7 day theory

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Intro/Bomb First (My Second Reply)"  
(feat. Outlawz)

[\*crowd noise\*]

[Press release:]

In today's music news: The ever-controversial 2Pac Shakur has just released another album under the alias "Makaveli".

Music insiders are running wild trying to rearrange other artists' street dates in fear of a wipeout in retail interchart movement.

Although no one knows the exact cause of the new album resources tell me a number of less fortunate rappers have joined together in conspiracy to assassinate the character of not only Mr. Shakur, but of Death Row Records as well.

Nas, the alleged ring leader, is furious at 2Pac—excuse me—Makaveli's verbal assault on Mobb Sleep, Notorious P.I.G., and several other New York rappers.

Jay Z, from "Hawaiian Sophie" fame, Big Little whatever and several other corny sounding motherfuckers are understandably shaken up by this release.

The question everybody wants to know is:

Why'd they get this nigga started? 2Pac—rather Makaveli—was not available for comment, but released this statement:

[2Pac talking:]

It's not about East or West

It's about niggas and bitches, power and money, riders and punks – which side are you on?

[\*gunshots followed by several encroaching footsteps\*]

These niggas is still fucking talking?

You niggas still breathing? Fucking roaches, aight

Aight, it's the Raid for you cockroaches

Punk motherfuckers, this is it (Makaveli The Don)

Killuminati Style (all day) (up in your ass)

(Bomb first) (Outlaw Ridahz) Solo Shit, Bring it!

[2Pac:]

Allow me to introduce first: Makaveli the Don

Hysterical, spiritual lyrics like The Holy Qur'an

Niggas get shook like 5-0

My .45 is next to me when we ride for survival

Money-making plans, pistol close at hand, swollen pockets

Let me introduce the topic, then we drop it

Expose snakes 'cause they breed freely

See me ride! Located worldwide like the art of graffiti

I think I'm tougher than Nitti, my attitude is shitty

Born on a dope fiend's titty

In every city you'll find me

Look for trouble right behind me

My Outlaw niggas down to die for me

Know what I mean? I hit the scene

Niggas ducking from my guillotine stare

I'm right there, my every word a fucking nightmare

Get me high, let me see the sun rise and fall

This for my dogs down to die for y'all  
Extreme venom, no mercy when we all up in 'em  
Cut 'em down, to hell is where we send 'em  
My whole team; trained to explode, ride or die  
Murder motherfuckers lyrically and I'm not gonna cry  
Me; a born leader, never leave the block without my heater  
Two big pits, I call them "my bitch-nigga eaters"  
And not a whimper until I'm gone  
Thug Life running through my veins, so I'm strong  
Bye bye bye, let's get high and ride  
Oh, how do we do these niggas, but I'm not gonna cry  
I'm a Bad Boy killer, Jay-Z die too  
Looking out for Mobb Deep, nigga, when I find you  
Weak motherfuckers don't deserve to breathe  
How many niggas down to die for me? Yay-yay  
West Coast rider, coming right behind ya  
Should have never fucked with me  
I want money, hoes, sex and weed  
I won't rest until my road dog's free; bomb first

*[2Pac:]*

We bomb first when we ride  
Please, reconsider before you die  
We ain't even come to hurt nobody tonight  
But it's my life or your life, and I'ma bomb first  
We bomb first when we ride  
Please reconsider before you die  
We ain't even come to fight tonight  
But it's my life or your life, and I'ma bomb first

*[E.D.I. Mean:]*

For so many days, in so many ways  
We've been ducking strays they delivers  
But still we some Bad Boy killers  
Got nothing to lose, I gots nowhere to go  
I only got one home, see me stranded on Death Row  
With Outlawz, it's Makaveli be the general  
And I be a soldier on a mission  
Sent to do what you'll never do  
And that's ride for the cause, yes, I'll die for the cause  
You best believe, if I'ma leave this bitch  
Yo, I'm dying with yours  
Kamikaze, sicker than a motherfucking Nazi  
Got a little question for that nigga that made "Paparazzi"  
If you ain't in this rap game  
For the motherfucking cash, mane  
Then what is your motherfucking purpose?  
Non can serve us  
E.D.I. Mean, born worthless  
That's until the day I decided to bomb first, bitch

*[2Pac:]*

Biatch! Come on, bring it, down with it!  
Then we ride  
Come on, bring it  
Bomb first then we ride

Hey, get that nigga!

*[Young Noble:]*

Your style wack as ever, like you was rocking patent leather  
Causing massive terror, y'all niggas lack, you ain't thorough  
    Half rapper, half drug kingpin  
    You're telling fairy tales, dunn  
"King of New York" like you the motherfucking one?  
    But I'm from Jers' and we don't play that shit  
From the Clare down to North Bricks, all my niggas flippin' chips, gettin' rich, even though it's hard  
    Trying to creep through these halls and brawls  
    Without scarred by a revolve  
With no warning signs, 'cause yo, my man took five  
Now I'm the young one with the 9 ready to put in my time

*[2Pac:]*

Shoot first, look at their head, burst bleeding  
Don't want to hear no shit this evening, believe me  
    We bomb first when we ride  
    Please reconsider 'fore you die  
    G's and thug niggas on the rise  
Plan, plot, strategize, and bomb first  
    We bomb first when we ride  
    Please reconsider 'fore you die  
    G's and thug niggas on the rise  
Plan, plot, strategize, and bomb first

*[Start of "Hail Mary"]*

Let us pray, my niggas  
For we have definitely sinned

Thanks to scorpius66duece for correcting these lyrics.

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Hail Mary"

(feat. Kastro, Young Noble, Prince Ital Joe, Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

Makaveli in this, Killuminati

All through your body

That blows like a 12-gauge shotty, feel me!

And God said he should send his one begotten son

To lead the wild into the ways of the man

Follow me! Eat my flesh, flesh of my flesh!

[2Pac:]

Come with me!

Hail Mary, nigga, run quick, see

What do we have here now?

Do you wanna ride or die?

La la-la-la la la la la

[2Pac:]

I ain't a killer, but don't push me

Revenge is like the sweetest joy next to gettin' pussy

Picture paragraphs unloaded, wise words being quoted

Peeped the weakness in the rap game and sewed it

Bow down, pray to God, hopin' that he's listenin'

Seein' niggas comin' for me

Through my diamonds, when they glistenin'

Now pay attention: bless me please, Father, I'm a ghost

In these killing fields, hail Mary, catch me if I go

Let's go deep inside the solitary mind of a madman

Screams in the dark, evil lurks, enemies see me flee

Activate my hate, let it break to the flame

Set trip, empty out my clip, never stop to aim

Some say the game is all corrupt and fucked in this shit

Stuck, niggas is lucky if we bust out this shit

Plus, mama told me never stop until I bust a nut

Fuck the world if they can't adjust, it's just as well, hail Mary

[2Pac:]

Come with me!

Hail Mary, nigga, run quick, see

What do we have here now?

Do you wanna ride or die?

La la-la-la la la la la

[2Pac:]

Penitentiaries is packed with promise-makers

Never realize the precious time that bitch niggas is wastin'

Institutionalized, I live my life a product made to crumble

But too hardened for a smile

We're too crazy to be humble; we ballin'

Catch me, father, please, 'cause I'm fallin' in the liquor store

Pass the Hennessy, I hear you callin', can I get some more?

Hell, 'til I reach Hell, I ain't scared  
Mama checkin' in my bedroom, I ain't there  
I got a head with no screws in it, what can I do?  
One life to live, but I got nothin' to lose  
Just me and you on a one-way trip to prison, sellin' drugs  
We all wrapped up in this livin', life as thugs  
To my homeboys in Clinton Max doin' their bid  
Raise hell to this real shit and feel this  
When they turn out the lights, I'll be there in the dark  
Thuggin' eternal through my heart; now hail Mary, nigga!

[2Pac:]  
Come with me!  
Hail Mary, nigga, run quick, see  
What do we have here now?  
Do you wanna ride or die?  
La la-la la la la la

[Kastro:]  
They got a APB out on my thug family  
Since Outlawz run these streets like these scandalous freaks  
Our enemies die now, walk around half dead  
Head down, K-blasted off of Hennessy and Thai chronic  
Mixed in, now I'm twisted, blistered and high  
Visions of me, thug-livin', gettin' me by  
Forever live, and I multiply, survived by thugs  
When I die they won't cry unless they comin' with slugs

[Young Noble:]  
Peep the whole scene and whatever's going on around me  
Brain kind of cloudy, smoked out, feelin' rowdy  
Ready to wet the party up  
And whoever in that mothafucka, nasty new street slugger  
My heat seeks suckers on the regular  
Mashin' in a stolen Black Ac' Integra  
Cocked back, 60 seconds 'til the draw  
That's when I'm deadin' ya, feet first  
You've got a nice gat, but my heat's worse  
From a thug to preachin' church  
I gave you love, now you eatin' dirt  
Needin' work, and I ain't the nigga to put you on  
'Cause word is bond  
When I was broke, I had to hustle 'til dawn  
That's when the sun came up, there's only one way up  
Hold your head and stay up  
To all my niggas, get your pay and weight up

[Kadafi:]  
If it's on, then it's on, we rape break beat-breaks  
Outlawz on a paper chase, can you relate?  
To this shit I don't got be the shit I gotta take  
Dealin' with fate, hopin' God don't close the gate  
If it's on, then it's on, we rape break beat-breaks  
Outlawz on a paper chase, can you relate?  
To this shit I don't got be the shit I gotta take  
Dealin' with fate, hopin' God don't close the gate

*[2Pac:]*  
Come with me!  
Hail Mary, nigga, run quick, see  
What do we have here now?  
Do you wanna ride or die?  
La la-la la la la la

*[Prince Ital Joe:]*  
We've been travelin' on this weary road  
Sometimes life can be a heavy load  
But we ride, ride it like a bullet  
Hail Mary, hail Mary  
We won't worry, everything will curry  
Free like the bird in the tree  
We won't worry, everything will curry  
Yes, we free like the bird in the tree  
We runnin' from the penitentiary  
This is the time for we liberty; hail Mary, hail Mary!

*[2Pac:]*  
Westside, Outlawz  
Makaveli the Don, solo  
Killuminati, The 7 Days

Thanks to Sm\_gregory, sdcv, aftaita\_1, Benu for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Rufus Lee Cooper, Katari T. Cox, Yafeu Fula, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Joseph Paquette, Bruce Washington, Tyrone J. Wrice

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Toss It Up"

(feat. K-Ci, JoJo, Danny Boy Steward, Aaron Hall)

[2Pac:]

The money behind the dreams  
My right hand, my other Capo in this big motherfuckin' war we got  
    My other Capo in this big-ass  
    Conglomerate called Death Row  
    Snoop motherfuckin Dogg, Tha Doggfather  
    And who's he coming through right now?  
        Makaveli the Don  
        Feel this, Killuminati

[2Pac:]

Lord have mercy, father help us all  
Since you supplied your phone number, I can't help but call  
    Time for action, conversating, we relaxing, kicking back  
    Got you curious for Thug Passion, now picture that  
    Tongue-kissing, hand full of hair, look in my eyes  
    Time to make the bed rock, baby look how it rise  
    Me and you moving in the nude, do it in the living room  
        Sweating up the sheets, it's the Thug in me  
    I mean no disrespecting when I tongue-kiss your neck  
    I go a long way to get you wet, what you expect?  
        Late night, hit the highway, drop the top  
        I pull over, getting busy in the parking lot  
    And don't you love it how I lick your hips and glide?  
    Kiss you soft on your stomach, push my love inside  
        Got you lost in a love zone, stuck in the lust  
        I got the bedroom shaking, back-breaking  
            When we're tossing it up

[Danny Boy:]

Feel this baby, I like the way it's going down  
    When nobody's around, slip-slide ride  
        Giving me that nice smile  
    Female I like, what I want to give all night  
    You and me alone, everybody's gone, toss it up  
        Baby let's get it on!

[Jojo:]

I like the way you please me, baby  
The sexy way you tease me, shorty  
    The way you move your body  
        It really drives me crazy  
    Your body hypnotizing, your smell is so exciting  
        So baby come on home with me  
    I like the way you give it to me, baby

[Danny Boy & JoJo:]

I like the way you give it to me  
    Let me see you toss it up

I like the way you give it to me  
Let me see you toss it up  
I like the way you give it to me  
Let me see you toss it up  
I like the way you give it to me  
Let me see you toss it up

*[Bridge:]*

Play on, play on, play on, play on  
Play on, play on, play on, play on  
Play on, play on, play on, play on  
Play on, play on, play on, play on

*[K-Ci:]*

Oh, it's K-Ci baby, mmm, that want you lady

Oh, don't act so shady

Baby, your taste as fine as gravy

The way you move that thang, you make me wanna sang  
Girl you make my bells rang, make them go ting-a-ling!

*[Aaron Hall:]*

Nasty man, I'm here again  
Don't want it to ever end  
It's feeling too good  
Gimme some more, oh lady, lady  
Your body the kind I like-ah  
Big booty titillating delight-ah  
Back it up yo, let me in there  
Toss it up for me

*[K-Ci & Aaron Hall:]*

I like the way you give it to me  
Let me see you toss it up  
I like the way you give it to me  
Let me see you toss it up  
I like the way you give it to me  
Let me see you toss it up  
I like the way you give it to me  
Let me see you toss it up  
So won't you play on

*[2Pac:]*

How do you want it? What's your phone number? I get around  
Cali Love to my true Thugs, picture me now  
Still down for that Death Row sound, searching for paydays  
No longer Dre Day: arrivederci  
Blown and forgotten, rotten for plotting Child's Play  
Check your sexuality, as fruity as this Alize  
Quick to jump ship, punk trick, what a dumb move  
Cross Death Row, now who you gonna run to?  
Laugh at you suckers cause you similar  
Pretending to be hard, oh my God, check your temperature  
Screaming "Compton", but you can't return, you ain't heard?  
Brothers pissed cause you switched and escaped to the burbs  
Mob on to this new era, cause we Untouchable  
Still can't believe that you got 'Pac rushing you

Up in you, bless the real, all the rest get killed  
Who can you trust? Only time reveals  
Toss it up

Let me see you toss it up  
Let me see you toss it up  
Let me see you toss it up  
Let me see you toss it up

[2Pac:]

Yeah no doubt

Toss it up now

Play on playa, play on

How can some non-players do a song about tossing it up

And then want to do a player song?

(you so fat, you and Lil' Kim need a weight scale to lay down in bed

We are not little kids, you fat ass, you feelin' threatened)

How can non-players do it? (you know who I'm talking bout)

Teddy Riley, who? Puffy? Who?

Puffy, I read your little interview buddy, c'mon

You still ain't touching us, all that peace talk

I don't care if you kiss my ass from here to across the street, boy

It's on! Toss it up, we took you on

And we took y'all beat (toss it up)

You know who beat we took, and we took y'all beat

Cause you wasn't rocking it right! (toss it up now)

Tired of suckers rocking beats that don't belong to them, toss it up, it's on, it's out there now, it's our beat now

Yeah, toss it up now!

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Hailey Joel Lamonte, Hailey Cedric R, Moore Reginald Devell, Hall Aaron Robin, Steward Danny Boy, Shipp Demetrius Antoinne

# 2Pac Lyrics

"To Live & Die In L.A."

(feat. Val Young)

"Street Science, you're on the air. What do you feel when you hear a record like 2Pac's new one?"

"I love 2Pac's new record."

"Right, but don't you feel like that creates tension between East and West? I mean, he's talking about killing people, 'I had sex with your wife' — and not in those words. But he's talking about, 'I wanna see you deceased'..."

[2Pac:]

To live and die in L.A., California

What you say about Los Angeles?

Still the only place for me

It never rains in Southern California

[2Pac:]

To live and die in L.A.

Where everyday we try to fatten our pockets

Us niggas hustle for the cash, so it's hard to knock it

Everybody got they own thing, currency chasin'

Worldwide through the hard times, worrying faces

Shed tears as we bury niggas close to heart

Who was a friend is now a ghost in the dark

Cold-hearted 'bout it, nigga got smoked by a fiend

Tryin' to floss on him, blind to a broken man's dream

A hard lesson, court cases keep me guessin'

Plea bargain ain't an option now, so I'm stressin'

Cost me more to be free than a life in the pen

Making money off of cuss words, writin' again

Learn how to think ahead, so I fight with my pen

Late night down sunset, likin' the scene

What's the worst they could do to a nigga?

Got me lost in Hell, to live and die in L.A. on bail

[Val Young (2Pac):]

(My angel sing)

To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be

(And the angels go)

You've got to be there to know it

When everybody wanna see

(To live and die in L.A.)

To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be

You've got to be there to know it

When everybody wanna see

[2Pac:]

It's the City of Angels and constant danger

South Central L.A. can't get no stranger

Full of drama, like a soap opera, on the curb

Watchin' the ghetto bird helicopters, I observe

So many niggas getting three strikes, tossed in jail

I swear, the pen right across from hell

I can't cry, 'cause it's on now, I'm just a nigga on his own now  
Livin' life thug style, so I can't smile  
Writing to my peoples when they ask for pictures  
Thinking Cali just fun and bitches  
Better learn about the dress code, B's and C's  
All them other niggas copycats, these is G's  
I love Cali like I love women  
'Cause every nigga in L.A. got a little bit of thug in him  
We might fight amongst each other  
But I promise you this: we'll burn this bitch down  
Get us pissed, to live and die in L.A.

*[Val Young (2Pac):]*

(My angel sing)

To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be  
(And the angels go)  
You've got to be there to know it  
When everybody wanna see  
(To live and die in L.A.)  
To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be  
You've got to be there to know it  
When everybody wanna see

*[2Pac:]*

It wouldn't be L.A. without Mexicans  
Black love, brown pride, and the sets again  
Pete Wilson tryin' to see us all broke  
I'm on some bullshit out for everything they owe  
Remember K-day? Weekends, Crenshaw, MLK?  
Automatics rang free, niggas lost they way  
Gang signs being shown, nigga, love your hood!  
But recognize and it's all good  
Where the weed at? Niggas gettin' shermed out  
Snoop Dogg in this mothafucka permed out  
M.O.B., Big Suge in the Lo-Lo, bounce and turn  
Dogg Pound in the Lex with a ounce to burn  
Got them Watts niggas with me, O.F.T.B.  
They got some hash, took the stash, left the rest for me  
Neckbone, Tray, Heron, Big Buntry too  
Big Rock got knocked, but this one's for you  
I hit the studio and drop a jewel, hopin' it pay  
Gettin' high, watchin' time fly; to live and die in L.A.

*[Val Young (2Pac):]*

To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be  
(Let my angel sing)  
You've got to be there to know it  
When everybody wanna see  
(And my angels go)  
To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be  
(To live and die in L.A.)  
You've got to be there to know it  
When everybody wanna see  
(Let my angel sing)

*[2Pac:]*

This go out for 92.3, and 106  
All the radio stations that be bumpin' my shit  
Makin' my shit sells katuple quitruple platinum  
(To live and die in L.A., mhmmm)  
This go out to all the magazines that support a nigga  
All the real motherfuckers  
(To live and die in L.A., mhmmm)  
All the stores, the mom and pop spots  
A&R people, all y'all mothafuckers  
(To live and die in L.A., mhmmm)  
L.A., "California Love" part mothafuckin' two  
Without gay ass Dre  
(To live and die in L.A., mhmmm)

Thanks to ericmpthomas, Ammar Ahmed for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Snoopy, Andrews Val Young

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Blasphemy"  
(feat. Prince Ital)

[\*"To Live & Die in L.A." fades out]

*[Snipped of a religious TV show:]*

God has a plan, and the Bible unfolds that wonderful plan through the message of prophecy  
God sent Jesus into this world to be our savior and that Christ is returning someday soon To unfold the wonderful  
plan of eternity  
For my life and your life  
As long as we're cooperating with God by accepting Jesus Christ as our personal Lord and savior unless the  
Lord does return in the coming seven days  
We'll see you next time here on This Week in Bible Prophecy

*[2Pac:]*

2Pac, don't start that blasphemy in here!  
Makaveli, the new breed  
And I remember what my pops told me  
The new word, follow me  
Remember what my pops told me

*[2Pac:]*

My family tree consists of drug dealers, thugs and killers  
Strugglin', known to hustle screaming, "Fuck they feelings!"  
I got advice from my father, all he told me was this  
Nigga, get off your ass if you plan to be rich!  
There's ten rules to the game, but I'll share with you two  
Know niggas gon' hate you for whatever you do  
Now, rule one: get your cash on, M.O.B.  
That's Money Over Bitches, cause they breed envy  
Now rule two is a hard one: watch for phonies  
Keep your enemies close, nigga, watch your homies  
It seemed a little unimportant, when he told me I smiled  
Picture jewels being handed to an innocent child  
I never knew in my lifetime I'd live by these rules  
Initiated as an outlaw, studying rules  
Now papa ain't around, so I gotta recall  
Or come to grips with bein' written on my enemy's walls  
Promised if I have a seed, I'ma guide him right  
Dear Lord, don't let me die tonight  
I got words for my comrades, listen and learn  
Ain't nothing free, get back what you earned  
No doubt, getting higher than a motherfucker, bless me please  
This Thug Life'll be the death of me, c'mon, yeah

And I remember what my papa told me  
Remember what my papa told me, blasphemy

*[Prince Ital Joe (2Pac):]*

Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord  
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud  
(Remember what my pops told me)

Using the name of the lord in vain (blas-blas-blaspemy, blasphemy)

(Remember what my pops told me)

While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain

[2Pac:]

We probably in Hell already, our dumb asses not knowing

Everybody kissing ass to go to Heaven ain't going

Put my soul on it, I'm fighting devil niggas daily

Plus the media be crucifying brothers severely

Tell me I ain't God's son, nigga mom a virgin

We got evicted had to leave the 'burbs, back in the ghetto

Doing wild shit, looking at the sun, don't pay

Criminal mind all the time, wait for Judgment Day

They say Moses split the Red Sea

I split the blunt and rolled a fat one up deadly

Babylon beware, coming for the Pharoah's kids

Retaliation, making legends off the shit we did

Still bullshittin', niggas in Jerusalem waiting for signs

God coming, she's just taking her time (haha)

Living by the Nile while the water flow

I'm contemplating plots wondering where the thought'll go

Brothas getting shot, coming back resurrected

It's just that raw shit, nigga, check it (that raw shit)

And I remember what my papa told me

Remember what my papa told me, blasphemy

[Prince Ital Joe (2Pac):]

Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord

Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud

(Remember what my pops told me)

Using the name of the lord in vain

(Remember what my pops told me)

While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain

(what!)

[2Pac:]

The preacher want me buried, why? Cause I know he a liar

Have you ever seen a crackhead, that's eternal fire

Why you got these kids' minds thinking that they evil?

While the preacher being freaky you say "honor God's people"

Should we cry when the Pope die? My request

We should cry if they cried when we buried Malcolm X

Mama, tell me am I wrong, is God just another cop?

Waiting to beat my ass if I don't go pop?

Memories of a past time, giving up cash to the leaders

Knowing damn well they ain't gonna feed us

In my brain how can you explain time in B.C

It's hard enough to live now in these times of greed

They say Jesus is a kind man

Well, he should understand times in this crime land

My Thug nation, do what you gotta do, but know you gotta change. Try to find a way to make it out the game

I leave this, and hope God can see my heart is pure

Is heaven just another door? I leave this here

I leave this, and hope God see my heart is pure

Is Heaven just another door? And my people say...

*[Prince Ital Joe (2Pac):]*

Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord  
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud  
(Remember what my pops told me)  
Using the name of the lord in vain  
(Can't I remember what my pops told me, blasphemy)  
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain

Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord  
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud  
Using the name of the lord in vain  
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain  
Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord  
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud  
Using the name of the lord in vain  
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain  
Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord  
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud  
Using the name of the lord in vain  
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain

Our father, who art in heaven  
Hallow be thy name  
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done  
In Earth as it is in Heaven  
Give us this day, our daily bread  
As we give up our debts  
As we forgive our debt-ors  
Lead us not into temptation  
But deliver us unevil  
For God is the kingdom and the power  
And the glory forever and ever and ever

Thanks to Wojtek Niestrój for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Wrice Tyrone J, Paquette Joseph

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Life Of An Outlaw"

(feat. Outlawz)

In the life we live as thugs  
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see  
It's hard to be a man  
Ridin' with my guns in hand

[2Pac:]

Why explain the game  
Niggas ain't listenin', stuck in positions  
If victims can't stand the heat then stay the fuck out the kitchen  
Half these busters switchin', lookin' at me mean  
Itchin', givin' suckers plenty space  
Have these bitch niggas snitchin'  
Where are we now, guns found daily  
The feds surely hope that they could finally nail me  
For sellin' dope they backwards  
Make track burst, whenever I rap  
Attack  
Words bein' known to explode on contact  
Extreme at times  
Blinded by my passion and fury  
Look at me laugh at my competition's flashin' my jewelry  
You'd stay silent if you niggas knew me  
Truely effective  
The shit you heard ain't do me justice  
Got a death wish, bitch  
Run but face, being traced, by the infrared beam  
It seems niggas ain't recognize my team  
Ain't nobody holdin' you back, explode the track to confetti  
Unload it  
Cause niggas ain't ready  
The life of an outlaw

In the life we live as thugs  
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see  
It's hard to be a man  
Ridin' with my guns in hand

[2Pac:]

Code 3

Attack formation  
Pull out your pistols  
Keep an eye out for the devils cause they itchin' to get you  
Merciless madman screamin' kamikaze in tongue  
Automatic gunfire makin' all my enemies run  
Who should I call when I'm shot and bleedin'  
Indeed the possibility has part a chase in cream  
Dope got me hatin' fiends  
Scheme with my team, just a chosen few  
My foes victim of explosives

Come closer  
Exhale the fumes  
We got memories fadin' fast  
A slave for cash  
Accelerate, mash, blast, then dash  
Don't look now. How you like it, raw  
Niggas ain't ready for the wrath of the outlaws  
Never surrender  
Death before dishonor, stay free  
I'm thugged out  
Fuck the world cause this is how they made me  
Scarred but still breathin'  
Believe in me and you could see the victory  
A warrior with jewels  
Will you picture me?  
Life of an outlaw

In the life we live as thugs (no doubt)  
Everybody fuckin' with us (yes!), so can't you see (life of an outlaw)  
It's hard to be a man (soldiers in position, attack formation)  
Ridin' with my guns in hand  
(No retreat, no surrender)

[*Young Noble:*]  
City under siege  
It's like I can't even breathe  
I'm from the state of car thieves  
G, deep from the street  
Plenty beef  
I play for keeps, arrange the whole crime scene  
Mobb peep  
This nigga from behind tryin' to creep  
No half-wits, no straps, jack  
It's on to bounce back  
An ounce of wrath so bad, it snatched my style on death  
Tell the reaper I was sent to get ya  
Snip with clippers  
Get the picture  
I wrote my life down as a scripture

[*E.D.I. Mean:*]  
And still I'm lost in the land of the lonely  
Where ain't nobody holy  
A matter of a fact, we unholy  
Everybody livin' soley for themselves  
Too high strung to lend help  
To somebody who be needin' it  
You know we lost hope and we needin' it  
Wit' the evil it's forever  
But it might be low down, scandalous  
Like a tramp is  
All for the street fame on how to be managed  
To plan shit  
6 months in advanced to what we plotted  
Approved to go on swole and now I got it

*[Kastro:]*

Uh, crack my window  
Knowin' they'd love to catch Kastro sleepin'  
Attach a strap under my pillow hand to hand like we freakin'  
Creepin' deep into mornin'  
Peepin' out the weak while they yawnin'  
And let my clout speak for itself  
No doubt  
Outlaw  
Outta my mind, outta time  
You're all blind  
Some kind of life of mine if K-Dog don't mind  
Findin' it funny, matter of fact, cause it is  
Perhaps finally I'll adapt to it over the years as an outlaw

*[(2Pac) Napoleon:]*

(Eh, Napoleon)  
What's up, nigga?  
(Would you die for me, nigga?)  
Hell yeah  
(Would you kill for me, nigga?)  
On my grandmother, nigga  
(Ah yo)  
What's up  
(Let's ride on them stupid bitches right now  
Watch out)

*[Napoleon:]*

Well, now they all say that vultures and parasites  
Snakes are all alike  
Thug life break night  
Drink 'til we fist fight  
Life or death. But you can't win with a vest  
But there won't be no breathin' for the reason  
Punk bitch on your breath  
I see day is dark and I admit it's dark  
So chase the air hide your stash  
Beware from [?] marks

And yo, Makaveli, give me them bullets that was left up in your belly  
And let me bust back to them niggas 'til they all cold and sweaty

In the life we live as thugs  
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see  
It's hard to be a man  
Ridin' with my guns in hand  
In the life we live as thugs  
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see  
It's hard to be a man  
Ridin' with my guns in hand  
In the life we live as thugs  
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see  
It's hard to be a man  
Ridin' with my guns in hand  
In the life we live as thugs  
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see  
It's hard to be a man

Ridin' with my guns in hand

Thanks to KRAZY, iceman40ounce for correcting these lyrics.

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Just Like Daddy"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac (E.D.I. Mean):]

Outlawz, go ahead, in this

No doubt

Death Row, Makaveli Records

(You can call me daddy, uh)

(I'll be ya daddy, that's right, uh)

(Just like daddy)

(Fo' the ladies)

Hahaha

[2Pac & Singer:]

Come with me and in time we'll grow

Dedicate slow jams on the radio-oh why

Know ya happy, I can feel ya passion

Lookin' out for ya just like daddy, come on

Sunshine turns to rain

Baby, I can take away ya pain

If ya trust me

Close ya eyes, feel the magic

Neva leave when ya need me

I'll do ya just like daddy

[E.D.I. Mean:]

I met her when she was younger

Real daddy died when she was younger

Her moms let her do what she please, an' seen no one loved her

Her eyes shined of love, a diamond in the rough

The kind that you could love; not yet touch, but so much, potential

Youngster let me guide ya mental

And to a place, with a sourness of pain you'll never taste

By God's grace, you was born with that face

Nothin' but pure beauty; so for an eternity, I feel it's my duty

To be a souljah (souljah) yeah, baby got plans to mold ya

In the coldest nights is when I hold ya

Like I'm supposed to, as we roll closer

I'll take yo' hand gladly, anything you need, ask me

Supportin' my baby girl just like daddy

[Makaveli:]

To alleviate the stress, spendin' time wit' you, I feel blessed

When you gone, feel the pain so strong deep in my chest

When I got arrested, came so close to goin' to jail

Throwin' blows at the po-pos breakin' ya nails

Screamin' loud goin' all out, damn I did

You stayed locked down at moms house, watchin' the kids

Through the whole bid in the V-I, I see ya daily

While my fake homies try to fuck you, you run and tell me

That's why I stay committed, I thank God every time I hit it

Hopin' you'll forgive me for all the times I bullshitted

Me and you against the world, we untouchable  
Screamin' like you dyin' every time I'm fuckin' you  
Ya never had a father or a family, but I'll be there  
No need to fear so much insanity, and through the years  
I know ya gave me your heart, plus  
When I'm dirt broke and fucked up, ya still love me

*[2Pac & Singer:]*

Come with me and in time we'll grow  
Dedicate slow jams on the radio-oh why  
Know ya happy, I can feel ya passion  
Lookin' out for ya just like daddy, come on  
Sunshine turns to rain  
Baby, I can take away ya pain  
If ya trust me  
Close ya eyes, feel the magic  
Neva leave when ya need me  
I'll do ya just like daddy

*[Yaki Kadaifi:]*

Boo, would ya die for me?  
Down holdin' my pistol, gettin' high  
With mean sounds tougher than bristles  
But when you cry I'll be ya tissue  
Back in the county written letters, how I miss you  
Givin' you credit, apologetic how I diss you  
Kiss you for thinkin' like a mona and on a level  
And sometime daddy ready to wine ya and dilation  
For a total twine ya, we right behind ya true  
Life just me and you, no tellin' what we could do  
Gettin' high between the sheets, make the shit right here discrete  
Puttin' hickeys on ya belly while we fuckin' on the beach  
I love it when ya nut up and grab me  
I feel for ya badly, baby girl just like daddy

*[Young Noble:]*

Shorty I lend my hand out ta help ya, lost soul lookin' for shelter  
On late night accept it, treat ya good, won't disrespect ya  
My age is young, out of place bitch days is done  
From a trixy to a missy, you know I raised ya hun  
Placed her under my wing, showed her how we swing  
Now she rolling blunts for her king  
One day labelled thug misses, the essence of my ghetto sisters  
Hugs and kisses, that's just for me to be a father figure

*[2Pac (Singer):]*

(Just like daddy) come with me and in time we'll grow  
(Just like daddy) Dedicate slow jams on the radio-oh why  
(Just like daddy, c'mon) Know ya happy, I can feel ya passion  
Lookin' out for ya just like daddy, come on  
(just like daddy. Sunshine turns to rain)  
(Baby, I can take away ya pain just like daddy)  
(If ya trust me)  
(Just like daddy, come on. Close ya eyes, feel the magic)  
(Neva leave when ya need me)  
(I'll do ya just like daddy)

[2Pac:]

C'mon

Throw ya hands up  
Put ya hands up  
Throw ya hands up  
Put ya hands up  
Throw ya hands up  
Put ya hands up  
Put ya hands up  
Throw ya hands up  
Where my sistas?  
Where my sistas at?  
Where my sistas?  
Where my sistas at?  
Where my sistas?  
Where my sistas at?

Throw ya hands in the air

Where my sistas?  
Where my sistas at?  
Where my sistas?  
Where my sistas at?  
Where my sistas?  
Where my sistas?  
Where my sistas at?

Throw ya hands in the air

Come On

Yes

Yes, just like daddy

Yes, throw ya hands in the air, come on

Outlawz in this mutha fucka (Yes!)

No doubt!

Kadafi, Hussein, Makaveli, Napoleon, Marvaless, EDI, Kastro, Khameleon, Storm, Yeah the bitch check

No doubt get yo money

Throw yo hands in the air

Yeah, just like daddy baby

Know you got somewhere to go tonight

Cause you a thug nigga, thug nigga that loves niggas!

Hahahahaha

Come on

Just like daddy

Outlawz baby, outlaws, outlaws outlaw, outlaw

Throw ya hands in the muthafuckin' air

Thanks to K21 for correcting these lyrics.

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Krazy"

(feat. Bad Ass)

[2Pac:]

Throw me a cigarette, dawg! [\*inhales\*]  
They got me feelin' crazier than a motherfucker  
I got Bad Azz in this motherfucker  
Makaveli the Don, representin' the Outlawz  
Bad Azz representin' the LBC Crew  
So what'cha wanna do? Y'know how we do it

[2Pac:]

Puffin' on lye, hopin' that it gets me high  
Got a nigga goin' crazy  
Oh yeah, I feel crazy

[2Pac:]

Time goes by, puffin' on lye  
Hopin' that it gets me high  
Got a nigga goin' crazy  
Oh yeah, I feel crazy

(Tell 'em about it!)

[2Pac:]

Last year was a hard one, but life goes on  
Hold my head against the wall, learnin' right from wrong  
They say my ghetto instrumental, detrimental to kids  
As if they can't see the misery in which they live  
Blame me for the outcome, ban my records – check it  
Don't have to bump this, but please respect it  
I took a minus and now the hard times are behind us  
Turned into a plus, now they stuck livin' blinded  
Hennessy got me feelin' bad, time to stop drinkin'  
Rollin' in my drop-top Jag, what's that cops thinkin'?  
Sittin' in my car, watch the stars and smoke  
I came a long way, but still I got so far to go  
Dear mama, don't worry; I'ma watch for snakes  
Tell Setchu that I love her, but it's hard today  
I got the letter that she sent me, and I cried for weeks  
This what came out when I tried to speak – all I heard was...

[2Pac:]

Time goes by, puffin' on lye  
Hopin' that it gets me high  
Got a nigga going' crazy  
I feel crazy  
Time goes by, puffin' on lye  
Hopin' that it gets me high  
Got a nigga goin' crazy  
I feel crazy

(One, two, three, four)

[2Pac:]

I see bloods and crips runnin' up the hill  
Lookin' for a better way  
My brothers and sisters, it's time to bail  
'Cause even thug niggas pray  
Hopin' God hear me, I entered the game  
Look how much I changed  
I'm no longer innocent – casualties of fame  
Made a lot of money, seen a lot of places  
And I swear I seen a peaceful smile on my mama's face  
When I gave her the keys to her own house, this your land  
Your only son done became a man  
Watchin' time fly, I love my people, do or die  
But I wonder why we scared to let each other fly  
June 1-6, '7-1, the day  
Mama pushed me out her womb, told me, "Nigga, get paid!"  
No one can understand me – the black sheep  
Outcasted from my family, now packin' heat  
I run the streets, a young runaway, live for today  
When he died, I could hear him say... (Thug Life, baby!)

[2Pac:]

Time goes by, puffin' on lye  
Hopin' that it gets me high  
Got a nigga goin' crazy  
I feel crazy  
Time goes by, puffin' on lye  
Hopin' that it gets me high  
Got a nigga goin' crazy  
Crazy  
Crazy  
Crazy  
I feel crazy (crazy)

[Bad Azz:]

God, help me out here, 'cause I'm possessed  
I need the root of all evil for my stress  
'Cause money's like a strong prescription drug  
It's got me addicted to the pleasure and the pain it inflicted  
Somethin' about the paper with the pictures of the president's head, damn, it's like a motherfuckin' plague that spread  
It's epidemic; forgotten, forgotten it got worse  
I keep my head on straight, makin' money 'cause it's cursed  
Makin' money makes a difference day by day  
So I gotta stay paid, no doubt, day in and day out  
This life is like a vicious cycle called fightin' to live  
No matter how hard you try, it's in death, you gotta die  
A lot of my peers didn't make it to the years to come  
Did life doin' right or did life livin' dumb  
Who has the answers? I wonder; I turn to my elders  
They aged and experienced, but they can't even tell ya  
Or tell me, that there'll be light at the end of the road  
(Why?) 'Cause they don't even know  
A million things run through my mind (through my mind)

You ain't gotta be in jail to be doin' time  
(You ain't gotta be in jail to be doin' time)

[2Pac:]

Time goes by, puffin' on lye  
Hopin' that it gets me high  
Got a nigga goin' crazy  
I feel crazy  
Time goes by, puffin' on lye  
Hopin' that it gets me high  
Got a nigga goin' crazy

[2Pac:]

I feel fucked up in this bitch

I smoked half a ounce to the head. Chocolate Thai, indo, Hawaiian, lambsbread, Buddha – all that shit!

I'm fucked up in this motherfucker

And Hennessy don't help  
And Hennessy don't help

Thug Passion in this muh'fucker

Makaveli the Don puttin' it down to the fullest

Maximum overload

3 Day Theory – Killuminati to your body

With the impact of a 12 gauge shotty

Double-I slugs, no love, straight thugs

One time for my niggas in the jail cell, (One time for my niggas locked up)

One time for my niggas doin' life in Hell, (One time for my niggas and shit, one time)

One time for my niggas in the jail cell (One time)

One time for my niggas doin' life in Hell (One time for my niggas locked down)

One time for my niggas on the Death Row

(One time for my niggas on the Row)

For my niggas on Death Row

One time for my niggas livin' broke (Westside, California style, LA!)

One time for my niggas livin' broke (You know what time it is, no doubt)

One time for my niggas in the jail cell (Get high, puffin' on lye)

Wonder if it get me high, yeah

Thanks to K21 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Harper Marvin Darrell, Shakur Tupac Amaru, Stamps Jamarr Antonio

# 2Pac Lyrics

"White Man's World"

(feat. Big D The Impossible)

You go bustin' your fist against a stone wall  
You're not usin' your brain  
That's what the white man wants you to do  
Look at you, what makes you ashamed of bein black

[2Pac:]

Nothin' but love for you my sister  
Might even know how hard it is, no doubt  
Bein' a woman, a black woman at that, no doubt  
Shit, in this white man's world  
Sometimes we overlook the fact that we be ridin' hard on our sisters  
We don't be knowin' the pain we be causin'  
In this white man's world  
In this white man's world  
I ain't sayin I'm innocent in all this  
I'm just sayin'  
In this white man's world  
This song is for y'all  
For all those times that I messed up or we messed up

[2Pac:]

Dear sister, got me twisted up in prison I miss ya  
Cryin' lookin' at my niece's and my nephew picture  
They say don't let this cruel world get ya, kinda suspicious  
Swearin' one day you might leave me, for somebody that's richer  
Twist the cap off the bottle, I take a sip and see tomorrow  
Gotta make it if I have to beg or borrow  
Readin' love letters; late night, locked down and quiet  
If brothers don't receive they mail best believe we riot  
Eatin' Jack-Mack, starin' at the walls of silence  
Inside this cage where they captured all my rage and violence  
In time I learned a few lessons, never fall for riches  
Apologizes to my true sisters, far from bitches  
Help me raise my Black Nation, reparations are due  
It's true, caught up in this world I took advantage of you  
So tell the babies how I love them, precious boys and girls  
Born black in this white man's world - and all I heard was

Who, knows what tomorrow brings  
In this world, where everyone's blind?  
And where to go, no matter how far I'll find  
To let you know, that you're not alone

[2Pac:]

Only thing they ever did wrong (yes!, yes!) was bein' born black (no doubt), in this white man's world.  
All my ghetto motherfuckers be proud to be black if you proud to have this shit like this, cause ain't nobody got it  
like this (all my little Black seeds, born Black in the White man's world).

All these motherfuckers wanna be like us.

They all wanna be like us, to be the have naughts: all hail.

God bless the child that can hold his own, no motherfuckin' doubt

[2Pac:]

Bein' born with less, I must confess only adds on to the stress  
Two gunshots to my homie's head, died in his vest  
Shot him to death and left him bleedin' for his family to see  
I pass his casket gently askin', is there heaven for G's  
My homeboy's doin' life, his baby momma be stressin'  
Sheddin' tears when her son, finally ask that questions  
Where my daddy at? Mama why we live so poor  
Why you crying? Heard you late night through my bedroom door  
Now do you love me mama? Why they keep on calling me nigga?  
Get my weight up with my hate and pay 'em back when I'm bigger  
And still thuggin' in his jail cell, missing my block  
Hearin' brothers screamin' all night, wishing they'd stop  
Proud to be black but why we act like we don't love ourselves  
Don't look around busta (you sucka) check yourselves  
Know what it means to be black, whether a man or girl  
We still struggling, in this white man's world

[2Pac:]

Who, knows what tomorrow brings  
(Born black in this white man's world)  
In this world, where everyone's blind?  
(In this white man's world)  
And where to go, no matter how far I'll find  
(In this white man's world)  
To let you know, that you're not alone

[\*megaphone\*]

We must fight, for brother Mumia  
We must fight, for brother Mutulu  
And we must fight, for brother Ruchell Magee  
We must fight, for brother Geronimo Pratt  
We must fight, for [?], Zulu, [?]  
We must fight, for countless political prisoners  
Who are locked up falsely by this white man

[2Pac:]

So tell me why you  
Changed to choose a new direction, in the blink of an eye  
My time away just made perfection, did you think I'd die  
Not gon' cry, why should I care  
Like we holding on to lost love that's no longer there  
Can you please help me, God bless me please keep my seeds healthy  
Making all my enemies bleed while my G's wealthy  
Hoping they bury me with ammunitions, weed, and shells  
Just in case they trip in heaven - ain't no G's in hell  
Sister sorry for the pain that I caused your heart  
I know I'll change if you help me, but don't fall apart  
Rest in peace to Latasha, Lil' Yummy, and Kato  
Too much for this cold world to take - ended up bein fatal  
Every woman in America, especially black  
Bear with me, can't you see, that we under attack  
I never meant to cause drama, to my sister and mama  
Hope we make it, to better times, in this white man's world

Who, knows what tomorrow brings  
In world, where everyone's blind?  
And where to go, no matter how far I'll find  
To let you know, that you're not alone

[*Khalid Abdul Muhammad:*]  
"You're out of touch with reality!  
There are a few of you in a few smoke-filled rooms  
Calling that the mainstream, while the masses of the people  
--White and black, red, yellow and brown, poor and vulnerable-- are suffering in this nation."

[*2Pac:*]  
Never that, in this white man's world, they can't stop us  
We've been here all this time they ain't took us out  
They can never take us out  
No matter what they say, about us bein extinct  
About us being endangered species, we ain't NEVER gon' leave this  
We ain't never gon' walk off this planet, unless Y'ALL choose to  
Use your brain, use your brain  
It ain't them that's killin' us it's US that's killin' us  
It ain't them that's knockin' us off, it's US that's knockin' us off  
I'm tellin' you better watch it, or be a victim  
Be a victim, in this white man's world  
.. born black, in this white man's world, no doubt  
And it's dedicated to my motherfuckin' teachers  
Mutulu Shakur, Geronimo Pratt, Mumia Abu Jamal  
Sekou Odinga, all the real O.G.'s, we out

[*Minister Farrakhan - Oct. 17, 1995:*]  
The seal, and the constitution, reflect the thinking of the founding fathers, that this was, to be a nation by white  
people, and for white people  
Native Americans, Blacks, and all other non-white people were to be the burden bearers, for the real citizens of  
this nation

Thanks to hoodiemobb, Trish Quinn, Dareal2face for correcting these lyrics.

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Me And My Girlfriend"

(feat. Virginya Slim)

[*Virginya Slim:*]

Shit, you mothafuckin' right!  
I'm the bitch that's keepin' it live and keepin' it hot  
When you punk-ass niggas don't  
Nigga, westside! What?! Bring it on!

[*2Pac:*]

Look for me, lost in the whirlwind  
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend  
Doing 85 when we ride  
Trapped in this world of sin  
Born as a ghetto child, raised in this whirlwind

[*2Pac:*]

C'mon, our childhood years, recall the tears, heart laced with venom  
Smoking sherm, drinking malt liquor, father forgive 'em  
Me and my girlfriend, hustlin'  
Fell in love with the struggle  
Hands on the steering wheel, blush while she bail out bustin'  
Fuck 'em all, watch 'em fall screamin'  
Automatic gunfire exorcising all demons  
My mafioso messiah, my congregation high, ready to die  
We bail out to take the jail back, niggas united  
Our first date, couldn't wait to see you naked  
Touch you in every secret place, I could hardly wait  
To bust freely, got you red-hot, you so happy to see me  
Make the frontpage primetime live on TV  
Nigga, my girlfriend, baby 45 but she still live  
One shot make a nigga's heartbeat stop

[*Virginya Slim:*]

What?! I'm busting on you punk ass niggas  
Run, nigga, run! I'm on your ass, nigga  
Run, nigga! Duck and hide when I'm bustin' on all you bitches!  
Run, nigga! Yeah, west side!  
Uh! Uh! Uh! Die, nigga, die!

[*2Pac:*]

My girlfriend: blacker than the darkest night  
When niggas act bitch-made she got the heart to fight  
Nigga, my girlfriend, though we separated at times  
I knew deep inside, baby girl would always be mine  
Picked you up when you was 9  
Started out my life of crime with you  
Bought you some shells when you turned 22  
It's true, nothing compares to the satisfaction  
That I feel when we out mashin'; me and my girlfriend

[*2Pac:*]

All I need in this life of sin  
Is me and my girlfriend  
Down to ride to the bloody end  
Just me and my girlfriend  
All I need in this life of sin  
Is me and my girlfriend  
Down to ride to the bloody end  
Just me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]

I was too immature to understand your ways  
Inexperienced back in the days  
Caused so many arguments and strays  
Now I realize how to treat you, the secret to keep you  
Being faithful, 'cause now cheating's lethal  
We're closer than the hands of time  
Deeper than the drive of mankind  
I trust you dearly, I shoot blind  
In time I clock figures, dropping niggas as we rise  
We all soldiers in God's eyes  
Now it's time for war; never leave me, baby  
I'm paranoid, sleeping with you loaded by my bedside, crazy  
Jealous when you hang with the fellas, I wait patiently alone  
Anticipated for the moment you come home  
I'm waiting by the phone, this is true love, I can feel it  
I've had a lot of women in my bed, but you the realest  
So if you ever need me, call, I'll be there through it all  
You're the reason I can stand tall; me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]

All I need in this life of sin  
Is me and my girlfriend  
Down to ride to the bloody end  
Just me and my girlfriend  
All I need in this life of sin  
Is me and my girlfriend  
Down to ride to the bloody end  
Just me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]

I love finger-fucking you, all of a sudden I'm hearing thunder  
When you bust a nut, niggas be ducking or taking numbers  
Love to watch you at a block party, begging for drama  
While unleashing on the old-timers, that's on my mama  
I would trade my life for yours, behind closed doors  
The only girl that I adore, everything I'm asking for  
Talking to me, begging me to just take you around  
Seventeen, like Brandy, you just wanna be down  
Talking loud when I tell you be quiet  
You move the crowd, busting rounds, activating a riot  
That's why I love you so, no control, down to roll, unleash  
After a hit you, break apart, then back to one piece  
Much love to my one and only girlfriend, the world is ours  
Just hold me down, baby, witness the power  
Never leave a nigga alone, I love you black or chrome  
Turn this house into a happy home: me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]

All I need in this life of sin  
Is me and my girlfriend  
Down to ride to the bloody end  
Just me and my girlfriend  
All I need in this life of sin  
Is me and my girlfriend  
Down to ride to the bloody end  
Just me and my girlfriend  
All I need in this life of sin  
Me and my girlfriend  
Down to ride to the bloody end  
Me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]

Lost in the whirlwind  
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend  
Doing 85 when we ride  
Trapped in this world of sin  
Born as a ghetto child, raised in this whirlwind  
Look for me, lost in the whirlwind  
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend  
Doing 85 when we ride  
Trapped in this world of sin  
Born as a ghetto child, raised in this whirlwind  
Look for me, lost in the whirlwind  
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend  
Doing 85 when we ride  
Trapped in this world of sin  
Born as a ghetto child, raised in this whirlwind  
Look for me, lost in the whirlwind  
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend  
Look for me, lost in the whirlwind  
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend  
Me and my girlfriend

Thanks to Luis for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Marvin Darrell Harper, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Tyrone Wrice, Ricky Rouse

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Hold Ya Head"

(feat. Tyrone Wrice)

[Malcolm X prison scene:]

Yo, Jackson! A 231549

Yeah, close four! Comin' down!

Crichlow! A 5991301

Close five! Comin' down!

[2Pac:]

My homeboys in Clinton And Rikers Island

All the Penitentiaries

Mumia, Mutulu, Geronimo, Sekon

All the political Prisoners

San Quentin (Look at Satan) (I see him)

All the jailhouses, I'm with you

[2Pac (Tyrone Wrice):]

Yeah, one thug, one thug

(How do we keep the music playin'?)

You're listenin' to the sounds of one thug

One thug, one thug, how do we get ahead?

You're listenin' to the sounds of...

[2Pac:]

I wake up early in the mornin', mind state so military

Suckers fantasizin' pictures of a young brother buried

Was it me, the weed, or this life I lead?

If daytime is for suckers, then tonight we breathe

Out for all that, knowin' that this world bring drawbacks

Look how they shiver once I deliver these raw raps

Meet me at the cemetery, dressed in black

Tonight we honor the dead, those who won't be back

So, if I die, do the same for me, shed no tears

An outlaw thug livin' in this game for years

Why worry? Hope to God, get me high when I'm buried

Knowin' deep inside only a few love me

Don't rush me to the gates of Heaven

Let me picture for a while, how I lived for my days as a child

I wonder now, how do we outlast?

Always get cash, stay strong if we all mash; hold ya head!

[Tyrone Wrice (2Pac):]

How do we keep the music playin'?

(Yes, you got to hold ya head!)

How do we get ahead? (Hold ya head!)

Too many young black brothers are dyin'

(Yes, you got to hold ya head!)

Livin' fast, too fast

[2Pac:]

These felonies be like prophecies

Beggin' me to stop, 'cause these  
Lawyers gettin' money every time they knock us  
Snatchin' pockets lyrically, suckers flee when they notice  
Switched my name to Makaveli, half the rap game ghost  
Exposed foes with my hocus-pocus flows, they froze  
Now suckers idolize my chosen blows  
And mo' money mean litigatin', mo' playa hatin'  
Got a cell at the pen' for me waitin'—is this my fate?  
Miss me with that misdemeanor thinkin', me fall back?  
Never that, too much tequila drinkin', we all that  
Make them understand me? Hell nah, this ain't my posse  
Everyone with me is family, 'cause everybody's got me  
Watch me paint a perfect vision, this life we livin'  
Got us all meetin' up in prison  
Last week I got a letter from my road dog, written in blood  
Sayin', "Please show a playa love"—hold ya head! (Hold it!)

*[Tyrone Wrice (2Pac):]*

How do we keep the music playin'?  
(You got to hold ya head!)  
How do we get ahead? (Come on, hold ya head!)  
Too many young black brothers are dyin'  
(Yes, hold ya head!)  
Livin' fast, too fast  
(The weed got me tweakin' in my mind, I'm thinkin'...)

*[2Pac:]*

God bless the child that can hold his own  
Indeed, enemies bleed when I hold my chrome  
Let these words be the last to my unborn seeds  
Hope to raise my young nation in this world of greed  
Currency means nothin' if you still ain't free  
Money breeds jealousy, take the game from me  
I hope for better days, trouble comes naturally  
Runnin' from authorities 'til they capture me  
And my aim is to spread mo' smiles than tears  
Utilize lessons learned from my childhood years  
Maybe Mama had it all right, rest yo' head  
Tadin' conversations all night, bless the dead  
To the homies that I used to have that no longer roll  
Catch a brother at the crossroads  
Plus nobody knows my soul, watchin' time pass  
Through the glass of my drop-top Rolls; hold ya head!

*[Tyrone Wrice (2Pac):]*

How do we keep the music playin'?  
(You got to hold ya head!)  
How do we get ahead? (C'mon, hold ya head!)  
Too many young black brothers are dyin'  
(Yes, hold ya head!)  
Livin' fast, too fast  
(You got to hold ya head!)  
(How do we keep the music playin'?)  
(Yes, you got to hold ya head!)  
How do we get ahead?

*[2Pac:]*

No matter how hard it get, feel me?  
Get the weed, drink a drink, read a book  
Watch the stars, get some pussy—whatever!

Thanks to w4ck, lildarkblood, gkaya for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Anderson Daryl L, Shakur Tupac Amaru, Troutman Roger, Grochowski Stan Vincent

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Against All Odds"

To my niggas that went out in line on duty  
21-gun salute! One love, one thug, one nation  
(Let's get down, let's do this!)  
21-gun salute! (Come on, yeah, let's do this!)  
21-gun salute! (Come on, come on, let's do this!)  
All the time I be...

Hopin' my true motherfuckers know  
This be the realest shit I ever wrote  
Against all odds, up in the studio gettin' blowed  
To the truest shit I ever spoke

21-gun salute, dressed in fatigues, black jeans and boots  
Disappeared in the crowd, all you seen was troops  
This little nigga named Nas think he live like me  
Talking 'bout he left the hospital, took five like me  
You live in fantasies, nigga, I reject your deposit  
We shook Dre punk ass, now he out of the closet  
Mobb Deep wonder why a nigga blowed 'em out  
Next time grown folks talk, nigga, close your mouth!  
Peep me, I take this war shit deeply  
Done seen too many real players fall  
To let these bitch niggas beat me  
Puffy, let's be honest, you a punk  
Or you will see me with gloves  
Remember that shit you said to Vibe about me being a thug?  
And you can tell the people you roll with whatever you want  
But you and I know what's goin' on  
Payback, I knew you bitch niggas from way back  
Witness me strapped with MAC's, knew I wouldn't play that  
All you old rappers tryin' to advance  
It's all over now, take it like a man  
Niggas lookin' like Larry Holmes, flabby and sick  
Tryin' to player hate on my shit, you eat a fat dick  
Let it be known, this is how you made me  
Lovin' how I got you niggas crazy

Against all odds, hopin' my thug motherfuckers know  
This be the realest shit I ever wrote  
Against all odds, up in the studio, gettin' blowed  
To the truest shit I ever spoke, against all odds  
Hopin' my true motherfuckers know  
This be the realest shit I ever wrote

I heard he was light skinned, stocky, with a Haitian accent  
Jewelry, fast cars and he's known for flashin'  
Listen while I take you back and lace this rap  
A real live tale about a snitch named Haitian Jack  
Knew he was workin' for the feds  
Same crime, different trials, nigga, picture what he said

And did I mention?  
Promised to payback, Jimmy Henchman, in due time  
I know you bitch niggas is listenin', the world is mine  
Set me up, wet me up, niggas stuck me up  
Heard the guns bust, but you tricks never shut me up  
Touch one of mine, on everything I love  
I'll destroy everything you touch  
Play the game, nigga; all out warfare, eye for eye  
Last words to a bitch nigga: "Why you lie?"  
Now you gotta watch your back, now watch your front  
Here we come, gunshots to Tut, now you stuck  
Fuck the rap game, nigga, this M.O.B  
So believe me, we enemies, I go against all odds

I'm hopin' my true motherfuckers know  
This be the realest shit I ever wrote  
Against all odds, up in the studio, gettin' blowed  
To the truest shit I ever spoke  
I'm hopin' my true motherfuckers know  
This be the realest shit I ever wrote, against all odds

Puffy gettin' bribed like a bitch, to hide that fact  
He did some shit he shouldn't have did, so we ridin' for that  
And that nigga that was down for me, restin' dead  
Switched sides, guess his new friends wanted him dead  
Probably be murdered for the shit that I said  
I bring the real, be a legend, breathin' or dead  
Lord, listen to me, God don't like ugly, it was written  
Ayo, Nas, your whole damn style is bitten  
You heard my melody, read about my life in the papers  
All my run-ins with authorities, felonious capers  
Now you wanna live my life  
So what's a "hasa", Nas? Niggas that don't rhyme right  
You've seen too many movies  
Load 'em up against the wall, close his eyes  
Since you lie you die; goodbye!  
Let the real live niggas hear the truth from me  
What would you do if you was me? Nigga

Hopin' my true motherfuckers know  
This be the realest shit I ever wrote  
Against all odds, up in the studio gettin' blowed  
To the truest shit I ever spoke  
Against all odds, hopin' my true motherfuckers know  
This be the realest shit I ever wrote  
Against all odds, up in the studio gettin' blowed  
To the truest shit I ever spoke, against all odds

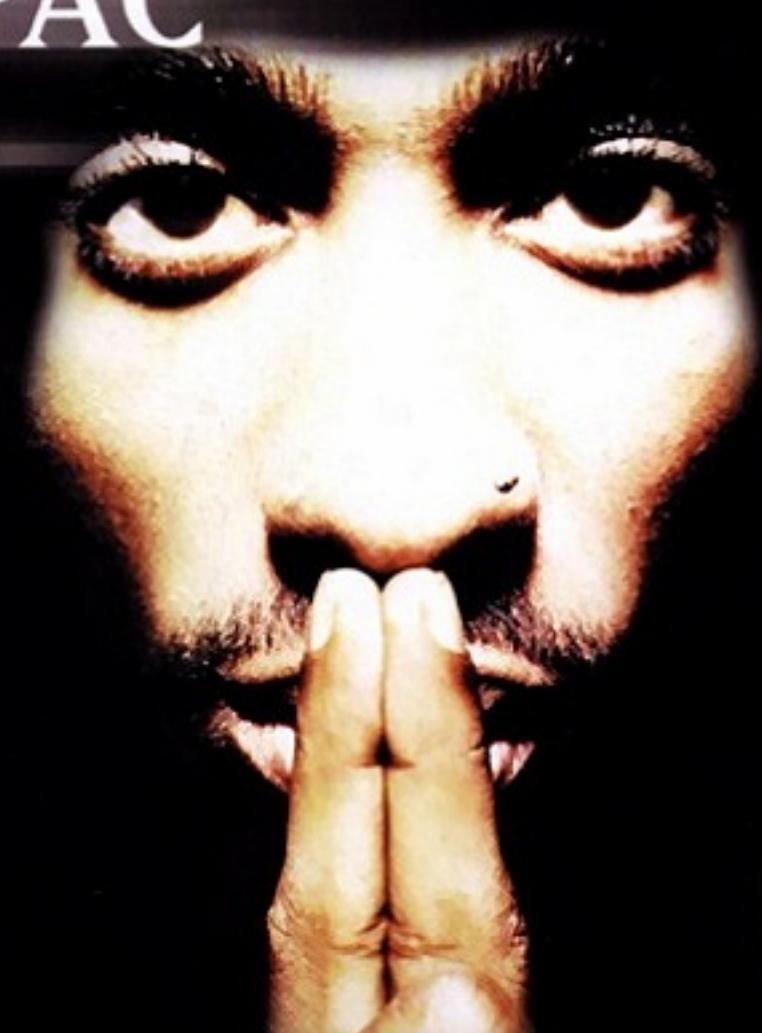
21-gun salute, one love to my true thug niggas  
(Outlaw! Outlaw! Outlaw!)  
21-gun salute to my niggas that die in the line of duty  
Representin' to the fullest, being soldiers with military minds  
That play the rules of the game, 21-gun salute  
I salute you, my niggas, stay strong  
I ride for you, I rhyme for you, I roll for you, it's all for you  
To all you bitch made niggas, I'm comin' for you

Against all odds, I don't care who the fuck you is  
You touch me I'm at you  
I know you motherfuckers didn't think I forgot  
Hell nah, I ain't forgot, nigga  
I just remember what you told me  
You said don't go to war unless I got my money right  
I got my money right now, now I want war

Thanks to the\_personal\_account for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Wrice Tyrone J

2PAC



PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

R U still down?  
[remember me]

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Redemption"

Hahahahaha!

(Thug Life bitch, goin out like that)

Once again! Hahaha!

Once again! Hahaha!

(Thug Life bitch)

[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me!

(Goin out like that)

[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me! [\*lower pitch\*]

Hahahahaha!

[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me! [\*lower pitch\*]

[2Pac:] Open fire on you niggas

(Thug Life bitch)

[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me! Hahahaha

(Goin out like that)

Once again! Hahaha!

Once again! Hahaha!

(Thug Life bitch, goin out like that)

[2Pac:] Open fire on you niggas [\*lower pitch\*]

[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me! [\*lower pitch\*]

Once again! Hahaha!

(Thug Life bitch, goin out like that)

(Thug Life bitch, goin out like that)

[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me!

Once again! Hahaha!

[2Pac:] Open fire on you niggas [\*lower pitch\*] (repeats in background)

Once again! Hahaha!

[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me!

[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me! Hahahaha

[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me! [\*lower pitch\*]

(Thug Life bitch, goin out like that)

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Ricky Rouse

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Open Fire"

"Alright now, here we go"

Tell me, how many real motherfuckers feel me?  
I smoke a blunt and freak the funk until these jealous motherfuckers kill me  
I'm out the gutter, pick a hero  
I'm 165 and stayin' high 'til I die, my competition's zero  
Cause I could give a fuck about you, you better duck  
Go or I'll be forced to hit yo' ass up, I give a fuck  
I'm sick inside my mind, why they sweat me?  
It's gonna take an army full of crooked ass cops to come and get me  
Niggas know I ain't the one to sleep on, I'm under pressure  
Gotta sleep with my piece, an extra clip beside my dresser  
Word to God I've been ready to die since I was born  
I don't want no shit but niggas trip and, yo, it's on  
Open fire on my adversaries, don't even worry  
Better have on a vest aim for the chest and then you buried  
It's a man's world, niggas get played, another stray  
Hope I live to see another day, hey!  
I'm gettin' sweated by these undercovers  
Who can I trust, got my mama stressin', thinkin' it's a drug bust  
Gotta get paid but all the drama that's attached  
We livin' a drug life, THUG LIFE, each day could be my last  
Will I blast when it's time to shoot? Don't even ask  
That's the consequences when ya livin' fast  
Six bricks of tricks, for my niggas, I gotta come up  
and recoup, you keep the dope just bring me six figures  
Is it a bust? I hear the sirens, run for cover  
over the fence and open fire

"Alright now, here we go"

These motherfuckers on my ass I'm in traffic, will it be tragic?  
I'm comin' round the corner like I'm Magic  
Doin' ninety on the freeway, and hittin' switches  
In a high speed chase with these punk bitches  
Don't turn around I ain't givin' up, cause they don't worry me  
Pussy ass bitches better bury me  
Runnin' outta gas time to park it, I'm on foot  
We in the hood, how the fuck they gon catch a crook? Haha  
I got away cause I'm clever  
Went to my neighbors for a favor now you know players stick together  
I watch the scene from the rooftop, spittin' loogies  
At the coppers that pursue me, beotch!  
I be a hustler til it's over, motherfucker  
Open fire on you bustas

"Alright now, here we go"

Don't try to follow me, I'm headed outta state  
I gotta pay my fuckin' bills, so I'm transportin' weight

Change my plates, pick up my nigga, and now we rollin'  
Droppin' keys like they stolen, hehe  
Tell me who do you fear? I'm outta town until the coast is clear  
Enough dope to last a year  
They got me runnin' from the police, nowhere to go  
With the lights out, rollin' down a dirt road  
But I ain't goin' alive, I'd rather die than be a convict  
I'd rather fire on my target  
I hit the corner doin' ninety, ah shit!  
Them bitches right behind me  
They take a shot and hit my fuckin' tires  
Now, jump out the car then I open fire, sucka!

Hahahaha! Thug Life, bitch! Goin' out like that

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, R. Rouse, Ronald Joseph Lee Williams

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "R U Still Down? (Remember Me)"

Are you still down? [3x]

Now up and at 'em it's on, I was raised to be strong  
And mama told me be a thug, since the day I was born  
I came up, out the gutter never changed my style  
Got for real about my papers, cause the game was wild  
And the fame was a plot to try to change me  
And what's strange is, nobody knew my name 'fore it came  
Now the whole world is calling me a killer  
All I ever did, was try to reach the kids with the real  
All the time I was ballin', never heard my friends callin'  
Couldn't stop myself from fallin', I'm all in  
Shit's gettin' sleazy, believe me  
Best to take what ya need, but don't be greedy  
Cause in my mind, I see sunshine, I thought  
I didn't have to run, now I'm duckin' from the gun yellin' "One time!"  
Take your time to feel my record  
And if you did, chill a second  
My blind method, will still wreck it  
My young homies stay strong  
I wonder if they'll listen to a nigga when he gone  
Are you still down?

Raise 'em up ... are you still down?  
Raise 'em up ... are you still down?  
Raise 'em up ... are you still down?  
Raise 'em up ... are you still down?  
Raise 'em up ... are you still down?

I'm gettin' high, so a nigga think, he touch the sky  
Turn tough inside, in the rush to die  
Livin' life as a thug, time to face the truth  
What's goin' on with the wasted youth, please God  
Come and save me, had to work with what ya gave me  
And got a nigga goin' crazy  
I can't read the signs  
I'm blind, but a nigga know he need his nine  
Cause times, they ain't what they used to be  
Ain't a penitentiary built big enough for me  
And my niggas on the streets, man, listen  
Cause these ain't the old days  
Ain't no way, Imma bustin' my ass and gettin' no pay  
It seems I can't find my focus and homie, I ain't paranoid  
I seen the future and it's hopeless  
Lord knows, it's hard on a young scrub  
It seems I had less problems when I slung drugs  
But since I'm tryin' lace, niggas with the game  
Wanna see me locked in chains, tryin' to dirty up my name  
And them same motherfuckers that was callin' me  
Will be the first to turn their backs, when I'm fallin', see

I should have seen it from the jump, but now it's clear  
This one nigga got the town in fear, but are you still down

Raise 'em up ... are you still down?  
Raise 'em up ... are you still down?

I wrote this for my critics and my enemies  
Last year ya used to love me, huh, remember me  
Now ya hate me with a passion, tryin' to get me stuck in the mix  
I'm stayin' sharp, got no time for them tricks  
And now they wonder if I'm goin' to jail  
Just as well, cause my life on the streets - a livin' hell  
And I can't sleep, they got my phone tapped  
And mercy Lord, come get me 'fore they hurt me  
Ran outta tears, and through the years couldn't change me  
My daddy left me alone and so I'm angry  
I never did nothin' wrong, my mama told me, "Baby, it's on!"  
And now I'm hustlin' and bustlin' bones  
Never said it came easy, I'm makin' cheese  
Buyin' all the things on TV, and gettin' skeezed  
Wish my homeboys could see me now  
Little bad motherfucker runnin' wild through the town  
Please tell me, are you still down?

Are you still down, to raise 'em up? Remember me [2x]  
Are you still down, to raise 'em up?  
Are you still down, to raise 'em up? Remember me [3x]  
Are you still down, to raise 'em up?  
Are you still down, to raise 'em up? Remember me [3x]  
Are you still down, to raise 'em up?

That's right y'all, give them bitches the motherfuckin' middle finger  
Raise 'em up  
These hoes can't fade me, don't these bitches know we crazy?  
Thug life niggas be the sickest  
You feel me?  
Now get that shit written down  
God damn!  
Took four years and a motherfuckin' case for these motherfuckers to feel me  
Ain't that a bitch?  
Are you still motherfuckin' down?  
Old ho ass fake ass niggas  
We out this motherfucker though

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Hellrazor"  
(feat. Stretch)

Major! Hell motherfuckin' yeah  
This one goes out to my nigga Mike Cooley, hell yeah  
Mama raised a hellraiser

Born thuggin'  
Heartless and mean, muggin at sixteen  
On the scene watchin' fiends buggin  
Kickin up dust with the older G's  
Soakin up the game that was told to me  
I ain't never touched a gat that I couldn't shoot  
I learned not to trust the bitch from the prostitutes  
Taught lessons, a young nigga askin' questions  
While other suckers was guessin', I was gangsta sexin'  
Elementary wasn't meant for me, can't regret it  
I'm headed for the penitentiary and cuttin' classing  
I'm buckin blastin, straight mashin  
Mobbin through the overpass laughin  
While these other motherfuckers try to figure out, no doubt  
They jealous of a nigga's clout, tell me Lord  
Can ya feel me? I keep my finger on the trigger  
Cause some nigga tried to kill me  
And mama raised a hellraiser, everyday gettin paid  
Police on my pager, straight stressin  
A fugitive my occupation is under question  
Wanted for investigation, and even though  
I'm marked for death, I'mma spark til I lose my breath  
Motherfuckers, every time I see the paper  
I see my picture, when a nigga's gettin richer  
They come to get ya, it's like a motherfuckin trap  
And they wonder why it's hard bein black  
Dear Lord can ya feel me, gettin major, unhh

Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major  
Lord be my savior, unhh  
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major  
Lord be my savior, unhh  
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major  
Lord be my savior, unhh  
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major  
Lord be my savior, unhh  
Mama raised a hellraiser  
Stress gettin' major, unhh  
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major

Dear Lord can ya feel me

Tell me Lord can ya feel me, show a sign  
Damn near running outta time, everybody's dyin  
Mama raised a hellraiser, can't figure

Why you let the police beat down niggas  
I'm startin to think all the rich in the world is safe  
While the po' babies rushin' into early graves  
God come save the youth  
Ain't nothin else to do but have faith in you  
Dear Lord I live the life of a Thug, hope you understand  
Forgive me for my mistakes, I gotta play my hand  
And my hand's on the sixteen-shot, semi-automatic  
crooked cop killin Glock, tell me Lord  
Can ya feel me? Show a way  
I'm prayin but my enemies won't go away  
And everywhere I turn I see niggas burn  
Every nigga that I know's on death row  
My younger homie's seventeen and he paid a price  
Little young motherfucker doin triple life  
Though I tell him in his letters, it's gettin better  
If my nigga knew the truth he'd hit the roof  
Just heard ya baby's mama was smoked out, fuck the drama  
Wanna break my Loc out, smokin blunts  
Gettin drunk off that Tanqueray gin  
'Bout to break my nigga out the fuckin' pen'  
Mama raised a hellraiser, uh, yeah  
C'mon, uh, mama raised a hellraiser  
Uh, dear Lord can ya feel me, stress gettin major  
(Lord be my savior, unnn)

Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major  
Lord be my savior, unnn  
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major  
Lord be my savior, unnn  
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major  
Lord be my savior, unnn  
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major

Dear Lord can ya hear me, it's just me  
A young nigga tryin to make it on these rough streets  
I'm on my knees beggin please come and SAVE ME  
THE WHOLE WORLD done made a nigga crazy!  
I got my three-five-seven can't control it  
Screamin die motherfucker and he's loaded  
Everybody run for cover, aww shit  
Thug Life motherfucker, duck quick  
Now am I wrong if I am don't worry me  
Cause do or die gettin high till they bury me  
Dear Lord if ya hear me, tell me why  
Little girl like LaTasha, had to die  
She never got to see the bullet, just heard the shot  
Her little body couldn't take it, it shook and dropped  
And when I saw it on the news how she bucked the girl, killed Latasha  
Now I'm screamin fuck the world, in the end  
it's my friends, that flip-flop  
Lip-locked on my dick when my shit drop  
Thug Life motherfucker, I lick shots  
Every nigga on my block dropped two cops  
Dear Lord can ya hear me, when I die  
Let a nigga be strapped, fucked up, and high

with my hands on the trigger, Thug nigga  
Stressin' like a motherfuckin' drug dealer  
And even in the darkest nights, I'm a Thug for Life  
I got the heart to fight now  
Mama raised a hellraiser why cry  
That's just life in the ghetto, do or die

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Walker Randy, Snoopy, Andrews Val Young, Nettlesbey Duane Thomas

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Thug Style"

Fuck 2Pac that nigga ain't shit  
That nigga ain't from muhfuckin' New York  
That nigga be out there with them Cali niggas  
Yo nigga man fuck 'Pac that nigga West Coast  
That fucker that always with them New York niggas  
Seen them with that nigga man that nigga ain't from the West Coast  
Man fuck 'Pac fuck that nigga that nigga ain't really down  
Rapin' ass nigga I didn't do it fuck it with that nigga  
Fuck that nigga man fuck that nigga let that nigga go to jail right  
And fuck that nigga fuck that nigga fuck you too nigga

I'm in this, motherfucker  
I guess these muthafuckas tryin' to take me out the business right  
I guess I ain't East Coast enough for my niggas back in New York  
And I ain't West Coast for these niggas on the West huh?  
Fuck e'rybody

[\*laughing\*]

Thug style out this, motherfucker, niggas, throw ya hands in the air  
If you got Jeep make ya speakers pop  
I want motherfuckin' police tryin' to pull niggas over on this one  
We takin' this one to the whole 'nother level gutter style thug style  
You feel me, things that we can only do as a real G  
We ain't dead yet

Hit me, I got my Hennessy find ya foes  
In a room full of niggas tryin' to hide ya hoes  
I'm gettin' high off Buddha cause the times be slow  
I keep my mind on dough you never find me broke  
And who me? A nigga livin' life like a G  
In that artillery keepin' niggas off of me  
I can't sleep livin' in these wicked times, peep  
Niggas after me cause they see I'm stackin' G's and heat  
You can holler if you want to, please!  
I ain't runnin' with no punk crew be, bleed!  
Enemies and my range is on, you're in the danger zone  
My fuckin' game is strong, now hotline  
You suckas better find ya mind I got mine  
From hustlin' and bustin' them rhymes  
To my niggas up in Quentin, Down on Rikers Isle  
Stay rile, but a nigga gotta use his styles

These, niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild  
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style  
These, niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild

Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style

I could be wrong but I never got along with cops  
It's like they stuck from makin' niggas duck from Glocks  
And all the time, my mind's full of thoughts of ends  
I'm still rollin' my bucket but I bought me a Benz (tadow)  
My fake friends say they love me but I know they lie  
Cause in the dark see they hearts full of homicide  
My mama cried when they took me off to jail  
Only me inside the cell, straight locked up in this hell  
I hear some sucker screamin' like the demon's inside  
Will 'em away in the mornin', only the strong survive  
I cry, but in my own way swallow my pride  
Pick a reason to hide from all the niggas that die  
Cemetery full of brothers I buried it's goin' down  
Even now I wonder will I still be around  
My hometown is the gutter I was born a wild  
I came up out this dust with my heartless style

These, niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild  
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style  
These, niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild  
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style

I remember Uptown, run catch a kiss  
Listenin' to Mr. Magic  
Cuttin' up the hits And even though I had a habit  
Makin' words rhyme I was caught up in the madness  
Juvenile thugs come on  
I tell the whole story nothin' but truth  
Halloween throwin' eggs from the project roofs  
And Pete and Lee young G's with a gift of gab

Tryna hook up with the hookers who was quick to stab Remember mama's cookin', no school straight hookin'  
And tryin' to get with light skinned cause she good lookin'  
And jumpin' over turnstiles cause we ain't payin'  
Call the cuties cuss words but we only playin'  
I'm prayin' I can get a buck no luck  
I had to move around a lot cause my moms was stuck  
I had family but I was way too wild  
Had to move to the West to regain my style

These, niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild  
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style (scream)  
Niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild  
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style (my nigga scream)  
Niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild

Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style (scream)  
Niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild  
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style (scream)  
Niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild  
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style  
These, niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the mothafuckin' cross, but my force was wild  
Mothafuckin' bitches

Swear y'all know nigga  
Ever heard motherfucka say all in Kool-Aid know the flavor hahha  
You mothafuckas all about my motherfuckin' hell being though [?]  
This shit thuggish, fo' life, I told y'all, it's album three see  
G sound, freestyle  
Motherfuckin' Young Thugs in this motherfucker

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Chris Rosser, Conrad Erskine Rosser

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Where Do We Go From Here (interlude)"

Power...pow...power...

Guess who's back? Hahaha, here we go  
It's ninety-fo', what's next?

Power enter my world

I guess this year gonna be a motherfucker for real niggas  
I swear these playa haters done got a taste of power  
It ain't all good in the hood  
Least not on my side, from where I stand  
And the law? Man, fuck the law!  
Niggas must outthink, outstep, and continuously outsmart  
The motherfuckin' law, in every way  
Key word in ninety-four is 'down low'  
Gots to be struggling  
I see how the rich got theirs  
Nigga I'm legit, shit  
Where do we go from here?

*[repeat in background:]*  
Who's afraid, of the punk police?  
To my niggas run the streets, fuck peace

Hey niggas, where your heart at?  
See motherfuckers killin' babies, killin' mommas  
Killin' kids, puttin' this in they motherfuckin' mark  
Now what type of mixed up trick would kill the future of our race  
before he would he look his enemy dead in the eye, and open fire?  
These crazy motherfuckers got toys with guns  
Jails for guns, but still, no god damn jobs  
And they wonder why we loc'n up  
Where do we go from here?  
Where do we go?

*[\*singers singing variations of 'Where do we go from here'\*]*

All you niggas out there  
The clouds shook, the world listened  
We stood together in April of ninety-two  
With duty, and a sense of honor  
There is no limit to what WE can achieve  
That's all on us... us...  
Not my niggas, not the whites, not the enemies  
or none of them motherfuckers, US  
What can WE do? Shit  
I declare a death sentence to all child molesters  
Fake-ass bitches, male and female  
And all you punk-ass snitches  
We can do without your asshole

Let no man break, what we set  
Where do we go from here?

Rest in peace, to Kato, I miss you  
All the other real G's that passed away in ninety-three  
In ninety-four, and more  
What do we do? For us?

Writer(s): George Jr Clinton, William Earl Collins, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Gary Cooper, Tony D Pizarro, Duane Thomas Nettlesbey

# 2Pac Lyrics

"I Wonder If Heaven Got A Ghetto"  
(feat. Maxee)

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

I was raised, the little young nigga doin' bad shit  
Talk much shit, 'cause I never had shit  
I could remember being whupped in class  
And if I didn't pass, Mama whupped my ass  
Was it my fault Papa didn't plan it out?  
Broke out, left me to be the man of the house  
I couldn't take it, had to make a profit  
Found a block, got a Glock, and I clock grips  
Makin' G's was my mission  
Movin' enough of this shit to get my mama out the kitchen  
And why must I sock a fella?  
Just to live large like Rockefeller?  
First you didn't give a fuck, but you're learnin' now  
If you don't respect the town then we'll burn you down  
Goddamn, it's a motherfuckin' riot  
Black people on a rage, police, so don't try it  
If you're not from the town then don't pass through  
'Cause some O.G. fools might blast you  
It ain't right, but it's long overdue  
We can't have peace 'til the niggas get a piece too  
I want G's so you label me a criminal  
And if I die, I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

Here on Earth, tell me what's a black life worth?  
A bottle of juice is no excuse, the truth hurts  
And even when you take the shit  
Move counties, get a lawyer, you can shake the shit  
Ask Rodney, LaTasha, and many more  
It's been going on for years, there's plenty more  
When they ask me, "When will the violence cease?"  
When your troops stop shootin' niggas down in the street  
Niggas had enough time to make a difference  
Bear witness, on our own business  
Fuck the guard, 'cause it's hard tryin' to make ends meet  
First we couldn't afford shit, now everything's free  
so we loot, please don't shoot when you see  
I'm takin' from them 'cause for years they would take from me  
Now the tables have turned around  
You didn't listen, until the niggas burned it down

And now Bush can't stop the hit  
Predicted the shit in 2Pacalypse  
And for once I was down with niggas  
Felt good in the hood being around the niggas  
Yeah, and for the first time everybody let go  
And the streets is death row, I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
(yeah), I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

I see no changes, all I see is racist faces  
Misplaced hate makes disgrace to races  
We under, I wonder what it take to make this  
One better place, let's erase the wasted  
Take the evil out the people, they'll be actin' right  
'Cause both black and white are smokin' crack tonight  
And only time we deal is when we kill each other  
It takes skill to be real, time to heal each other  
And though it seems heaven-sent  
We ain't ready to have a black President  
Huh, it ain't a secret, don't conceal the fact  
The penitentiary's packed, and it's filled with blacks  
I wake up in the mornin' and I ask myself  
Is life worth livin'? Should I blast myself?  
I'm tired of being poor and, even worse, I'm black  
My stomach hurts, so I'm lookin' for a purse to snatch  
Cops give a damn about a negro  
Pull the trigger, kill a nigga, he's a hero  
Mo' nigga, mo' nigga, mo' niggas  
Rather I'd be dead than a po' nigga  
Let the Lord judge the criminals  
If I die, I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
And I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
(Just think if niggas decide to retaliate)  
(soldier in eye's)  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Nothing To Lose"

The only way to change me is maybe blow my brains out  
stuck in the middle of the game to get the pain out  
Pray to my God everyday, but he don't listen  
The poverty bothers me, but mama's working wonders in the kitchen  
Listen! I can hear her crying in the bedroom  
Praying for money but never think would she be dead soon  
Am I wrong for wishing I was somewhere else  
I'm thirteen, can't feed myself  
Can I blame daddy cause he left me?  
Wish he would've hugged me  
Too much like him, so my mama don't love me  
On my own at a early age, I'm getting paid  
And I'm strapped, so I'll never be afraid  
Where did I go astray?  
I'm hanging in the back streets  
Running with G's and dope fiends, will they jack me?  
Can't turn back, my eyes on the prize  
I got nothing to lose, everybody gotta die  
say good-bye to the bad guy  
That one, you fucked, when you passed by  
Buck-buck from a Glock let the glass fly  
Do or Die walk a mile in my shoes  
Then you'd be crazy too

With nothing to lose  
[*The D.O.C.*] I got raw when I came to Cali  
Got nothing to lose  
[*Ice Cube*:] That's why I got gang-related rhymes

Got nothing to lose  
[*The D.O.C.*] I got raw when I came to Cali  
Got nothing to lose  
[*Ice Cube*:] That's why I got gang-related rhymes  
[3x]

I thank the Lord for my many blessings  
Though I'm stressing keep a vest for protection  
From the barrel of a Smith and Wesson  
And all my niggas in the pen, here we go again  
Ain't nothing separating us from a MAC-10  
Born in the ghetto as a hustler, older  
Straight soldier, bucking at them bustas  
No matter how you try, niggas never die  
We just retaliate with hate, then we multiply  
See me striking down the block hitting corners  
Mobbing like a motherfucker, living like I wanna  
Ain't no stopping at the red lights, I'm sideways  
THUG LIFE, motherfucker, crime pays  
Let the cops put they lights on, chase me, nigga  
Zig-zagging through the freeway, race me, nigga

In a high speed chase with the law  
the realest motherfucker that you ever saw  
I'm living raw, til they bury me, don't worry me, I'm high  
Living like I ain't afraid to die  
And if you could walk a mile in my shoes  
Then you'd be crazy too

With nothing to lose  
[The D.O.C:] I got raw when I came to Cali  
Got nothing to lose  
[Ice Cube:] That's why I got gang-related rhymes

Got nothing to lose  
[The D.O.C:] I got raw when I came to Cali  
Got nothing to lose  
[Ice Cube:] That's why I got gang-related rhymes  
[3x]

Ain't no escape from a deadly fate  
and everyday there's a million black bodies put away  
I'm starting to lose hope, it seems everybody's on dope  
Mama told me to leave, cause she was broke  
Sometimes I choke on the indo, creeping out the window  
Alone, on my own, I'm a criminal  
Got no love from the household  
I'm out cold, on the streets screaming 'Motherfuck peace!'  
I got nothing to lose, and something to prove, what do I do?  
Live the THUG LIFE, nigga, stay true  
I wonder when they kill me, is there a heaven for a real G?  
Lord forgive me, if you feel me  
Cause all my life I was dirt broke with no hope  
Little skinny motherfucker wanting dough  
I hated cutting suckers with my razor blade  
but everyday it's a struggle to get major paid  
Anyway, it's so hard on a nigga in this city, no pity  
And ain't no love for the scrubs that be buying dime  
If you could walk a mile in my shoes  
Then you'd be crazy too

With nothing to lose  
[The D.O.C:] I got raw when I came to Cali  
Got nothing to lose  
[Ice Cube:] That's why I got gang-related rhymes

They wonder what type nigga be a Thug Life nigga  
We be the craziest, motherfucker!  
You know!  
They wonder what type nigga be a Thug Life nigga  
We be the craziest!

Thanks to Jeremy, Greg, carlbranscombe, Brad, Mehtab Gill for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): L. Patterson, O. Jackson, W. Collins, T. Shakur, T. Curry, G. Clinton



# 2Pac Lyrics

## "I'm Gettin Money"

Get money nigga  
Yeah - aw yeah  
Dedicate this one to all the hustlers  
That get up every motherfuckin' mornin' and put they work in  
I see you - I see you boy

I'm up before sunrise first to hit the block  
Lil' bad motherfucker with a pocket full of rocks  
Learned to throw them thangs, get my skinny lil' ass kicked  
Niggas laughed, 'til the first motherfucker got blas-ted  
I put the nigga in his casket  
And now they coverin' the bastard in plastic  
I smoke blunts on the regular fuck when it counts  
Tryin' to make a million dollars out a quarter ounce  
Gettin' ghost on the five-o, fuck them hoes  
Got a forty-five screamin' out surviv-al  
Hey nigga can I lay low, cook some ya-yo  
Holla "five-o" when I say so  
Don't wanna go to the Pen', I'm hittin' fences  
NARC's on a nigga back missin' me by inches  
And they say how do you survive, weighin' one-fifty-five  
In the city where the little niggas die  
Tell mama don't cry, cause even if they kill me  
They can never take the life of a real G

I'm gettin' money (money)  
I'm gettin' money (money)  
I'm gettin' money (money)  
I'm gettin' money (money)

Yeah, get paid nigga  
I gotta get []  
Get paid bwooy (fuck the police)  
Watch out of all this, nigga

Still on parole and I'm the first nigga servin'  
Pour some liquor on the curb, for my homies that deserve it  
If I wanna make a million, gotta stay dealin'  
Kinda boomin' round the way, think today I make a killin'  
Dressin' down like I'm dirty, but only on the block  
Just a clever disguise, to keep me runnin' from the cops  
I'm gettin' high, think I'll die if I don't get no ends  
I'm in a bucket but I'm ridin' it like it's a Benz  
I hit the strip I let my music buck  
Drinkin' liquor and I'm lookin' for a bitch to fuck  
Rather die makin' money, than live poor and legal  
as I slang another ounce, I wish it was a kilo  
I need money in a major way  
Time to fuck my girl, she gettin' paid today, ha hah ha  
I live Thug Life and let the money come to me

Cause they can never take the game from a young G

I'm gettin' money (money)  
I'm gettin' money (money)  
I'm gettin' money (money)  
I'm gettin' money (money)

Yeah nigga, get paid  
Can't fade me boy (some of my niggas in hometown)  
[?] y'all  
That's how we run the shit in '93 boy  
Fuck them niggas [?]

Damned if I don't, and damned if a nigga do  
Now watch a young motherfucker pull the trigger too  
RAISE UP, and don't let them see ya cry  
Dry your eyes, young nigga time for do or die  
I pack a pistol in my pocket, ready on my Glock  
Ain't no time for a nigga to even cock shit  
I done seen a motherfucker peep pain  
at point blank range cause he slept on the game  
Ain't a damn thing changed, they shakin' the dice  
Now roll 'em if you can't stand pain better hold 'em  
Cause ain't no tellin' what ya might roll  
You might fold catch AIDS from a slight cold  
You better live ya life to the fullest  
Be quick to kill a bull got a pistol motherfucker better pull it  
And even if they kill me  
They can never take the life of a young G

I'm gettin' money (money)  
I'm gettin' money (money)  
I'm gettin' money (money)  
I'm gettin' money (money)  
Gettin' money (gettin' money)

Gettin' paid nigga (that's right), for my niggas in the hood  
That's right nigga, that's right boy enough for love  
Talk to hold that shit boy [?]  
Pass the shit  
Gettin' paid (gettin' paid)

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Michael Mosley, Thomas Anderson, Tyrone Richardson, Brycyn Jamari Malykke Evans

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Lie To Kick It"

(feat. Richie Rich)

(Yeah, if she didn't wanna fuck  
Then she never should've called you)  
I dedicate this to my nigga, Mike Tyson  
(If she didn't wanna fuck Then she never should've called you)

[2Pac:]

You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it

[Richie Rich:]

Jack of all trades ballin' like Jordan you punk  
Fake inside the paint in fact I know you can't  
Do half of the shit that you was claimin' in the county  
Suckas on yo jock you claim you run the block  
Polyurethane busta cracked in half  
You claim you foldin' bank but I know yo bank stank  
I lived around the corner I seen you fully smoked  
Must I say some more you weighed a buck 04  
You sold ya TV for a buck cause it was way too late  
Now they sent you upstate and you done gained some weight  
You's a baller lyin' to them youngstas quick  
Got them thinkin' you sick and representin' yo click  
But you's an old basehead kickin' too much hype  
Yo bicentennial pipe it got rally stripes  
And if they knew yo identity  
You'd probably be the victim of a stickin' (ugh ugh)  
You ain't got to lie to kick it

[2Pac:]

You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches (aight!), (you know what I'm sayin')  
Out to get a nigga's riches (real niggas up, hoes down)  
You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches (aight!)  
Out to get a nigga's riches

[2Pac:]

You ain't got to lie to kick it

Y'all don't hear me  
I got these niggas yackin' in my face  
About some shit that never took place  
And what you see is what you get, that's what he told me  
I peeped it in his pose, Exposed the fuckin' phony  
I'm gettin' richer so they claim to be my homie  
With them bitches, they be speakin' down on me  
Hey, it's gettin' drastic  
Gunnin' niggas down cause they plastic  
Sleep on a G and get that ass kicked  
And stuffed in a casket  
Rippin' the shit like it's my muthafuckin' last hit  
Hey they wonder why a nigga's nothin' nice  
And everytime I bust a nut I fuck for Tyson  
Cause I know the real on the bitch  
She got to skit ya just to get a nigga's riches (fuck that bitch)  
I pray to God that the bitch don't get no dick  
And got a nigga screamin' Fuck That Bitch!

[2Pac:]

You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To the tricks and the bitches  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches (aight!), (you know what I'm sayin')  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches (aight!)  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it

[2Pac (Richie Rich):]

Well if a bitch'll be a bitch  
(Then a trick'll be a trick)  
I got my nigga Richie Rich and we be all up in the mix  
(This is Thug Life baby rollin' hoes like Vogues)  
Stay the fuck up out of mine  
(And I'll stay out of yours)  
It's a Oakland thang and bitch you wouldn't understand  
This Tanqueray got me screamin', Fuck yo' man  
(But now you beefin' on the strength)  
(That you was thinkin' I was jockin')  
Hey bitch I got no time for hoes I'm steady clockin'  
(And if it ain't about a buck I gives a fuck)  
It's raggedy hoes like you that keep a nigga stuck  
So what's up with them low life bitches tryin' to play me  
(Bitch you better see Trojan about yo' baby, ha ha))  
Trickin' niggas better catch up on they pimpin'  
(Cause bitches love to catch a nigga when they slippin')

[2Pac & Richie:]

You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches

Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it..

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Larry Mizell, Warren Iii Griffin

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Fuck All Y'all"

[Sample:]

"I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends"

Ha ha ha... hey man fuck all y'all... fuck all y'all  
I don't need nobody  
Fuck 'em... fuck all y'all (fuck all y'all)

Money gone fuck friends, I need a homie that know me  
When all these motherfuckin' cops be on me  
I got problems, ain't nobody callin' back  
Now what the fuck is happenin' with my ballin' cats?  
Remember me? I'm your homie that was down to brawl  
Sippin' Hennessy, hangin' with the clowns, and all  
We used to do is drink brew, screw and common knew  
We had bitches by the dozens, we fuckin' cousins  
You can throw your middle finger if you feel me, loc  
A nigga just got paid and we still was broke  
It took time, but finally the cash was mine  
All the rewards of a hustler stuck in the grind  
Look around, and all I see is snakes and fakes  
It's like scavengers, waitin' to take a hustler's place  
And when you stuck, where the fuck is all your friends?  
They straight busted and can't be trusted; fuck y'all!

[Sample:]

"I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends"

Fuck all y'all  
Fuck all y'all

I'm sippin' Tanqueray and juice and what's the use  
'Cause I'm a hopeless thug  
Ain't no love reminiscin' on how close we was  
Way back in the day, before they put the crack in the way  
And hey, how much money can you stack in a day?  
It's gettin' rough, collect calls from my niggas in cuffs  
I recollect we used to ball, now just living's enough  
I stand tall in the winter, summer, spring or fall  
"Thug For Life" sprawled all across the wall  
And all about my dollars make me wanna holla  
Drop an album, sell a million, give a fuck about tomorrow  
I know it's gettin' crazy after dark, these marks  
Keep on huffin' and puffin', ain't no fear in my heart  
What's goin' on in the ghetto? Still struggle and strive  
I still roll with the heater, smokin' chocolate Thai  
In '94, I'll be goin' solo  
Too many problems of my own so I'm rollin' dolo; fuck all y'all!

Huh, pardon me!

*[Sample:]*

"I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got..."

Fuck all y'all  
Fuck all y'all ...fuck all y'all

I went from rags to riches  
Quick to socializin' with the baddest bitches  
Went from a bucket to a rag with switches  
I'm seein' death around the corner  
I'm bumpin' "Gloriaaaa," doin' 90 'cause I wanna  
I'm gettin' high, and like I said, it was some chocolate thai  
Mixed with some Indonesia, watch me fly  
And even though I know the cops behind me  
Hit the weed and I continue doin' 90  
Until I get caught, another ticket get to kick it in court  
Fuck the law, give a shit, I'm even worse than before  
I know they wanna see a nigga buried  
But I ain't worried, still throwin' these thangs  
Got me locked in these chains  
And hey, nigga, what the fuck is you wailin' 'bout?  
Soon as I hit the cell, I'll be bailin' out  
And when I hit the streets, I'm in a rush to ball  
I'm screamin' "Thug Life!", nigga, fuck y'all!

*[Sample:]*

"I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends"

That's right fuck all y'all man  
Fuck all y'all  
That is right, I don't need nobody  
Fuck all y'all  
Fuck all the hard copies daily news  
Fuck the bitches, the tele news, New York Posts, all those motherfuckers  
Fuck all y'all  
Fuck 'em

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Let Them Thangs Go"

Throw them thangs

Throw them thangs (kick me in)

Throw them thangs (yo nigga throw..)

The quicker the nigga can go on

The faster the nigga can get his dough on

Then I can hit my flow and get my ho on

Them niggas don't know what goes on

They tryin' to fuck with all they clothes on

Then act up when all the hoes gone

Are you ready for my flow? Hit me (Hooooooooo!)

Are you ready for my flow? Hit me (Hooooooooo!)

Are you ready for my flow? Hit me (Hooooooooo!)

Stop frontin' motherfucker let them thangs go

I'm quick to kill a nigga any nigga feel me nigga

You can't fade me I'm way to fuckin' real nigga

2Pacalypse Now still down with the Underground

Niggas get clowned when I come around

Boom boom motherfucker and it don't stop

Fuck a cop pass the glock and it won't stop

If ya ready for my flow hit me (Hooooooooo!)

If ya ready for my flow hit me (Hooooooooo!)

If ya ready for my flow hit me (Hooooooooo!)

Stop frontin' motherfucker let them thangs go

If ya wonderin' the thunder and the trouble

Is comin' from the rebel as I hit ya from the lower level

Hit me once fuckin' D M and two times

Poppin' like two nines hittin' 'em with new rhymes

I can make you love me

Best to chill with the nigga cause ya sure can't punch me

If ya feel me let me hear ya say (Rock that shit)

If ya feel me let me hear ya say (Rock that shit)

If ya feel me let me hear ya say (Rock that shit)

Cause ain't a nigga alive that can stop the hit

[Spice1 (2Pac).]

Hey, hold on young 'Pac

Motherfuckers ain't ridin' no hookers out here

Punk motherfuckers think the town

Ain't got handle bars on and shit

And ya lie to get slapped behind here

With a motherfuckin' motor, punk sissy

(Tell them motherfuckin' square ass niggas)

(Check this out)

(Y'all finna come up off those motherfuckin' thangs)

(Cause I ain't finna be up in sweatin' for nothin')

(Ya little punk square nigga)

I'm quick to spit the shit get ya open

Straight outta Oakland

Fuck the law get ya jaw broken  
Ba ba ba bang bang nigga it's a stick up dee  
Turn the kick up I'm ready to rip the shit up G  
They got me hype hype hyper, am I hype enough?  
Pass the blunt motherfucker let me light shit up  
And pump ya fist like this  
Cause the cops can't flip on a whole damn clique  
So suck dick  
What they hittin' 'fo? Double up nigga it's on  
The type of nigga that likes to bone with the lights on  
If ya ready for a nigga hit me (Hoooooooo!)  
If ya ready for a nigga hit me (Hoooooooo!)  
If ya ready for a nigga hit me (Hoooooooo!)  
Stop frontin' motherfucker let them thangs go  
Yes some of you niggas are bitches too  
Little square motherfuckers tryin' to get to who?  
Pop pop never made it to ya punk ass clique  
Talk shit now ya gotta get ya punk ass whipped  
For the bitches that be tryin' to work a nigga, fuck that bitch  
For the tramps that be tryin' to jerk a nigga, fuck that trick  
For the rollers that be tryin' to urk a nigga, fuck the cops  
I'mma hustle and you punks can't hurt me nigga  
If ya ready for a nigga hit me (Hoooooooo!)  
If ya ready for a nigga hit me (Hoooooooo!)  
If ya ready for a nigga hit me (Hoooooooo!)  
Stop frontin' motherfucker let them thangs go  
Uh, uh, yeah  
Let them thangs go

Writer(s): George Jr Clinton, George Bernard Jr Worrell, William Earl Collins, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Delmer Drew Arnaud, Katari T Cox, Malcolm Greenidge

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Definition Of A Thug Nigga"

"Nobody's, closing me out of my business"  
"Nobody's, closing me out of my business"  
    My definition of a thug nigga  
"Nobody's, closing me out of my business"

I played the cards I was given, thank God I'm still livin'  
    Pack my nine til it's time to go to prison  
As I'm bailin' down the block that I come from, still gotta pack a gun  
    Case some young motherfuckers wanna play dumb  
        I guess I live life forever jugglin'  
But I'll be hustlin' 'til the early mornin' cause I'm strugglin'  
    Like drinkin' liquor make the money come quicker  
        Gettin' pages from my bitch it's time to dick her  
I ain't in love with her, I just wanna be the one to hit her  
    Drop off and let the next nigga get her  
That's the way it goes, it's time to shake a ho, make the dough  
    Break a ho when it's time to make some mo'  
        I keep my finger on the trigger of my Glock  
Ridin' down the block lickin' shots at the punk-ass cops  
    And spittin' game through my mobile phone  
        The type of shit to get them hoes to bone  
            My Definition of a Thug Nigga

### [Samples:]

"Tis the season, to be servin'"  
    "What you doin'?"  
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker"  
    "Tis the season, to be servin'"  
        "What you doin'?"  
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker"  
    "Tis the season, to be servin'"  
        "What you doin'?"  
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker"  
    "Tis the season... to be servin'"

Well I roll with a crew of zoo niggas  
They're quick to pull a nine when it's time do niggas  
Comin' through like I'm two niggas, a true nigga fuck a Zig Zag  
    Roll me a blunt and pass that brew nigga  
I'm drivin' drunk on the freeway, so take it ea-sy  
    Lookin' for a new face to skeeze me  
Everybody's lookin' for a nut but I'm searchin' for the big bucks  
    Give a fuck, rather die than be stuck  
        In a one-room shack, and, kickin' back  
            Daydreamin' with the nine in my lap (huh)  
So how's that from the mind of a Thug Nigga  
Bought a fo'-five cause I heard that the slug's bigger  
Figure the first motherfucker to jump'll find hisself  
    Gettin' swept off his feet by the pump  
I put that on my moms, word to the motherfuckin' trigger

Before I go broke I'll be a drug dealer, a Thug Nigga

[Samples:]

"Tis the season, to be servin"  
"What you doin'?"  
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker"  
"Tis the season, to be servin"  
"What you doin'?"  
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker"  
"Tis the season, to be servin"  
"What you doin'?"  
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker"  
"Tis the season... to be servin"

Short than a motherfucker snatched up by one-time  
Make a phone call and be back to ball by lunchtime  
So here we go, we in the inner city  
I keep my hand on my gat and stay cool, my attitude is shitty  
Niggas don't like me cause I'm makin' ends  
Roll in a Benz and I blaze a blunt, cause I'm all in  
And any nigga tryin' to take what I got'll  
hafta deal with the sixteen-shot Glock (huh)  
So here we go, I can't be faded  
Happy in the motherfucker, finally made it  
Got my money in my pocket, finger on the trigger  
And I ain't takin' shit from no niggas  
I'm just tryin to make some money right  
Put some motherfuckin' food in my tummy right  
I'm feelin' good like I'm supposed to, ready to ball  
Find a spot and we can serve em all  
My Definition of a Thug Nigga

[Samples:]

"Tis the season, to be servin"  
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker every single day"  
My Definition of a Thug Nigga  
"Tis the season, to be servin"  
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker every single day"  
My Definition of a Thug Nigga  
"Tis the season, to be servin"  
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker every single day"  
My Definition of a Thug Nigga  
"Tis the season... to be servin"

"Nobody's, closing me out of my business" [scratched by Warren G]

(Warren G fuckin' with that one nigga)

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Mizell Laurence C, Griffin Warren

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Ready 4 Whatever"

(feat. Big Syke)

(Rule number one... niggas die, daily, hahahaha)

Hear me! Boo-yaow!

(Ready for whatever, hell yeah

What type nigga be a Thug Life nigga?

Them Thug Life niggas be the craziest -- run up nigga!)

[2Pac:]

There's no way to survive in the city it's a shame

Niggas die from my hollow-point bullet to the brain

Will I survive or will I die is what I wonder

Puffin on blunts and gettin' drunk to keep from goin' under

Gettin' lost in the madness, blunted gettin' tipsy

Got my pistol out the window screamin', "Lord come and get me"

Am I sick, or am I just another victim?

Unloadin' my clip, I'm watchin' every bullet spit when I kick 'em

Niggas die from automatic gunfire

Your time to expire, nobody cry every man gotta die

When they bury me, they bury me a G

Rest in peace, to all the homies got to heaven before me

Pour some liquor on the curb for the niggas that's caught

Had a motherfuckin' warrant but he didn't go to court

God damn, and one day we'll all be together

Until then I'm ready for whatever, c'mon

(Yeah, niggas movin' somethin' in the nine-trey

It's all about makin' money, gettin' yours

And knockin' coppers off the motherfuckin' planet

Word to the motherfuckin' nine nigga

We gonna make this motherfucker ours

If they don't feel me, they gon' kill me

So Syke, get skanless nigga)

[Big Syke:]

Am I going to Hell or will I reach Heaven?

After all this shit I did with my Mac-11

Did I sell my soul? Mama would have saved me

That's the way that daddy raised me

Oh God, help me I'm losing it

So fuck it! Take me I'm doing it!

I need to change and look for a better way

I got a hundred round clip to my AK

Committing sins I might die in vain

So fuck it! We'll live off the street fame

God didn't send me in the right direction

I'm getting hit by a diesel in the intersection

I know you're out there help a young brother

Til then I'ma smoke motherfuckers

Things wouldn't be so bad

If we got the things that we never had, I'm ready for whatever

(Hahahahaha, that's my motherfuckin' nigga there  
Big ballin'-ass Syke  
Yeah nigga, you schooled them young bustas  
On how it is to be a real motherfuckin' G  
In the nine-trey motherfuckers is dyin' daily so you best be packin'  
If you ain't, boo-yaow motherfucker!)

[2Pac:]

Dear mama I know you worry cause I'm hardly at home  
Every other night in jail, got you patient by the phone  
Wanna shake it cause I can't take it got me livin' in Hell  
Like I'm walkin' with a secret that'll kill me if I tell  
I live the Thug Life and can't nobody, change me  
Not to the brain, going insane, just a part of the game  
So much pain in the fast lane, finally a dry eye  
When I die, bury me with my fo'-five  
And let the devil feel the wrath of a nigga  
Goin' to Hell with my finger on the trigger  
Now everybody's starin'  
Got a nigga losin' hair and they wonder if I'm all there  
Well don't blame me, blame the flame that flickers  
When niggas gettin' richer (mo' money)  
Now tell me if you wanna live forever  
Niggas dyin' so be ready for whatever

(Yeah, ready for whatever  
Ready for whatever  
Thug Life niggas and we be ready for whatever  
Let me go like this, ready for whatever  
Huh, Big Syke he be ready for whatever  
My nigga Kato, ready for whatever  
Pain, he's ready for whatever  
And my nigga Bam Bam, he ready for whatever  
My nigga Banks just be ready for whatever  
Modu, he's ready for whatever  
Big Serg, we ready for whatever  
Charlie Tango, ready for whatever  
My nigga 'Pac, be ready for whatever  
Yeah, ready for whatever  
Ready for whatever  
My big-ballin' ass nigga Boom, ready for whatever fo' sho'  
Yeah, you know!  
This how the player's do it  
I know you standin' there confused  
You wonderin' -- what type of nigga is a Thug Life nigga?  
Yeahehehehe nigga, we be the ballin' player-ass nigga  
About gettin' riches, bitches, and plenty loc  
Ya hear me?)

Ready for whatever



# 2Pac Lyrics

## "When I Get Free"

[*Prison Guard:*] Inmate 'Pac, C57797, you got a visitor  
Right there, star three

[*Girl:*] Hi baby

[*Prisoner:*] What's up honey?

[*Girl:*] Hey you know it's just only one more week until family visit

[*Prisoner:*] Yeah I'ma rock them drawers. Yeah but you did you take care of that business I asked you to do?

[*Girl:*] I made those deposits

[*Prisoner:*] Okay that's cool you bring that shit?

[*Girl:*] Yeah I got it

[*Prisoner:*] Alright see that guard over there?

[*Girl:*] Mmm-hmm

[*Prisoner:*] When you get done just hand him the shit, he know whassup

[*Girl:*] Alright, hey you know E just got cracked, he's in jail now

[*Prisoner:*] What?

[*Girl:*] Yeah, Go-Go's out. I just saw him running around the other day

[*Prisoner:*] Ah, fuck that fool. But anyway, what's happening with my moms?

[*Girl:*] She gave me a message for you. She said she's sorry she couldn't be here today, but she'll be here next week

[*Prisoner:*] Alright well check this out, I got something real important I want you to tell her

[*Guard:*] C'mon c'mon this shit's over with  
[*Commotion breaks out*]

[*Guard:*] C'mon boy, back to your cell

[*Girl:*] I'm not done talking to him

[*Guard:*] Shut that shit up bitch! He's outta here, c'mon

[*Prisoner:*] Don't be calling my woman no bitch! Nigga I'll fuck you up!

[*Guard:*] Yeah yeah fool, what?

[*Prisoner:*] Let me out these chains....with your broke ass sucka

[Guard:] Yeah yeah, that's what they all say fool

[Prisoner:] Yeah what! Let me out then

[Guard:] Institutionalized, and this is your home...

Guess who's back, and ready to knock off a cop or two  
Cause me and the crew could still get our rocks off  
The penitentiary don't stop a nigga cause he's in jail  
Hell I'm makin' more money on the street from here in a cell  
I'm livin' proper, the coppers is havin' fits  
I just made the profit, you punks ain't stoppin' shit  
I still remember my momma told me  
Find the cop who killed your brother  
Send him to Hell lookin' homely  
Cause a real nigga love the law  
What's raw is a nigga that's above the law  
Keep pressin' your luck and get fucked, huh  
Think a nigga don't know whassup 'cause he's locked up  
But in the meantime, it's get swole get clean time  
Concentrate on gettin' green time  
And as the years go by, they forgot  
About the small time soldier from the block, huh  
To kill the crook they threw the book at me  
Don't worry be nappy, don't even look happy  
Put me in the hole, gave me cold cuts  
Did push-ups until I swole up  
And then they offer me a furlough  
But what they don't know as soon as I get free I'm killin' five mo'  
They asked me if I changed much  
I told em 'Yeah' even though I'm still the same nut  
They started askin' me questions about my brother  
And makin' remarks about my mother, hmm  
Wait a minute, hold up  
Makin' jokes about my folks'll get yours blown up  
They sent me back to the hole for what I told em  
I guess he didn't believe me, so I showed him  
He went home to find a tragedy  
Nigga, that's what you get for tryin' to badger me  
And anybody else that wanna sweat me  
I'm already in jail so you punks can't get me  
You better pray they never see me  
Cause if they let me free, prepare for trouble on the streets

When I get free, huh

When I get free, huh

When I get free

When I get free, huh

When I get free, huh

When I get free

When I get free

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, T. Anderson, B. Evens, Ricardo Darcel Rouse

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Hold On Be Strong"

Hold on... [\*lighter flicks up\*]  
Yeah, it's gonna be alright  
Don't trip, baby [\*inhales\*]  
It'll get better... [\*coughing\*]  
Aye, do this thug style, man, thug style  
When this whole beat drop  
We just gon' run it to 'em  
Bet, it's all good, uh

I never had much, ran with a bad bunch  
Little skinny kid sneakin' weed in my bag lunch  
And all through Junior High, we was just gettin' by  
And drive-by's robbed my homies of their young lives  
I never did cry, and even though I had pain in my heart  
I was hopeless from the start  
They couldn't tell me nothin', they all tried to help me  
The marijuana had my mind gone, it wasn't healthy  
I traveled places, caught cases, what a ill year  
I felt the pain and the rain, but I'm still here  
Never did like the police  
Let the whole world know, now I gets no peace  
'Cause they chasin' me down  
And facin' me now, what do I do?  
These things that a thug goes through  
And still I rise, so keep your head up  
And make your mind strong  
It's a struggle every day, but you gotta hold on

Hold on, be strong!  
Hold on, be strong!  
Hold on, be strong!  
When it's on, it's on

There's never a good day, 'cause in my hood they  
Let them AK's pump strays where the kids play  
And every Halloween, check out the murder scene  
Can't help but duplicate the violence seen on the screen  
My homies dyin' before they get to see their birthdays  
These is the worst days, sometimes it hurts to pray  
And even God turned his back on the ghetto youth  
I know that ain't the truth, sometimes I look for proof  
I wonder if heaven got a ghetto, and if it does  
Does it matter if you Blood or you Cuz?  
Remember how it was?  
The picnics and the parties in the projects  
Small time drinkin', gettin' high with them armies  
Just another knucklehead kid from the gutter  
I'm dealin' with the madness, raised by a single mother  
I'm tryin' to tell you when it's on  
You gotta keep your head to the sky

And be strong, most of all, hold on

Hold on, be strong!  
Hold on, be strong!  
Hold on, be strong!  
When it's on, it's on

(Hold on, be strong [*\*repeats in background\**])

I know them ain't tears comin' down your face

Wipe your eyes

In this world, only the strong survive, you know?

Hehe, I know it's hard out there

Welfare, AIDS, earthquakes, muggings, car-jackings

Yeah, we got problems

But believe me when I tell you things always get better

God don't like ugly, and God don't like no quitters

You know what Billie Holiday said?

Bay-bee, God bless the child that can hold his own

You know? You got to stand strong

And when these bustas try to knock you out your place

You stand there to they face

Tell 'em "Hold on!", and be strong

The game don't stop, huh

This here is black, man

If you don't never learn nothin', learn one thing

It don't stop, 'til the casket drop

Thug for life... feel me?

All my homeboys and my homegirls, stay strong

When things get bad

Especially come the first and the fifteenth

Stay strong, and stay ballin', hold on

I'll catch y'all at the next life, we in traffic

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Stephen Devinney Beckmeier, Duane Thomas Nettlesbey, Phillip McKay, Philip James Bailey, Vance Branch

# 2Pac Lyrics

"I'm Losin It"

(feat. Big Syke, Spice 1)

Straight out the motherfucking bay  
Here we go

[2Pac:]

Lord help me, save me, Mama keep praying  
For a young motherfucker trying to duck an early grave  
In the city where ya can't tell the snakes from the fakes  
Fakes from the phonies, enemies of homies  
Around the corner there's another nigga waiting to jack  
He don't know I got a glock 'til his ass get shot  
Like a motherfucking thug disease  
Craving beats like they motherfucking drugs to me, hey  
What's up with bitches trying to screw me? Do me cause I did a movie  
Throw the pussy to me but before they never knew me  
Rather die then let ya play me for a, buster  
And with my glock I'm a plotting ass rotten motherfucker, huh  
Don't let the movie fool ya, let me school ya  
Screaming Thug Life nigga when I do ya  
I'm going crazy, getting dizzy  
And then I suffocate a motherfucking breather bring me back  
I'm telling ya I'm losing it

Said I'm losing my mind  
Losing my mind  
[4x]

[Big Syke:]

I'm going crazy, niggas can't fade me  
On the real I kill when I step to ya fucking grill  
So let me kick it let me flip it let me get wicked  
I'm not a buster from the hood selling whooped tickets  
I hang with G's flipping keys and smoking weed  
I get the cash and dash and never learn to read  
So fuck a bitch fuck a hoe and I let ya know  
Because they come and go like the wind blows  
What am I giving how I'm living what I'm giving up  
You can take my life and I don't give a fuck  
Cause I'm the trouble most coming from the west coast  
Where the niggas is banging 'til the overdose  
Killers and murderers, psychos and lunatics  
Nobody knows what makes my mind click  
Is it the demons, screaming inside of me?  
Hell no it's just the Thug Life mentality  
I'm going crazy shit don't phase me  
I'm living like a thug 'til six niggas carry me  
Death is on the tricca so pull it  
I can't take it no more, nigga, I'm losing it

Said I'm losing my mind

Losing my mind

[4x]

*[Spice 1:]*

Shit was talking to me, my gat screamed fire  
The bullet told me shoot that motherfucker he's a liar  
I talked to me 3-80 like a bitch on a stroll  
When my niggas try to [?]  
Nigga, I can't get fucked in this game I'm a psychopath  
My AK told me to shove him up some niggas ass  
I'm having long conversations with Mr. Millometer  
He's one of my best friends bitch ass nigga eater  
And Miss Mossburg love it in the back trunk  
You know that old school bitch she like to get it funked  
And spitting motherfuckers by the seems  
My grand daddy Mr. AR-15  
By the evil motherfucker  
Talked me into taking over a dope turf and shooting cluckers  
Said he was my only family  
Shoot straight, and please don't jam me  
Got in a fight at the club my gat started talking  
Told me to shut the fuck up and let him do the talking  
I woke up and it was sick to see the guts hang  
I'm going nuts man  
Shit was talking to me

*[Fading:]*

Said I'm losing my mind  
Losing my mind

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Fake Ass Bitches"

*[Little kid:]*

Tell me about these fake ass bitches

Look here little nigga

Most of these niggas be bitches too

But you'll never hear that side of the story

So uh, we finna do this shit like this

It's like I tell my niggas, keep your eyes on these bitches

They love to G a nigga young dumb and gettin' riches

What the fuck you think a trick is nigga

Nigga done stick and wet his dick

And then get tricked out all his riches by a -- BITCH!

I'm here to school you to the rules of the game, it'll cost ya

Think you all that just 'cause she let a nigga toss her

Motherfuckin' privilege

So don't give up your conversation, give that bitch your 7 digits

When she call ya, ask that tramp whassup

And if she hesitate nigga hang up, word up

And let that bitch meditate to the dial tone

And call me when you're ready to bone, and it's on

A motherfuckin' mack tonight

Stay that stay strapped cause my raps is tight

You fuckin' punks, I hate you snitches

Went against the grain and the game to be fake ass bitches

(God, damn! You can't just hit them niggas with that game  
And expect them to accept it; girl your heard me it gets scandalous

But we gonna kick this shit like this here)

I can't stand fake ass bitches

Liyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches

I can't stand fake ass bitches

Liyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches

Time to show these bustas who's boss

Run up on a real motherfucker and get tossed

The game is deep, and thicker than a motherfuckin' jimmy

Broke hoes runnin' round yellin' "Gimme!"

I can't stand it, hoes talkin' bout they got a man

Shit all I wanted her to do is suck my DICK

So how about hittin' a motherfucker on my pager

Busy now bitch but you can give me the pussy later

Fly how I fade her, played her like a game of Sega

Fuckin' with the player that done made her, huh

And I ain't sleepin' caught you creepin' for my money

Got the dick and now you get the pistol honey (bitch)

So get the bozack, knockin' hoes back, keep my dough stacked

So where the motherfuckin' hoes at?

Punk niggas can't fade the mack, livin' fat

Gettin' paid to rap, it's like that, you motherfuckin' bitches

Yeah, yeah that's my motto  
She educated a whole bunch of you old raggedy-ass niggas  
So y'all take that shit back to y'all camp and uh  
You sleep on that there, it's like

I can't stand fake ass bitches  
Lyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches  
I can't stand fake ass bitches  
Lyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches  
I can't stand fake ass bitches  
Lyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches  
I can't stand fake ass bitches  
Lyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches

Oh you too nigga, don't think we ain't talkin' bout your punk ass  
You old fake ass nigga  
Standin' there wearin' all them Pendletons and khakis and all that  
You soft as a motherfuckin' grape  
Ain't this a motherfuckin' bitch  
I can see right through your flower ass  
Some of these niggas is bitches too, man I tell ya  
It's gonna be harder and harder to be a Thug in ninety-fo' (I can't stand fake ass bitches)  
But we gonna do this shit  
Y'all take this shit and you play this shit for every single  
Fake ass bitch out there (I can't stand fake ass bitches)  
And there's plenty of 'em  
You probably got one sittin' next to you right now (I can't stand fake ass bitches)  
Bobbin' his fake ass head to this, dope ass shit that he listenin' to (I can't stand fake ass bitches)  
Fake ass motherfuckin' bitch, die in ninety-four

Thanks to mmulready for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Johnny Lee Jackson, Tupac Amaru Shakur

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Do For Love"

(feat. Eric Williams)

[2pac:]

Turn it up loud

Hahaha, ahahaha, hey man

You a little sucker for love, right?

Word up, hahahahaha

[2pac:]

I shoulda seen

You was trouble right from the start, taught me so many lessons

How not to mess with broken hearts, so many questions

When this began we was the perfect match, perhaps

We had some problems but we workin at it, and now

The arguments are gettin' loud, I wanna stay

But I can't help from walkin' out just throw it away

Just take my hand and understand, if you could see

I never planned to be your man it just wasn't me

But now I'm searchin' for commitment, in other arms

I wanna shelter you from harm, don't be alarmed

Your attitude was the cause, you got me stressin'

Soon as I open up the door with your jealous questions

Like where can I be you're killin' me with your jealousy

Now my ambition's to be free

I can't breathe, cause soon as I leave, it's like a trap

I hear you callin' me to come back, I'm a sucka for love

[Eric Williams:]

What you won't do, do for love

You tried everything, but you don't give up

What you won't do, do for love

You tried everything, but you don't give up

[2pac:]

Just when I thought I broke away and I'm feelin' happy

You try to trap me say you pregnant and guess who the daddy

Don't wanna fall for it, but in this case what could I do? So now I'm back

To makin promises to you, tryin to keep it true

What if I'm wrong, a trick to keep me holdin on

Tryin' to be strong and in the process, keep you goin

I'm bout to lose my composure, I'm gettin' close

To packin' up and leavin' notes, and gettin' ghost

Tell me who knows, a peaceful place where I can go

To clear my head I'm feelin low, losin control

My heart is sayin' leave, oh what a tangle web we weave

When we conspire to conceive, and now

You gettin' calls at the house, guess you cheatin'

That's all I need to hear cause I'm leavin', I'm out the do'

Never no more will you see me, this is the end

Cause now I know you've been cheatin, I'm a sucka for love

*[Eric Williams:]*

What you won't do, do for love  
You tried everything, but you don't give up  
What you won't do, do for love  
You tried everything, but you don't give up

*[2pac:]*

Now he left you with scars, tears on your pillow and you still stay  
As you sit and pray, hoping the beatings'll go away  
It wasn't always a hit and run relationship  
It used to be love, happiness and companionship  
Remember when I treated you good  
I moved you up to the hills, out the ills of the ghetto hood  
Me and you a happy home, when it was on  
I had a love to call my own  
I shoulda seen you was trouble but I was lost, trapped in your eyes  
Preoccupied with gettin' tossed, no need to lie  
You had a man and I knew it, you told me  
Don't worry bout it we can do it now I'm under pressure  
Make a decision cause I'm waitin', when I'm alone  
I'm on the phone havin' secret conversations, huh  
I wanna take your misery, replace it with happiness  
But I need your faith in me, I'm a sucka for love

*[Eric Williams:]*

What you won't do, do for love  
You tried everything, but you don't give up  
What you won't do, do for love  
You tried everything, but you don't give up

What you won't do, do for love  
You tried everything, but you don't give up  
What you won't do, do for love  
You tried everything, but you don't give up  
What you won't do, (do for love)  
You tried everything, but you don't give up  
What you won't do, (do for love)  
You tried everything, but you don't give up  
Do for love, yeah baby yeah  
Do for love

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Schack Carsten, Karlin Kenneth, Caldwell Robert Hunter, Kettner Alfons Fernando

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Enemies With Me"

(feat. Dramacydal)

[2Pac:]

Young Thugs in this motherfucker  
Don't break up the fight, let 'em rumble  
Don't make enemies with me  
I Try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see  
Don't make enemies with me

[2Pac:]

Some say my criminal experience is legendary  
I do what's necessary  
Niggas wanna see me buried  
Worried, if you comin' hurried  
I ain't goin' down, fuck the world I'm a thug  
Tell 'em can't nothin' stop me but a slug  
I went from drug dealin' to a shot caller  
From off the block, no longer rock  
And puttin' money in my pocket, nationwide baller  
Bitch nigga I'm prepared to die, Before I fry  
I hit the weed so I be forever high  
My eyes has seen so much in misery, So before I flee  
I open fire let the lord pick the first to bleed  
Bitches don't wanna see me leave, forever thuggin'  
Tell 'em bury me a G on everything I love  
And fuck the law cause the raw niggas ain't free  
This picture's clear but we can't see, hahaha  
This game is jealousy, Don't let 'em change  
That's what they keep on tellin' me, motherfuck the fame  
I can't sleep cause I keep hearin' peeps  
Loaded Mossberg wrapped in my sheets

[2Pac:]

Don't make enemies with me  
I try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see  
Don't make enemies with me  
You rather fuck with these other little G's  
Don't make enemies with me, nigga  
I try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see  
Don't make enemies with me  
You rather fuck with these other little G's  
Don't make enemies with me

[Mutah (K-Dogg):]

The game is gettin' deeper with this I couldn't stop, I'm reminiscin'  
And havin' flashbacks when them niggas came up missin'  
(Wish in my heart, these niggas they ain't have to start)  
(Now therefore they gotta see in dark)  
(Played the part with heart when we spark they part)  
(Runnin' silly through the court),  
They don't really wanna start

(How you wanna do?)

Yo K, anyway

These motherfuckers wanna play we can do it all day

So I stay, sippin' on my array to keep my head fine

(And I'm where, Everywhere from here to bedtime)

Yeah nigga

And I squeeze when I say I'm comin'

Straight gunnin' on enemies if it's really me that they wantin'

(Cause it ain't nothin', y'all niggas is frontin')

Do you really want it? Niggas dyin'...

[2Pac:]

Don't make enemies with me

I try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see

Don't make enemies with me

You rather fuck with these other little G's

Don't make enemies with me

I try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see

Don't make enemies with me

You rather fuck with these other little G's

Don't make enemies with me

[Big Mal (Yak):]

Now, we're in '94, Niggas get bust through the do'

[?] in a flash sittin' on that ass

(And rarely fold)

Galitter tell 'em 'bout that trife shit

(You wanna fight?)

(I wanna light shit, you lose your life bitch)

Bee-yatch!

A nigga struggle too hard for what I got

Hustle

(And doubled every fuckin' yard that I cop and stop)

(Hell nah! I couldn't see it)

(Facin' a century in the Penitentiary but so be it)

And Jesus couldn't help me out the state

(Prepare for an early date to see my fate at the pearly gate)

(But wait)

No time for stallin'

(But death is callin')

You wanna stomp on it somebody's gotta start fallin'

(True, what I do from sun up)

Is for a come up

(Wake up with my gun up)

Cause when I sneak that's when they run up

(So it's time to spray like Ray)

(And put the freeze on these fake G's)

You know how we do

[2Pac:]

Don't make enemies with me

I try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see

Don't make enemies with me

You rather fuck with these other little G's

Don't make enemies with me, nigga

I try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see

Don't make enemies with me  
You rather fuck with these other little G's  
Don't make enemies with me

[2Pac:]  
What nigga? Young motherfuckin' Thugs, let's out do it  
Don't make enemies with me nigga  
Y'all better fuck with these other niggas  
You don't see it  
Don't make enemies with me  
Motherfuckers is fatal nigga  
I swear by the Gods  
Don't make enemies with me nigga  
Niggas gonna see they caskets fuckin' with these bastards  
Don't make enemies with me  
It's for all those motherfuckers that's swearin' to God  
That they be doin' something  
Don't make enemies with me  
That they touchin' something  
That they being something  
Y'all niggas ain't shit  
That's on my mama bring the drama, nigga  
Young Thugs, fuck the drugs  
These niggas makin' records, y'all niggas best to check it  
Cause y'all gonna get yo asshole tore  
They tearin' patches out you niggas ass  
All y'all niggas, I don't give a fuck who you runnin' with  
This is thug life nigga, the new generation motherfucker  
Young Thugs we chin checkin' all you junior high school motherfuckers  
Y'all better feel this shit, don't make enemies with these niggas  
You better be friendly motherfucker, I swear to God  
We runnin' through, smile from handshake

Writer(s): O'Shea Jackson, Roger Parker, Malcolm Greenidge, Tupac Shakur, George Clinton, Steve Arrington, Mutah Beale, Katari Cox, Yafeu Fula, Ricky Rouse, Randy Walker, Charles Carter, Garry Shider, David Spradley, Eric Sadler, Waung Hankerson, Chris Walker, Keith Shocklee

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Nothin But Love"  
(feat. Dave The Black Angel)

Straight outta Oakland, California where we spark it on ya  
Give a shout out to my partners in the darkest corners  
I remember drinkin' Hennessy, smokin' weed  
Fantasize about the things we'd grow to be  
Had a partner named Snupe, loved to clown a stank  
Smoke a pound a day, commenced to down a drank  
Shootin' craps in the alley 'til they chased us off  
Pour a little for my homies, but don't waste it all  
Oohweee, who popped that coochie best?  
On my tattooed chest is where the hoochies rest  
Havin' house parties in a crowded spot  
And you can tell it's hot, they talk loud a lot  
Everybody wanna dance when the slow jam come  
Lookin' dumb, cause you waitin' for your chance to hump  
Straight grindin', everybody havin' fun  
And it's cool, 'til a fool pull a loaded gun  
Cause another dude kicked his Bacardi over  
He had to act a fool, now the party's over  
Gun shots rang like it's thunder  
And everybody bum rushin' and I'm rushin' to get a number  
Says she got a man but she's lyin'  
Why? I seen her talkin' to this other guy and  
he's a dealer so you know she gonna sweat him  
I ain't trippin', I just hope he get 'em, I got nuttin but love

[Dave (2Pac):]

Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
(I'm down for yours, nuttin but love)  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
(I'm down for yours, nuttin but love)  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
(I'm down for yours, nuttin but love)  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
(I'm down for yours)

I love to go back, to the block I got my game from  
And pay respect to the place that I came from  
Cause uh, old man still drinkin', his breath still stinkin'  
He'd love to tell ya what he's thinkin'  
But I can't diss him he's my elder  
He been livin' here longer what that tell ya?  
And little girls playin' double dutch  
Still blush, cause she don't get in trouble much  
It's uh, ponytails and barrettes  
I gotta make it back home, before the sun decides to set  
And little boys playin' stick ball, quick y'all  
Get out the street before they hit y'all  
And as I reminisce, I think about my ghetto bliss  
And wonder how we came to this

I help an old lady across the street, the cost is free  
I can't take what she offers me  
And this is how the world could be  
This is how the world should be  
Feels good to be back on the streets  
Cause I know they got love for me, nuttin but love

[Dave (2Pac):]

Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
(I'm down for yours, nuttin but love)  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
(I'm down for yours, nuttin but love)  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
(I'm down for yours, nuttin but love)  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
(I'm down for yours)

When I was young I used to want to be a dealer see  
Cause the gold and cars they appealed to me  
I saw our brothers gettin' rich slangin' crack to folks  
And the square's gettin' big for these sack of dope  
Started thinkin' bout a plan to get paid myself  
So I made myself, raised myself  
'Til the dealer on the block told me, "That ain't cool  
You ain't meant to slang crack, you a rapper fool"  
I got my game about women from a prostitute  
And way back used to rap on the block for loot  
I tried to make my way legit, haha  
But it was hard, cause rhymes don't pay the rent  
And uhh, it was funny how I copped out  
I couldn't make it in school, so finally I dropped out  
My family on welfare  
I'm steady thinkin', since don't nobody else care  
I'm out here on my own  
At least in jail I have a meal and I wouldn't be alone  
I'm feelin' like a waste, tears rollin' down my face  
Cause my life is filled with hate  
Until I looked around me  
I saw nuttin but family, straight up down for me  
Panthers, Pimps, Pushers and Thugs  
Hey yo, that's my family tree, I got nuttin but love

[Dave (2Pac):]

Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
(Yeah, nuttin but love)  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
(Yeah, nuttin but love)  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
(Uhm, nuttin but love)  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya, yeah!!  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
(Nuttin but love)  
Ain't got nuttin but love for yam, yeah!!  
(Oaktown)

Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya

Thanks to Mikkel for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Stephen Shockley

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "16 On Death Row"

Death Row, that's where mothafuckas is endin' up

Dear mama, I'm caught up in this sickness  
I robbed my adversaries but slipped and left a witness  
Wonder if they'll catch me, or will this nigga snitch?  
Should I shoot his bitch or make the nigga rich  
Don't wanna commit murder, but damn, they got me trapped  
Hawkin' while I'm walkin' and talkin' behind my back  
I'm kind of schizophrenic, I'm in this shit to win it  
'Cause life's a Wheel of Fortune, here's my chance to spin it  
Got no time for cops, who trip and try to catch me  
Too fuckin' trigger-happy to let them suckers snatch me  
Niggas gettin' jealous, tryin' to find my stash  
Whip out the 9, now [?] pump your ass  
Peter picked a pepper, but I can pick a punk  
Snatched him like a bitch and threw him in the trunk  
The punk thought I was bluffin', but swear I'm nothin' nice  
Before I take your life, first wrestle with these mites  
I listened to his screams, until he went insane  
I guess the little mites had finally found his brain  
New Rovers pull me over, I'm sentenced to the pen  
Remember that little bird? He snitched and told a friend  
It's trouble on my mind, I'm with the old-timers  
And fuck five-0! Blaow, blaow! Turn 'em into forty-niners

Bye bye, I was never meant to live  
Can't be positive when the ghetto's where you live  
Bye bye, I was never meant to be  
Livin' like a thief, runnin' through the streets  
Bye bye, and I got no place to go  
Where they find me; 16 on Death Row

Dear mama, these cops don't understand me  
I turned to a life of crime, 'cause I came from a broken family  
My uncle used to touch me, I never told you that  
Scared what you might do, I couldn't hold you back  
I kept it deep inside, I done let it fuel my anger  
I'm down for all my homies, no mercy for a stranger  
The brother in my cell is 16 as well  
It's hard to adapt when you're black  
And you're trapped in a living hell  
I shouldn't have let him catch me  
Instead of livin' sad in jail I could've died free and happy  
And my cellmate's raped on the norm  
And passed around the dorm  
You can hear his asshole gettin' torn  
They made me an animal, can't sleep  
Instead of countin' sheep, niggas countin' cannibals  
And that's how it is in the pen  
Turn old and cold, and your soul is your best friend

My mama, pray for me; tell the Lord to make way for me  
Prepare any day for me (Why?)  
'Cause when they come for me they find a struggler  
To the death I take the breath from your jugular  
The trick is to never lose hope  
I found my buddy hangin' dead from a rope; 16 on Death Row

Bye bye, I was never meant to live  
Can't be positive when the ghetto's where you live  
Bye bye, I was never meant to be  
Livin' like a thief, runnin' through the streets  
Bye bye, and I got no place to go  
Where they find me; 16 on Death Row

Dear mama, they sentenced me to death  
Today's my final day, I'm countin' every breath  
I'm bitter 'cause I'm dying, so much I haven't seen  
I know you never dreamed your baby would be dead at 16  
I got beef with a sick society  
That doesn't give a shit  
And they too quick to say goodbye to me  
They tell me the preacher's there for me  
He's a crook with a book  
That mothafucka never cared for me  
He's only here to be sure I don't drop a dime to God  
About the crimes he's committin' on the poor  
And how can these people judge me?  
They ain't my peers, and in all these years  
They ain't never love me  
I never got to be a man, must be part of some big plan  
To keep a nigga in the state pen  
And to my homies out buryin' mothafuckas  
Steer clear of these Aryan mothafuckas  
'Cause once they got you locked up  
They got you trapped, you're better off gettin' shot up  
I'm convinced self-defense is the way  
Please, stay strapped, pack a gat every day  
I wish I would've known while I was out there  
Now I'm straight headin' for the chair

Bye bye, I was never meant to live  
Can't be positive when the ghetto's where you live  
Bye bye, I was never meant to be  
Livin' like a thief, runnin' through the streets  
Bye bye, and I got no place to go  
Where they find me; 16 on Death Row

16 on Death Row, Death Row  
Death Row, Death Row  
16 on Death Row, Death Row, Death Row  
It's to all my partners  
In the penitentiaries; 16 on Death Row



# 2Pac Lyrics

## "I Wonder If Heaven Got A Ghetto (Hip-Hop Version)"

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

I was raised, the little young nigga doin' bad shit  
Talk much shit, 'cause I never had shit  
I could remember being whupped in class  
And if I didn't pass, Mama whupped my ass  
Was it my fault Papa didn't plan it out?  
Broke out, left me to be the man of the house  
I couldn't take it, had to make a profit  
Found a block, got a Glock, and I clock grips  
Makin' G's was my mission  
Movin' enough of this shit to get my mama out the kitchen  
And why must I sock a fella?  
Just to live large like Rockefeller?  
First you didn't give a fuck, but you're learnin' now  
If you don't respect the town then we'll burn you down  
Goddamn, it's a motherfuckin' riot  
Black people on a rage, police, so don't try it  
If you're not from the town then don't pass through  
'Cause some O.G. fools might blast you  
It ain't right, but it's long overdue  
We can't have peace 'til the niggas get a piece too  
I want G's so you label me a criminal  
And if I die, I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

Here on Earth, tell me what's a black life worth?  
A bottle of juice is no excuse, the truth hurts  
And even when you take the shit  
Move counties, get a lawyer, you can shake the shit  
Ask Rodney, LaTasha, and many more  
It's been going on for years, there's plenty more  
When they ask me, "When will the violence cease?"  
When your troops stop shootin' niggas down in the street  
Niggas had enough time to make a difference  
Bear witness, on our own business  
Fuck the guard, 'cause it's hard tryin' to make ends meet  
First we couldn't afford shit, now everything's free  
so we loot, please don't shoot when you see  
I'm takin' from them 'cause for years they would take from me  
Now the tables have turned around  
You didn't listen, until the niggas burned it down  
And now Bush can't stop the hit

Predicted the shit in 2Pacalypse  
And for once I was down with niggas  
Felt good in the hood being around the niggas  
Yeah, and for the first time everybody let go  
And the streets is death row, I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
(yeah), I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

I see no changes, all I see is racist faces  
Misplaced hate makes disgrace to races  
We under, I wonder what it take to make this  
One better place, let's erase the wasted  
Take the evil out the people, they'll be actin' right  
'Cause both black and white are smokin' crack tonight  
And only time we deal is when we kill each other  
It takes skill to be real, time to heal each other  
And though it seems heaven-sent  
We ain't ready to have a black President  
Huh, it ain't a secret, don't conceal the fact  
The penitentiary's packed, and it's filled with blacks  
I wake up in the mornin' and I ask myself  
Is life worth livin'? Should I blast myself?  
I'm tired of being poor and, even worse, I'm black  
My stomach hurts, so I'm lookin' for a purse to snatch  
Cops give a damn about a negro  
Pull the trigger, kill a nigga, he's a hero  
Mo' nigga, mo' nigga, mo' niggas  
Rather I'd be dead than a po' nigga  
Let the Lord judge the criminals  
If I die, I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
And I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
(Just think if niggas decide to retaliate)  
(soldier in eye's)  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "When I Get Free II"

[2Pac (2Pac as Trusty):]

Ay Trusty Trusty  
(What you want man?)  
Aw nigga let me get one of them cigarettes  
(Here! Shit!)  
Come on bastard, get the phone for a nigga  
(Use the phone)  
Aw nigga get the phone for me man  
(What's the number?)  
323-65-45, tell her it's 'Pac

When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass  
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash  
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street  
There'll be trouble when they see me  
When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass  
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash  
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street  
There'll be trouble when they see me

I heard a snicker a laugh, I take a look at the evening news  
And see a nigga gettin' cuffed by the boys in blue  
Is it a, frame up, tryin' to keep me out the game, stuck  
These motherfuckers tryin' to dirty up my name, but  
I slip as quick as the wind, it's me or them, fuck friends  
My foes be on a mission, tryin' to do me in  
Fuck 'em I'm out to get out, they all thought  
I blow up like a gauge, and in a rage, blow they balls off  
Why are you niggas tryin' to test me trick?  
And be the first ones to snitch to arrest me bitch  
My Main thang with a nigga meal ticket only if you with the real  
The nigga will kick it, I'll enforce it with the steel  
Use the lessons that I learned in jail  
Rule one: fuck a busta he can burn in Hell  
Now I'm workin' with connects that I got in the pen  
In no time I'll be clockin' again

When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass  
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash  
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street  
There'll be trouble when they see me  
When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass  
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash  
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street  
There'll be trouble when they see me

Hey, still sittin' in my cell as I dwell on my past  
Tryin' to figure how a nigga turned dreams into cash  
Quick, call her collect, ain't no respect on the other side  
My cellmate's suicidal cause his mother died

And my C.O. is a lady, and I'm thinkin' maybe  
Me and her can hook up a scheme, to be Swayze  
Cause she keep on callin' me baby, to a young  
Motherfucker facin' eighty that's enough to make you crazy  
Now how long will it take, to get a hook  
Got her watchin' me liftin' weights, sneakin' looks  
I devised a plan, I'm in the trunk while she drives the van  
Ain't no disguise I'ma die as a man  
If we make it then I'm takin' it to Hell  
All them niggas that was frontin' while I sat up in a cell  
Locked in jail, I couldn't touch her so I planned, in misery  
The nigga you don't wanna see

When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass  
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash  
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street  
There'll be trouble when they see me  
When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass  
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash  
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street  
There'll be trouble when they see me  
When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass  
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash  
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street  
There'll be trouble when they see me  
When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass  
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash  
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street  
There'll be trouble when they see me  
When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass  
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash  
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street  
There'll be trouble when they see me

(When I get free!), believe that shit  
Yeah nigga fuck your cigarette, fuck that phone (When I get free!) call motherfucker  
I'll be out this motherfucker in a few days  
I'll pay these bitches back in spades (When I get free!)  
Punk ass bastards, long as my AK flexes  
We gonna play these bitches (When I get free!)  
That's how we do this shit  
Fuck that I'm out, C.O. turn the fuckin' lights out!

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Black Starry Night (Interlude)"

Against all odds, I'm still here nigga

O.P.D. -- what??!

(Aiyyy, I got to get my props for 2Pacalypse)

(When this album come out, niggas can kiss my ass)

Did you think I'd fall?

You think you could stop a motherfucker like me?

(Introducing you to my criminal crew)

(Treach, A.D., Apache, Essential)

(Above the Law, Lench Mob, the Underground Railroad, Digital Underground gets around and we down in this bitch)

(You got to deal with me on a whole new level motherfucker)

Cause I'm gettin' paid

And the more you try to keep niggas away from me

The more I unite with mo' niggas and mo' niggas and mo' niggas

(Extra special thanks to my nigga Big John Major)

And there's a ghetto in every city and a nigga in every ghetto

Motherfucker we are unstoppable

(I owe him, thanks to my man Mike Cooley and the rest of our fathers)

(And uh, I'm not goin' alive!)

Thanks to dvmorgan for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): L. Troutman, R. Troutman, T. Shakur

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Only Fear Of Death"

Pssst... psssssst... ayo  
Are you afraid to die, or do you wanna live forever?  
Tell me, which one?

They wanna bury me, I'm worried -- I'm losin' my mind  
Look down the barrel of my 9, and my vision's blurry  
Fallin' to pieces, am I guilty? I pray to the Lord  
But he ignores me, unfortunately, 'cause I'm guilty  
Show me a miracle, I'm hopeless  
I'm chokin' off marijuana smoke  
With every toke it's like I'm losin' focus  
Fallin' to sleep while I'm at service, when will I die?  
Forever paranoid and nervous, because I'm high  
Don't mention funerals, I'm stressin' and goin' nutty  
And reminiscin' 'bout them niggas that murdered my buddy  
I wonder: When will I be happy? Ain't nothin' funny  
Flashbacks of bustin' caps, anything for money  
Where am I goin'? I discovered, can't nothin' save me  
My next door neighbor's havin' convo with undercovers  
Put a surprise in the mailbox, hope she get it  
Happy birthday, bitch, you know you shouldn't have did it  
Everybody's dyin', am I next? Who can I trust?  
Will they be G's, and they look at me before they bust?  
Or will they kill me while I'm sleepin'?  
Two to the head while I'm in bed  
Leakin' blood on my satin sheets  
Is there a heaven for a baller?  
I'm gettin' suspicious of this bitch  
The line's busy everytime I call her  
Now she's tellin' me to visit, who else is home?  
I check the house before I bone, so we all alone  
After I nut I hit the highway -- see ya later!  
To all the players, watch the fly way a nigga played her  
The bitch is tellin' all her homies  
That I can fuck her like no other  
Now them other bitches wanna bone me  
I'm under pressure, gettin' drunk, somebody help me  
I drink a fifth of Hennessy, I don't think it's healthy  
I see my enemies, they creepin', don't make me blast  
I watch the 5-0's roll, the motherfuckers pass  
By me like they know me, smilin' as they laugh  
I put up my middle finger, then I dash  
Niggas don't like me, 'cause I'm thuggin'  
And every day I'm a hustler lookin' to get paid  
They wanna bury me, I'm worried -- no need to lie  
I pray to God I don't scream when it's time to fry  
Nowhere to rest, I'm losin' homies -- ain't that a bitch?  
When I was rich I had clout, now a nigga's lonely  
I put the pistol to my head, and say a prayer  
I see visions of me dead, Lord, are you there?

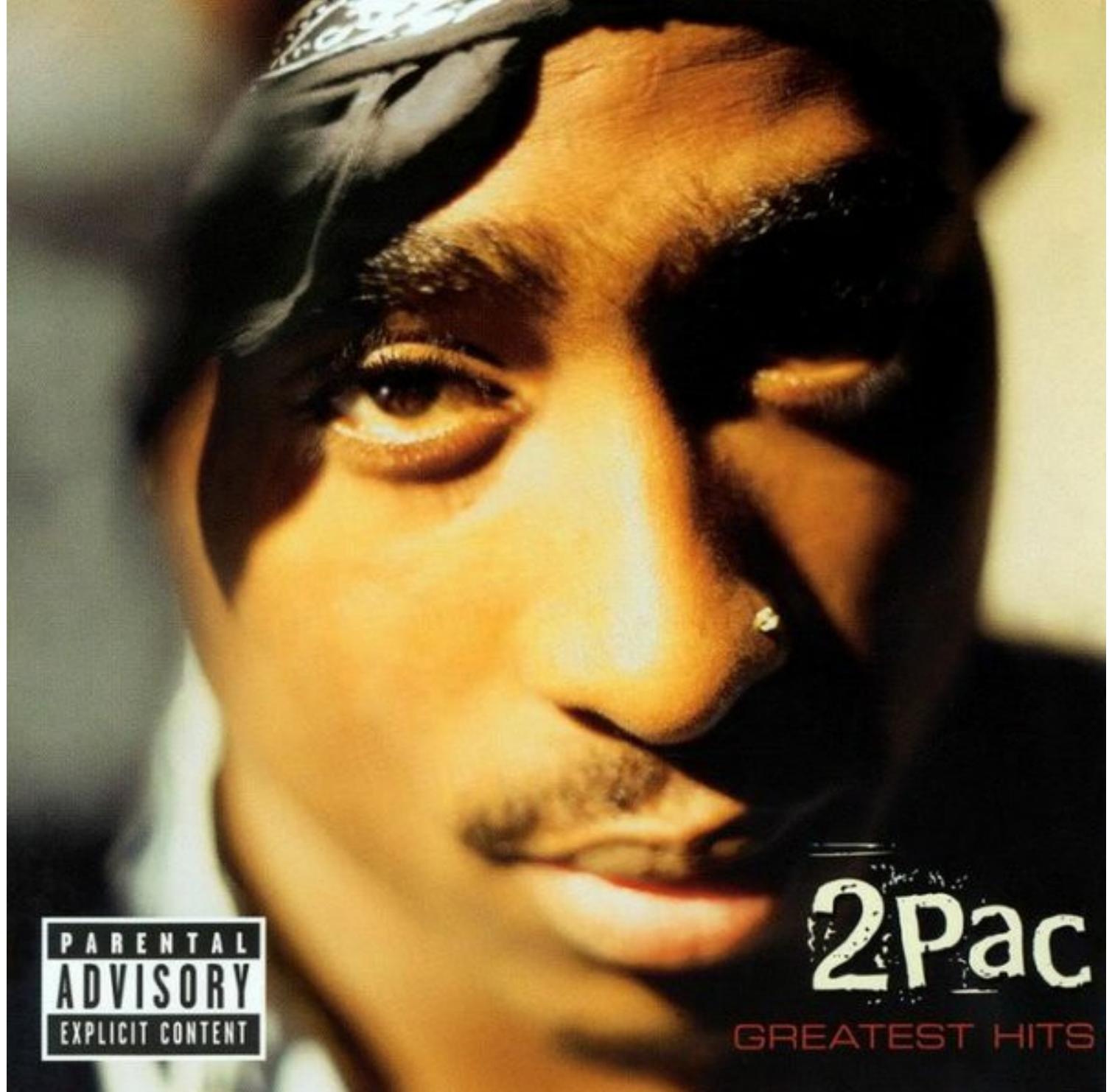
Then tell me, am I lost? 'Cause I'm lonely  
I thought I had friends, but in the end a nigga dies lonely  
Nowhere to run, I'm in terror, and no one cares  
A closed casket at my funeral and no one's there  
Is there a future for a killer? I change my ways  
But still that don't promise me the next day  
So I stay thuggin' with a passion, forever blastin'  
I'm bustin' on these motherfuckers in my madness  
They wonder if I'm hellbound  
Well, Hell can't be worse than this, 'cause I'm in Hell now  
Don't make me hurt you, I don't want to, but I will  
Seen motherfuckers killed over phone bills  
Never will I die, I'll be back  
Reincarnated as a motherfuckin' MAC  
-11, 'cause in Heaven there's no shortage on G's  
I'm tellin' you now: You motherfuckers don't know me

"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas"  
"Only fear of death is comin' back reincarnated"  
"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas"  
"Only fear of death is comin' back reincarnated"  
"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas"  
"Only fear of death is comin' back reincarnated"  
"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas"  
"Only fear of death is comin' back reincarnated"  
"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas"  
"Only fear of death is comin' back reincarnated"  
"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas"  
"Only fear of death is comin' back reincarnated"  
"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas"  
"Only fear of death is comin' back reincarnated"  
"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas..."  
"You ghetto niggas..."

Hahaha, I ain't scared to die  
I ain't scared to die  
To my homies in Heaven: I ain't scared to die  
Do you wanna live forever? Are you scared to die?  
Or will you scream when you fry?  
I don't fear death  
My only fear of death is coming back, reincarnated  
This is dedicated to Mental, R.I.P.  
And Big Kato, R.I.P.  
And all you other O.G.'s who go down; I don't fear death

Thanks to dvmorgan for correcting these lyrics.





PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

2Pac  
GREATEST HITS

# Tupac - Keep Ya Head Up\* Lyrics

Little somethin' for my godson Elijah  
And a little girl named Corinne

Some say the blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice  
I say the darker the flesh then the deeper the roots  
I give a holler to my sisters on welfare  
Tupac cares, if don't nobody else care

And uhh, I know they like to beat ya down a lot  
When you come around the block brothas clown a lot  
But please don't cry, dry your eyes, never let up  
Forgive but don't forget, girl keep your head up

And when he tells you you ain't nutting don't believe him  
And if he can't learn to love you you should leave him  
'Cause sista you don't need him  
And I ain't trying to gas ya up, I just call em how I see em

You know it makes me unhappy, what's that  
When brothas make babies  
And leave a young mother to be a pappy  
And since we all came from a woman

Got our name from a woman and our game from a woman  
I wonder why we take from our women  
Why we rape our women, do we hate our women?  
I think it's time to kill for our women

Time to heal our women, be real to our women  
And if we don't we'll have a race of babies  
That will hate the ladies, that make the babies  
And since a man can't make one

He has no right to tell a woman when and where to create one  
So will the real men get up  
I know you're fed up ladies, but keep your head up

Keep ya head up, ooo child things are gonna get easier  
Ooo child things are gonna get brighter  
Keep ya head up, ooo child things are gonna get easier  
Ooo child things are gonna get brighter

Aiyyo, I remember Marvin Gaye, used to sing ta me  
He had me feeling like black was tha thing to be  
And suddenly tha ghetto didn't seem so tough  
And though we had it rough, we always had enough

I huffed and puffed about my curfew and broke the rules  
Ran with the local crew, and had a smoke or two  
And I realize momma really paid the price  
She nearly gave her life, to raise me right

And all I had ta give her was my pipe dream  
Of how I'd rock the mic, and make it to tha bright screen  
I'm trying to make a dollar out of fifteen cents  
It's hard to be legit and still pay tha rent

And in the end it seems I'm headpin for tha pen  
I try and find my friends, but they're blowing in the wind  
Last night my buddy lost his whole family  
It's gonna take the man in me to conquer this insanity

It seems tha rain'll never let up  
I try to keep my head up, and still keep from getting wet up  
You know it's funny when it rains it pours  
They got money for wars, but can't feed the poor

Say there ain't no hope for the youth and the truth is  
It ain't no hope for tha future  
And then they wonder why we crazy  
I blame my mother, for turning my brother into a crack baby

We ain't meant to survive, 'cause it's a setup  
And even though you're fed up  
Huh, ya got to keep your head up

Keep ya head up, ooo child things are gonna get easier  
Ooo child things are gonna get brighter  
Keep ya head up, ooo child things are gonna get easier  
Ooo child things are gonna get brighter

And uhh, to all the ladies having babies on they own  
I know it's kinda rough and you're feeling all alone  
Daddy's long gone and he left you by ya lonesome  
Thank the Lord for my kids, even if nobody else want em

'Cause I think we can make it, in fact, I'm sure  
And if you fall, stand tall and comeback for more  
'Cause ain't nutting worse than when your son  
Wants to know why his daddy don't love him no mo'

You can't complain you was dealt this  
Hell of a hand without a man, feeling helpless  
Because there's too many things for you to deal with  
Dying inside, but outside you're looking fearless

While tears, is rolling down your cheeks  
Ya steady Chopin things don't all down this week  
'Cause if it did, you couldn't take it, and don't blame me

I was given this world I didn't make it

And now my son's gotten older and older and cold  
From having the world on his shoulders  
While the rich kids is driving Benz  
I'm still trying to hold on to my surviving friends

And it's crazy, it seems it'll never let up, but  
Please you got to keep your head up

# Tupac - 2 Of Amerikaz Most Wanted Lyrics

Up out of there  
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party  
Pump that up, G  
Ahh, shit, you done fucked up now

Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party  
You done put 2 of Americaz most wanted  
In the same motherfuckin' place at the same  
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party, motherfuckin' time, ha, ha, ha

Y'all niggaz about to feel this  
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party  
Break out the champagne glasses and the motherfuckin' condoms  
Have one on us, aight? Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party

Picture perfect, I paint a perfect picture  
Bomb the hoochies with precision, my intention's to get richer  
With the S N double O P, Dogg, my fuckin' homey  
Youse a cold ass nigga on them hogs

Sho' 'nuff, I keep my hand on my gun, 'cuz they got me on the run  
Now I'm back in the courtroom waitin' on the outcome  
Free Tupac, is all that's on a niggaz mind

But at the same time it seem they tryin' to take mine  
So I'ma get smart, and get defensive and shit  
And put together a million march, for some gangsta shit

So now they got us laced  
Two multimillionaire motherfuckers catchin' cases  
Bitches get ready for the throw down, the shit's about to go down  
Uh, me and Snoop about to clown

I'm "Losin' My Religion", I'm vicious on these stool pigeons  
You might be deep in this game, but you got the rules missin'  
Niggaz be actin' like they savage, they out to get the cabbage  
I got nuthin' but love for my niggaz livin' lavish

I got a pit named P, she [Unverified]  
I got a house out in the hills right next to Chino  
And I think I got a black Beamer  
But my dream is to own a fly casino

Like Bugsy Seagel, and do it all legal  
And get scooped up, by the little homie in the Regal  
It feel good to you baby, bubba  
Ya see, this is for the G's and the keys, motherfucker

Now follow as we ride  
Motherfuck the rest, two of the best from the West side  
And I can make you famous  
Niggaz been dyin' for years, so how could they blame us?

I live in fear of a felony  
I never stop bailin' these, motherfuckin' G's  
If ya got it, better flaunt it, another warrant  
2 of Amerikaz most wanted

Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party  
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party  
Nuthin' but a gangsta party  
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party

Nuthin' but a gangsta party  
It ain't nuttin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta partyc  
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party, nuthin' but a gangsta party  
It ain't nuttin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party  
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party

Now give me fifty feet  
Defeat is not my destiny, release me to the streets  
And keep whatever's left of me  
Jealousy is misery, sufferin' is grief  
Better be prepared when you cowards fuck wit me

I bust and flea, these niggaz must be crazy, what?  
There ain't no mercy motherfuckers who can fade the Thugs  
(Ha Ha right)  
You thought it was but it wasn't, now disappear  
Bow down in the presence of a boss player

It's like 'cuz blood, gangbangin'  
Everybody in the party doin' dope slangin'  
You got to have papers in this world  
You might get your first snatch, before your eyes swirl

Ya doin' ya job, every day  
And then you work so hard til ya hair turn grey  
Let me tell you about life, and 'bout the way it is  
You see we live by the gun, so we die by the gun's kids

They tell me not to roll with my glock  
So now I gotta throw away  
Floatin' in the black Benz, tryin' to do a show a day  
They wonder how I live, with five shots  
Niggaz is hard to kill, on my block

Schemes for currency and doe related  
Affiliated with the hustlers, so we made it

No answers to questions, I'm tryin' to get up on it  
My nigga, Dogg with me, eternally, the most wanted

Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party  
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party  
Nuthin' but a gangsta party  
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party

Nuthin' but a gangsta party  
It ain't nuthin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party  
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party, nuthin' but a gangsta party  
It ain't nuthin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party  
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party

# Tupac - Temptations\* Lyrics

Yo Mo Bee main, drop that shit!

"Heyyyy! Heyy-ayyaahhyy" -- [Erick Sermon] (Redman's "Watch Yo' Nugget")  
[sample repeats until first verse]

You know what time, boo-yaow  
I know it's time for you  
So grab one by the hand youknowhatl'msayin  
And uhh, throw up that finger  
Ay yo yo yo throw y'all fingers up!  
Thug style baby, Thug style y'know?

[Verse One:]

Tell me baby are you lonely? Don't wanna rush ya  
I can help ya if ya only, let me touch ya  
If I'm wrong love tell me, cause I get caught up  
and the life I live is Hell see, I never thought I'd see  
the day when I would calm down, you ain't heard  
I've been known to clown and Get Around, that's my word  
See you walkin and you lookin good, yes indeed  
Got a body like a sex fiend, you're killin me  
witcha attitude to match right, don't be phony  
cause I hate when you act like, you don't know me  
I've be stressin in the spotlight, I want the fame  
but the industry's a lot like, a crap game  
Ain't no time for commitment, I gotta go  
Can't be wit you every minute miss, another show  
And even though I'm known for my one night stand  
I wanna be an honest man, but temptations go...

"Heyyyy! Heyy-ayyaahhyy" -- [Erick Sermon] (Redman's "Watch Yo' Nugget")  
[sample repeats until second verse]

Throw up the finger!  
And all my homies go..  
Throw them the finger!  
Ya know what baby it's like

[singing]

I know you've been searchin for someone  
To make you happy, and get the job done  
You say you need it, a man with money  
But I can't be there, and will you still care

[Verse Two:]

Will I cheat or will I be committed, heaven knows  
Gettin weak and I wanna hit it, so here I go  
    in my ride and I'm all in, gettin high  
I can hear the people callin, I'm passin by  
    Everybody knows I'm ball-in, and to God  
    Gotta keep myself from fall-in, but it's hard  
All the cuties know I'm under pressure, what do I do  
Gettin shaky when she pull the dress up, and say it's cool  
Should I stroke or should I wait a while, you decide  
    If you tell me that you don't want it, that's a lie  
Move close and let me whisper, some dirty words  
    in your ears as I kiss ya, on every curve  
    Slow down baby don't rush, I like it slow  
    Can't hold it any longer, so let it go  
Open the gates, do you wanna fall up in heaven  
    Don't worry, I let myself in, all I heard was...

"Heyyyy! Heyy-ayyaahhyy" -- [Erick Sermon] (Redman's "Watch Yo' Nugget")  
[sample repeats until third verse]

Give em the finger!  
All my homies go..  
Throw your fingers up!  
That's just the Thug in me girl, you know  
Peep out all my homies, y'know, it's like

[singing]  
I know you've been searchin for someone  
To make you happy, and get the job done  
    You say you need it, a man with money  
But I can't be there, and will you still care

[Verse Three:]

A lot of people think it's easy, to settle down  
Got a woman that'll please me, in every town  
I don't wanna but I gotta do it, the temptation  
    got me ready to release the fluid, sensation  
sit down and conversate like you know me, take my hand  
    Cause even Thugs get lonely, understand  
Even the hardest of my homies need attention  
Catch you blowin up the telephone, reminiscin  
    I wanna take you to the movies, and the park  
    Let's find a spot for you to do me, in the dark  
        Now that it's passion, hold me tight  
Don't need lights, I can see you by the moonlight  
    I know your man ain't lovin you right  
You're lonely and depressed you need a Thug in your life  
    Enough talkin, you want me to leave, I'll get to walkin  
See you later, cause baby I'm a player, and all I heard was

"Heyyyy! Heyy-ayyaahhyy" -- [Erick Sermon] (Redman's "Watch Yo' Nugget")

[sample repeats until the end]

Give em the finger

And all my homies go.. yo this how we gonna do this in the nine-trey y'know?

Throw your fingers up

Y'know? They gonna peep this, this how we run game on you

[singing]

Everybody, heyy, alright

Heyy, heyyyeah, heyyyayyy, ohh

[2Pac]

All my niggaz go

Uptown in the

Give em the finger!

Throw your hands up

Give em the finger!

# Tupac - God Bless The Dead Lyrics

Rest in peace to my mothafucka biggie smalls  
That's right boy, it's goin' on  
Right here, thug life  
God bless the dead

God bless the dead and buried nigga  
Don't worry if you see God first tell him shit got worse  
I ain't mad, I know you're representin' the crew  
And I can picture you in Heaven with a blunt and a brew

Fuck the world, pain was a part of the game  
If you a baller, money went as quick as it came  
My role models gone or they locked in the pen  
Straight hustlas, caught up in the whirlwind

The other day, I thought I seen my homeboy biggie  
Sayin', "Shit don't stop, nigga, no pity"  
We all hoods and all we ever had was dreams  
Money makin' mothafuckas plot scandalous schemes

In the gutter, you learn to have a criminal mind  
I was addicted to tryin', never meant to do time  
My epitaph will read was the last of G's  
Kicked the shit to make the white man bleed  
God bless the dead, that's right

God bless the dead  
God bless the dead  
God bless the dead

Man, ain't nobody promised me a thang  
I been caught up in this game  
Ever since I was a little motherfucka wantin' to hang  
I can see 'em in my head, pow

Memories of my nigga but he dead now  
Lookin' back in my year book all the years took  
Half my peers, they're stretched for years  
And if I die will they all shed tears

Two to the dome, leave me alone, let me get my head clear  
Paranoid got me lookin' in the mirror  
Behind me, life without my nine, I'd rather do the time  
See I'm old enough to know that ain't no justice

Fuck the police and all the courts same way they fucked us  
And why the hell am I locked in jail

They let them white boys free  
We be shocked as hell

In my mind I can see it comin'  
And all the time it's a plot to keep a nigga runnin'  
By keepin' gun and never run unless I'm comin' at ya  
Cry later but for now let's enjoy the laughter  
God bless the dead, that's right

God bless the dead  
God bless the dead

Rest in peace to all the motherfuckas that passed too early  
All the young motherfuckas that was took in they prime  
Real motherfuckin' Gz, this one is for you  
Yo stretch, biggie

Yo big this is to you my nigga  
Springfield Hollis crew, thug life, Y G'z  
Sendin' they respect, you know I mean?  
You my nigga for life, forever  
You're always gonna be with a nigga  
No matter what, don't forget that

I pray before I go to sleep  
Dear God save my place before I start to eat, 'cause times is hard  
So I'm covered to my knees, oh why?  
Why you had to take my nigga with the rock I buy?

You had to take a good one, a ghetto hood son, Uzi weighin' a ton  
Niggas terrified of comin' from the young gun  
Hearin' that they did it outta fear don't amaze me  
But it's mind blowin', so I'm flowin' goin' crazy

Slip for cock the gun but he didn't run like a punk  
He shoulda had the gauze in the trunk  
For spunk is what he had, kid, I'd ratha attack big  
Now ya 'bout to smell the aftermath of what the Mack did

Wannabe suckers wanna test, I'm tellin' you, yes  
The Teflon's bout to rip through your fuckin' vest  
Guess who? I'll make a mess of your crew  
Quick the spirit biggie smalls and the comin'on clique, yeah

God bless the dead  
God bless the dead  
God bless the dead  
God bless the dead

# Tupac - Hail Mary M\_\* Lyrics

(feat. Kastro, Young Noble, Prince Ital)

[Makaveli]

Makaveli in this... Killuminati, all through your body  
The blow's like a twelve gauge shotty  
Uh, feel me!  
And God said he should send his one begotten son  
to lead the wild into the ways of the man  
Follow me; eat my flesh, flesh and my flesh

[Chorus (Makaveli):]

Come with me, Hail Mary  
Run quick see, what do we have here  
Now, do you wanna ride or die  
La dadada, la la la la

[Makaveli]

I ain't a killer but don't push me  
Revenge is like the sweetest joy next to getting pussy  
Picture paragraphs unloaded, wise words being quoted  
Peeped the weakness in the rap game and sewed it  
Bow down, pray to God hoping that he's listening  
Seeing niggas coming for me, to my diamonds, when they glistening  
Now pay attention, rest in peace father  
I'm a ghost in these killing fields  
Hail Mary catch me if I go, let's go deep inside  
the solitary mind of a madman who screams in the dark  
Evil lurks, enemies, see me flee  
Activate my hate, let it break, to the flame  
Set trip, empty out my clip, never stop to aim  
Some say the game is all corrupted, fucked in this shit  
Stuck, niggas is lucky if we bust out this shit, plus  
mama told me never stop until I bust a nut  
Fuck the world if they can't adjust  
It's just as well, Hail Mary

[Chorus 2X]

[Makaveli]

Penitentiaries is packed with promise makers  
Never realize the precious time the bitch niggas is wasting  
Institutionalized I lived my life a product made to crumble  
But too hardened for a smile, we're too crazy to be humble, we balling  
Catch me father please, cause I'm falling, in the liquor store  
That's the Hennessee I hear ya calling, can I get some more?  
Hail 'til I reach Hell, I ain't scared  
Mama checking in my bedroom; I ain't there

I got a head with no screws in it, what can I do  
One life to live but I got nothing to lose, just me and you  
on a one way trip to prison, selling drugs  
We all wrapped up in this living, life as Thugs  
To my homeboys in Clinton Max, doing they bid  
Raise hell to this real shit, and feel this  
When they turn out the lights, I'll be down in the dark  
Thuggin eternal through my heart, now Hail Mary nigga

[Chorus 2X]

[Kastro]

They got a APB, out on my Thug family  
Since the Outlawz run these streets, like these skanless freaks  
Our enemies die now, walk around half dead  
Head down, K blasted off Hennesee and Thai  
Trying it, mixed it, now I'm twisted blisted and high  
Visions of me, Thug living getting me by  
Forever live, and I multiply survived by Thugs  
When I die they won't cry unless they coming with slugs

[Young Noble]

Peep the whole scene and whatever's going on around me  
Brain kinda cloudy, smoked out feeling rowdy  
Ready to wet the party up, and whoever in that motherfucker  
Nasty new street, slugger my heat seeks suckers  
on the regular mashing in a stolen black Ac Integ-ra  
Cock back, sixty seconds 'til the draw that's when I'm dead in ya  
Feet first, you got a nice gat but my heat's worse  
From a Thug to preaching church, I gave you love now you eating dirt  
Needing work, and I ain't the nigga to put you on  
Cause word is bond when I was broke I had to hustle 'til dawn  
That's when sun came up, there's only one way up  
hold ya head and stay up, to all my niggas get ya pay and weight up

[Kastro]

If it's on then it's on, we break beat-breaks  
Outlawz on a paper chase, can you relate  
to this shit I don't got, be the shit I gotta take  
Dealing with fate, hoping God don't close the gate  
If it's on then it's on, we break beat-breaks  
Outlawz on a paper chase, can you relate  
to this shit I don't got, be the shit I gotta take  
Dealing with fate, hoping God don't close the gate

[Chorus (repeats in background)]

[Prince Ital]

We've been traveling on this wayward road  
Long time 'til I be take a 'eavy load  
But we ride, ride it like a bullet  
Hail Mary, Hail Mary

We won't worry everything will come real  
Free like the bird in the tree  
We won't worry everything will come real  
Yes we free like the bird in the tree  
We running from the penitentiary  
This is the time for we liberty  
Hail Mary, Hail Mary

[Chorus]

[Makaveli]

Westside, Outlawz, Makaveli the Don, Solo, Killuminati, The 7 Days

# Tupac - Me Against The World\* Lyrics

It's just me against the world  
It's just me against the world baby  
I've got nothing to lose, it's just me against the world  
Stuck in the game, me against the world baby

Can you picture my prophecy? Stress in the city, the cops is hot for me  
The projects is full of bullets, the bodies is dropping  
There ain't no stopping me, constantly moving while making millions  
Witnessing killings, leaving dead bodies in abandoned buildings

Carries to children 'cause they're illing  
Addicted to killing and the appeal from the cap peeling  
Without feeling but will they last or be blasted?  
Hard headed bastard, maybe he'll listen in his casket, the aftermath

More bodies being buried, I'm losing my homies in a hurry  
They're relocating to the cemetery  
Got me worried, stressing, my vision's blurred  
The question is will I live? No one in the world loves me

I'm headed for danger, don't trust strangers  
Put one in the chamber whenever I'm feeling this anger  
Don't wanna make excuses 'cause this is how it is  
What's the use unless we're shooting no one notices the youth  
It's just me against the world baby

Me against the world, it's just me against the world  
It's just me against the world, me against the world  
'Cause it's just me against the world baby  
Me against the world, I've got nothing to lose  
It's just me against the world baby, I've got nothing to lose

Could somebody help me? I'm out here all by myself  
See ladies in stores, Baby Capone's, living wealthy  
Pictures of my birth on this Earth is what I'm dreaming  
Seeing Daddy's semen, full of crooked demons, already crazy

And screaming I guess them nightmares as a child  
Had me scared but left me prepared for a while  
Is there another route? For a crooked Outlaw  
Veteran, a villain, a young thug, who one day shall fall

Everyday there's mo' death and plus I'm dough-less  
I'm seeing mo' reasons for me to proceed with thieving  
Scheme on the scheming and leave they peeps grieving  
'Cause ain't no bucks to stack up, my nuts is backed up

I'm 'bout to act up, go load the Mac up, now watch me klacka  
Tried making fat cuts but yo it ain't working  
And Evil's lurking, I can see him smirking when I gets to perving  
So what? Go put some work in and make my mail, making sales  
Risking 25 with a 'L' but, oh well

Me against the world with nothing to lose  
It's just me against the world, it's just me against the world baby  
Me against the world, I've got nothing to lose  
It's just me against the world, it's just me against the world baby  
With nothing to lose, it's just me against the world baby  
Me against the world, me against the world  
I've got nothing to lose, it's just me against the world baby

With all this extra stressing  
The question I wonder is after death, after my last breath  
When will I finally get to rest? Through this suppression  
They punish the people that's asking questions

And those that possess, steal from the ones without possessions  
The message I stress to make it stop study your lessons  
Don't settle for less even the genius asks questions  
Be grateful for blessings, don't ever change, keep your essence

The power is in the people and politics we address  
Always do your best, don't let the pressure make you panic  
And when you get stranded and things don't go the way you planned it  
Dreaming of riches, in a position of making a difference

Politicians and hypocrites, they don't wanna listen  
If I'm insane, it's the fame made a brother change  
It wasn't nothing like the game  
It's just me against the world

Me against the world, nothing to lose  
It's just me against the world baby, me against the world  
Got me stuck in the game, it's just me against the world  
I'd be ashamed to lose, it's just me against the world baby  
Me against the world

That's right, I know it seem hard sometimes but uhh  
Remember one thing, through every dark night  
There's a bright day after that  
So no matter how hard it get, stick your chest out  
Keep your head up and handle it

Me against the world  
Me against the world  
Me against the world

# Tupac - How Do You Want It? Lyrics

(feat. K-Ci and JoJo)

[Chorus: K-Ci and JoJo]

How do you want it? How does it feel?

Comin up as a nigga in the cash game

livin in the fast lane; I'm for real

How do you want it? How do you feel?

Comin up as a nigga in the cash game

livin in the fast lane; I'm for real

[Verse One: 2Pac]

Love the way you activate your hips and push your ass out

Got a nigga wantin it so bad I'm bout to pass out

Wanna dig you, and I can't even lie about it

Baby just alleviate your clothes, time to fly up out it

Catch you at a club, oh shit you got me fiendin

Body talkin shit to me but I can't comprehend the meaning

Now if you wanna roll with me, then here's your chance

Doin eighty on the freeway, police catch me if you can

Forgive me i'm a rider, still I'm just a simple man

All I want is money, fuck the fame I'm a simple man

Mr. International, playa with the passport

Just like Aladdin bitch, get you anything you ask for

It's either him or me -- champagne, Hennessy

A favorite of my homies when we floss, on our enemies

Witness as we creep to a low speed, peep what a hoe need

Puff some mo' weed, funk, ya don't need

Approachin hoochies with a passion, been a long day

But I've been driven by attraction in a strong way

Your body is bangin baby I love it when you flaunt it

Time to give it to daddy nigga now tell me how you want it

(Tell me how you want it! La-dy, yeahhhyeah)

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: 2Pac]

Tell me is it cool to fuck?

Did you think I come to talk am I a fool or what?

Positions on the floor it's like erotic, ironic

cause I'm somewhat psychotic

I'm hittin switches on bitches like I been fixed with hydraulics

Up and down like a roller coaster, I'm up inside ya

I ain't quittin til the show is over, cause I'ma rider

In and out just like a robbery, I'll probably be a freak

and let you get on top of me, get her rockin these  
Nights full of Alize, a livin legend  
You ain't heard about these niggaz play these Cali days  
Delores Tucker, youse a motherfucker  
Instead of tryin to help a nigga you destroy a brother  
Worse than the others -- Bill Clinton, Mr. Bob Dole  
You're too old to understand the way the game is told  
You're lame so I gotta hit you with the hot facts  
Want some on lease? I'm makin millions, niggaz top that  
They wanna censor me; they'd rather see me in a cell  
livin in hell -- only a few of us'll live to tell  
Now everybody talkin bout us I could give a fuck  
I'd be the first one to bomb and cuss  
Nigga tell me how you want it

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: 2Pac]

Raised as a youth, tell the truth I got the scoop  
on how to get a bulletproof, because I jumped from the roof  
before I was a teenager, mobile phone, SkyPager  
Game rules, I'm livin major -- my adversaries  
is lookin worried, they paranoid of gettin buried  
One of us gon' see the cemetary  
My only hope to survive if I wish to stay alive  
Gettin high, see the demons in my eyes, before I die  
I wanna live my life and ball, make a couple million  
And then I'm chillin fade em all, these taxes  
got me crossed up and people tryin to sue me  
Media is in my business and they actin like they know me  
Hahaha, but I'ma mash out, peel out  
I'm with it quick I'se quick to whip that fuckin steel out  
Yeah nigga it's some new shit so better get up on it  
When ya see me tell a nigga how ya want it  
How do you want it?

[Chorus 2X]

[2Pac]  
How you want it?  
Yeah my nigga Johnny J  
Yeah, we out

[Chorus]

[2Pac]  
Tell me

[Chorus]

[2Pac]

Cash game, livin in the fast lane, I'm for real

# Tupac - So Many Tears\* Lyrics

I shall not fear no man but God  
Though I walk through the valley of death  
I shed so many tears (if I should die before I wake)  
Please God walk with me (grab a nigga and take me to Heaven)

Back in elementary, I thrived on misery  
Left me alone I grew up amongst a dyin breed  
Inside my mind couldn't find a place to rest  
until I got that Thug Life tatted on my chest  
Tell me can you feel me? I'm not livin in the past, you wanna last  
Be tha first to blast, remember Kato  
No longer with us he's deceased  
Call on the sirens, seen him murdered in the streets  
Now rest in peace  
Is there heaven for a G? Remember me  
So many homies in the cemetery, shed so many tears

Ahh, I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears..  
Lord, I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Now that I'm strugglin in this business, by any means  
Label me greedy gettin green, but seldom seen  
And fuck the world cause I'm cursed, I'm havin visions  
of leavin here in a hearse, God can you feel me?  
Take me away from all the pressure, and all the pain  
Show me some happiness again, I'm goin blind  
I spend my time in this cell, ain't livin well  
I know my destiny is Hell, where did I fail?  
My life is in denial, and when I die,  
baptized in eternal fire I'll shed so many tears

Lord, I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears..  
Lord, I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Now I'm lost and I'm weary, so many tears  
I'm suicidal, so don't stand near me  
My every move is a calculated step, to bring me closer  
to embrace an early death, now there's nothin left  
There was no mercy on the streets, I couldn't rest  
I'm barely standin, bout to go to pieces, screamin peace  
And though my soul was deleted, I couldn't see it  
I had my mind full of demons tryin to break free  
They planted seeds and they hatched, sparkin the flame  
inside my brain like a match, such a dirty game  
No memories, just a misery  
Paintin a picture of my enemies killin me, in my sleep  
Will I survive til the mo'nin, to see the sun

Please Lord forgive me for my sins, cause here I come...

Lord, I suffered through the years (God) and shed so many tears..  
God, I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Lord knows I.. tried, been a witness to homicide  
Seen drivebys takin lives, little kids die  
Wonder why as I walk by  
Broken-hearted as I glance at the chalk line, gettin high  
This ain't the life for me, I wanna change  
But ain't no future right for me, I'm stuck in the game  
I'm trapped inside a maze  
See this Tanqueray influenced me to gettin crazy  
Disillusioned lately, I've been really wantin babies  
so I could see a part of me that wasn't always shady  
Don't trust my lady, cause she's a product of this poison  
I'm hearin noises, think she fuckin all my boys, can't take no more  
I'm fallin to the floor; beggin for the Lord to let me in  
to Heaven's door -- shed so many tears  
(Dear God, please let me in)

Lord, I've lost so many years, and shed so many tears..  
I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears  
Lord, I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears..  
God, I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

# Tupac - Unconditional Love Lyrics

(What y'all want?)  
Unconditional Love (no doubt)  
Talking bout the stuff that don't wear off  
It don't fade  
It'll last for all these crazy days  
These crazy nights  
Whether you wrong or you right  
I'm a still love you  
Still feel you  
Still there for you  
No matter what (hehe)  
You will always be in my heart  
With unconditional love

[Verse One:]

Come listen to my truest thoughts, my truest feelings  
All my peers doing years beyond drug dealing  
How many caskets can we witness  
Before we see it's hard to live  
This life without God, so we must ask forgiveness  
Ask mama why i got this urge to die  
Witness the tears falling free from my eyes  
Before she could reply  
Though we were born without a silver spoon  
My broken down TV, show cartoons in my living room (hey)  
One day I hope to make it  
A player in this game  
Mama don't cry, long as we try  
Maybe things change  
Perhaps it's just a fantasy  
A life where we don't need no welfare  
Shit with our whole family  
Maybe it's me that caused it  
The fighting and the hurting  
In my room crying cause I didn't want to be a burden  
Watch mama open up her arms to hug me  
And I ain't worried bout a damn thang, with unconditional love

[Chorus: 2x]

In this game the lesson's in your eyes to see  
Though things change, the future's still inside of me  
We must remember that tomorrow comes after the dark  
So you will always be in my heart, with unconditional love

[Verse Two:]

Just got the message you've been calling all week  
Been out here hustling on these streets, ain't had a chance to speak  
But you know, with you and me it's on G  
We could never be enemies, cause you been such a good friend to me  
Where would I be without my dogs  
No wonder why when times get hard  
Cause it ain't easy being who we are  
Driven by my ambitions, desire higher positions  
So I proceed to make Gs, eternally in my mission  
Is to be more than just a rap musician  
The elevation of today's generation  
If could make 'em listen  
Prison ain't what we need, no longer stuck in greed  
Time to play and strategize, my family's gotta eat  
When we make somethin out of nothing  
No pleasure in the suffering, neighborhood would be good  
If they could cut out all the busting  
The liquor and the weed the cussing  
Sending love out to my block  
The struggle never stops (unconditional love)

[Chorus]

[Verse Three:]

I'll probably never understand ya ways  
With everyday I swear I hear ya  
Trying to change your ways while gettin paid at the same time  
Just had a baby with the same eyes  
Something inside, please let me die these are strange times  
How come I never made it  
Maybe it's the way the played it in my heart  
I knew one day I gotta be a star  
My hopes and all my wishes  
So many vivid pictures, and all the currency  
I'll never even get to see  
This fast life soon shatters  
Cause after all the lights and screams  
Nothing but my dreams matter  
Hoping for better days  
Maybe a peaceful night, baby don't cry  
Cause everythang gonna be alright  
Just lay your head on my shoulder  
Don't worry bout a thang baby  
Girl I'm a soldier (huh)  
Never treated me bad, no matter who I was  
You still came with that, unconditional love

[Chorus 3x until fade]



# Tupac - Trapped Lyrics

You know they got me trapped in this prison of seclusion  
Happiness, living on tha streets is a delusion  
Even a smooth criminal one day must get caught  
Shot up or shot down with tha bullet that he bought  
Nine millimeter kickin' thinking about what tha streets do  
to me

Cause they never talk peace in tha black community  
All we know is violence, do tha job in silence  
Walk tha city streets like a rat pack of tyrants  
Too many brothers daily heading for tha big pen  
Niggas comin' out worse often when they went in  
Over tha years I done alot of growin' up

Getten drunk thrown' up, cuffed up  
Then I said I had enough  
There must be another route, way out  
To money and fame, I changed my name  
And played a different game  
Tired of being trapped in this vicious cycle

If one more cop harasses me I just might go psycho  
And when I gettem, I'll hittem with tha bum rush  
Only a lunatic would like to see his skull crushed  
Yo, if your smart you'll really let me go G  
But keep me cooped up in this ghetto and catch tha Uzi  
They got me trapped

(Trapped uh)  
(Uh uh, they can't keep tha black man down)  
They got me trapped  
(Trapped uh)  
(Naw, they can't keep tha black man down)  
(Trapped uh)  
(Trapped uh)  
(Uh uh, they can't keep tha black man down)  
You know they got me trapped  
(Trapped uh)  
(Naw, they can't keep tha black man down)  
(Trapped uh)

They got me trapped  
Can barely walk tha city streets  
Without a cop harassing me, searching me  
Then asking my identity  
Hands up, throw me up against tha wall  
Didn't do a thing at all

I'm tellin' you one day these suckers gotta fall  
Cuffed up throw me on tha concrete  
Coppers try to kill me  
But they didn't know this was tha wrong street  
Bang bang, down another casualty  
But it's a cop who's shot there's brutality

Who do you blame?  
It's a shame because tha man's slain  
He got caught in tha chains of his own game  
How can I feel guilty after all tha things they did to me  
Sweated me, hunted me  
Trapped in my own community

One day I'm gonna bust  
Blow up on this society  
Why did ya lie to me?  
I couldn't find a trace of equality  
Work me like a slave while they laid back

Homie don't play that  
It's time I lett'em suffer tha payback  
I'm tryin' to avoid physical contact  
I can't hold back, it's time to attack Jack  
They got me trapped

(Trapped uh)  
(Uh uh, they can't keep tha black man down)  
They got me trapped  
(Trapped uh)  
(Naw, they can't keep tha black man down)  
(Trapped uh)  
(Trapped uh)  
(Uh uh, they can't keep tha black man down)  
You know they got me trapped  
(Trapped uh)  
(Naw, they can't keep tha black man down)  
(Trapped uh)

Now I'm trapped and want to find a getaway  
All I need is a G and somewhere safe to stay  
Can't use tha phone  
Cause I'm sure someone is tappin' in  
Did it before  
Ain't scared to use my gat again

I look back at hind site the fight was irrelevant  
But now he's tha devils friend  
Too late to be tellin' him  
He shot first and I'll be damned if I run away  
Homie is done away I should of put my gun away

I wasn't thinkin' all I heard was tha ridicule

Girlies was laughin', Tup sayin "Damn homies is dissin you"

I fired my weapon

Started steppin' in tha hurricane

I got shot so I dropped

Feelin' a burst of pain

Got to my feet

Couldn't see nothin' but bloody blood

Now I'm a fugitive to be hunted like a murderer

Ran through an alley

Still lookin' for my getaway

Coppers said freeze, or you'll be dead today

Trapped in a corner

Dark and I couldn't see tha light

Thoughts in my mind was tha nine and a better life

What do I do?

Live my life in a prison cell

I'd rather die than be trapped in a living hell

They got me trapped

(Trapped uh)

(Uh uh, they can't keep tha black man down)

They got me trapped

(Trapped uh)

(Naw, they can't keep tha black man down)

(Trapped uh)

(Trapped uh)

(Uh uh, they can't keep tha black man down)

You know they got me trapped

(Trapped uh)

(Naw, they can't keep tha black man down)

(Trapped uh)

[incomprehensible]

Let's go man, let's go, get outta here, trapped

[incomprehensible]

# Tupac - Life Goes On\* Lyrics

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

How many brothas fell victim to tha streetz  
Rest in peace young nigga, there's a Heaven for a 'G'  
Be a lie, If I told ya that I never thought of death  
My niggas, we tha last ones left  
But life goes on.....

[Verse One:]

As I bail through tha empty halls  
Breath stinkin'  
In my jaws  
Ring, ring, ring  
Quiet y'all  
Incoming call  
Plus this my homie from high school  
He's getting bye  
It's time to bury another brotha nobody cry  
Life as a baller  
Alchol and booty calls  
We usta do them as adolecents  
Do you recall?  
Raised as g's  
Loc'ed out and blazed the weed  
Get on tha roof  
Let's get smoked out  
And blaze with me  
2 in tha morning  
And we still high assed out  
Screamin' 'thug till I die'  
Before I passed out  
But now that your gone  
I'm in tha zone  
Thinkin'  
'I don't wanna die all alone'  
But now ya gone  
And all I got left are stinkin' memories  
I love them niggas to death  
I'm drinkin' Hennessy  
While tryin' ta make it last  
I drank a 5th for that ass  
When you passed....  
Cause life goes on

[Chorus]

[Verse Two:]

Yeah nigga  
I got tha word as hell  
Ya blew trial and tha judge gave you  
25 with an L  
Time to prepare to do fed time  
Won't see parole  
Imagine life as a convict  
That's getten' old  
Plus with tha drama  
We're lookin out for your babies mama  
Taken risks, while keepin' cheap tricks from gettin on her...  
Life in tha hood...  
Is all good for nobody  
Remember gamin' on dumb hoties at chill parties  
Me and you  
No true a two  
While scheming on hits  
And gettin tricks  
That maybe we can slide into  
But now you burried  
Rest nigga  
Cause I ain't worried  
Eyes bluried  
Sayin' goodbye at the cemetary  
Tho' memories fade  
I got your name tated on my arm  
So we both ball till' my dying days  
Before I say goodbye  
Kato and Mental rest in peace  
Thug till I die

[Chorus]

[Verse Three:]

Bury me smilin'  
With G's in my pocket  
Have a party at my funeral  
Let every rapper rock it  
Let tha hoes that I usta know  
From way before  
Kiss me from my head to my toe  
Give me a paper and a pen  
So I can write about my life of sin  
A couple bottles of Gin  
Incase I don't get in  
Tell all my people i'm a Ridah  
Nobody cries when we die  
We outlaws  
Let me ride

Until I get free  
I live my life in tha fast lane  
Got police chasen me  
To my niggas from old blocks  
From old crews  
Niggas that guided me through  
Back in tha old school  
Pour out some liquor  
Have a toast for tha homies  
See we both gotta die  
But ya chose to go before me  
And brothas miss ya while your gone  
You left your nigga on his own  
How long we mourn  
Life goes on...

[Chorus repeats to end]  
[sung overtop repeating chorus]

Life goes on homie  
Gone on, cause they passed away  
Niggas doin' life  
Niggas doin' 50 and 60 years and shit  
I feel ya nigga, trust me  
I feel ya  
You know what I mean  
Last year  
We poured out liquor for ya  
This year nigga, life goes on  
We're gonna clock now  
Get money  
Evade bitches  
Evade tricks  
Give players plenty space  
And basicaly just represent for you baby  
Next time you see your niggas  
Your gonna be on top nigga  
Their gonna be like,  
'Goddamn, them niggas came up'  
That's right baby  
Life goes on....  
And we up out this bitch  
Hey Kato, Mental  
Y'all niggas make sure it's popin' when we get up there  
Don't front.

# Tupac - Hit 'Em Up\* Lyrics

[Tupac]

I ain't got no motherfucking friends  
That's why I fucked your bitch  
You're fat motherfucker {Take Money}  
West Side  
Bad Boy Killers {Take Money}  
You know who the realist is  
niggas we bring it to {Take Money}  
(ha ha, that's alright)

First off, fuck your bitch  
And the click you claim  
West side when we ride  
Come equipped with game  
You claim to be a player  
But I fucked your wife  
We bust on Bad Boys  
niggas fuck for Life  
Plus Puffy tryin' to see me weak  
Hearts I rip  
Biggie Smalls and Junior Mafia  
Some mark ass bitches  
We keep on coming  
While we running for your jewels  
Steady gunning  
Keep on busting at them fools  
You know the rules  
Little Ceasar go ask you homie  
How I'll leave you  
Cut your young ass up  
See you in pieces  
Now be deceased  
Little Kim,  
Don't fuck around with real G's  
Quick to snatch your ugly ass, off the streets  
So fuck peace  
I'll let them niggas know  
It's on for Life  
Don't let the west side  
Ride the night (ha ha)  
Bad Boys murdered on Wax and kill  
fuck with me  
And get your caps peeled  
You know, see

[Chorus:]

Grab your glocks when you see 2pac

Call the cops when you see 2pac, uh  
Who shot me,  
But your punks didn't finish  
Now you 'bout to feel the wrath of a menace  
nigga, I hit 'em up

Check this out  
You motherfuckers know what time it is  
I don't know why I'm even on this track  
You all niggas ain't even on my level  
I'm going to let my little homies  
Ride on you  
bitch made ass Bad Boys bitches  
{ah yo, yo, hold the fuck up}

Get out the way yo  
Get out the way yo  
Biggie Smalls just got dropped  
Little move pass the mac  
And let me hit 'em in his back  
Frank White needs to get spanked right  
For setting up traps  
Little accident murderers  
And I ain't never heard of you  
Poise less gats attack when I'm serving you  
Spank the shank  
Your whole style when I gank  
Guard your rank  
'cause I'm a slam your ass in a pang  
Puffy weaker than a fuckin' block  
I'm running through nigga  
And I'm smoking Junior Mafia  
In front of you nigga  
With the ready power  
Tucked in my Guess  
Under my Eddie Bauer  
Your clout petty sour  
I push packages ever hour  
I hit 'em up

[Chorus]

Peep how we do it  
Keep it real  
Its penitentiary steel  
This ain't no freestyle battle  
All you niggas getting killed  
With your mouths open  
Tryin' to come up off of me  
You and the clouds hoping  
Smoking dope  
It's like a Sherm high

niggas think they learned to fly  
But they burn motherfucker you deserve to die  
Talking about you Getting Money  
    But it's funny to me  
    All you niggas living bummy  
    While you fucking with me?  
    I'm a self made Millionaire  
    Thug livin', out of prison  
    Pistols in the Air {Air} (Ha Ha)

Biggie remember when I use to let you sleep on the couch  
    And beg the bitch to let you sleep in the house  
    Now it's all about Versace  
        You copied my style  
        Five shots couldn't drop me  
        I took it and smiled  
    Now I'm back to set the record straight  
        With my A-K  
    I'm still the thug that you love to hate  
        Mother-fucker I'll Hit 'Em Up

I'm from N E W Jers.  
Where plenty of murder occurs  
    No points to come  
We bring drama to all you herds  
    Now go check the scenario  
        Little Ceas'  
I'll bring you fake G's to your knees  
Coppin' please with these scenario  
    Little Kim is you  
        Coked up or doped up  
Get your little Junior Whopper click smoked up  
    What the fuck?  
        Is you stupid?  
        I take money,  
        crash and mash through Brooklyn  
With my click looting, shooting, and polluting your block  
    With fifteen shot,  
        Cocked glock to your knot  
    Outlaw Mafia click moving up another notch  
And your Pop stars popped and get dropped and mopped  
    And all your fake ass east coast props  
        Brainstormed and locked

You're a beat biter  
    Pac style taker  
I'll tell you to face, you ain't nothing shit but a faker  
    So fill the Alize with a chaser  
        'bout to get murdered for the paper  
        E.d.i I mean post the scene of the caper  
        Like a loc, with little Ceas' in a choke (uh)  
Toting smoke, we ain't no motherfuckin' joke  
    Thug Life, niggas better be known

Be approaching  
In the wide open, gun smoking  
No need for hoping  
It's a battle lost  
I gottem crossed as soon as the funk is bopping off  
nigga, I hit 'em up

Now you tell me who won  
I see them, they run (ha ha)  
They don't wanna see us  
Whole Junior Mafia click  
Dressing up trying to be us  
How the fuck they gonna be the Mob?  
When we always on out job  
We millionaire's  
Killing ain't fair  
But somebody got to do it

Oh yah Mobb Deep (uh)  
You wanna fuck with us  
You Little young ass motherfuckers  
Don't one of you niggas got sickle-cell or something  
You're fucking with me, nigga?  
You fuck around and catch a seizure or a heart-attack  
You better back the fuck up  
Before you get smacked the fuck up  
This is how we do it on our side  
Any of you niggas from New York that want to bring it,  
Bring it.

But we ain't singing,  
We bringing drama  
fuck you and your mother fucking mama.  
We're gonna kill all you mother fuckers.

Now when I came out, I told you it was just about biggie.  
Then everybody had to open their mouth with a mother fucking opinion  
Well this is how we gonna' do this:

fuck Mobb Deep,  
fuck Biggie,

fuck Bad Boy as a staff, record label, and as a mother fucking crew.

And if you want to be down with Bad Boy,

Then fuck you too.

Chino XL, fuck you too.

All you mother fuckers,  
fuck you too.

(take money, take money)

All of y'all mother fuckers,  
fuck you, die slow motherfucker.

My four four (.44 magnum) make sure all your kids don't grow.

You motherfuckers can't be us or see us.

We mother fuckin' Thug Life riders.

West Side till' we die.

Out here in California, nigga

We warned ya'  
We'll bomb on you mother fuckers.  
We do our job.  
You think you the mob, nigga, we the motherfuckin' mob  
Ain't nothing but killers  
And the real niggas, all you motherfuckers feel us.  
Our shit goes triple and four quadruple  
You niggas laugh 'cause our staff got guns under they motherfuckin' belts  
You know how it is and we drop records they felt  
You niggas can't feel it  
We the realist  
fuck 'em.  
We Bad Boy killers.

# Tupac - Troublesome 96' Lyrics

Troublesome,  
Nineteen muthafuckin' 96'  
West side, let it be known, nigga  
Boss of all bosses, Makaveli

Menacin' methods label me a lethal weapon  
Making niggas die, witnessin' breathless imperfections  
Can you picture my specific plan to be the man in this wicked land  
Under handed hits are planned, scams are plotted over grams of rock  
Undercover agents die by the random shots, we all die in the end

So revenge, I swore, I was all about my ends, fuck friends and foes  
Me, a born leader, never leave the block without my, my heata  
Got me a dog, named him Mobb Bitch Nigga Eata  
What could they do to me that little brat? Shit them, niggas

That shot me and still terrified I'll get their ass, how can I show you  
How I feel inside? We outlawz motherfuckas, can't kill my pride  
Niggas, talk a lot of shit but that's after I'm gone 'cause they fear me  
In physical form, let it be known, I'm troublesome

All ya niggas die, put it down to the fullest  
Spittin' rhymes and bullets, troublesome, I know what time it is  
Call the punk police please, they cant stop us niggas run the streets

Troublesome, gutter ways my mentality is ghetto  
We're guerrillas in this criminal war, we all rebels  
Death before dishonor bet on bomb on them first niggas  
We came for murder, pullin' up in a hearse  
Westside was the war cry bustin' all freely screaming fuck

All y'all niggas in Swahili, pistol packin' fresh out of jail  
I ain't goin' back, release me to care of my heartless strap  
Say my name three times like candy man, bet I roll on your ass  
Like an avalanche, a soul survivor, learned to get high  
And pull drive bys, murder my foes, can't control my nine

Hearin' thoughts of my enemies pleadin' please  
Busta ass motherfuckas tried to flee, picture me lettin'  
This chump survive, redin' up on his ass when I'm doped  
He die, 'cause I'm troublesome

All ya niggas, die young, strapped and I don't give a fuck  
I'm hopeless, I live a thug life loosin' my focus, baby  
I'm troublesome, bad boy killa, there is no one realla  
What you saw was the rough, rugged and raw, outlaw

Murder, murder my mind states shit ain't change  
Since my last rhyme, the crime rate ain't decline  
    Niggas bustin' shots like they lost their mind  
    Like twenty-five to life never crossed their mind  
    Tell me young nigga never learned a thang

Dead at thirteen 'cause he yearned to bang  
    Sent a lot of flowers but how can I cry  
Tried to warn the little nigga, either stop or die  
    Mercy is for the weak when I speak, I scream  
    Afraid to sleep I'm havin' crazy dreams

Vivid pictures of my enemies and family times  
God to forgive me 'cause it's wrong but I plan to die  
You can take me to heaven and understand I was a G  
Did the best I could, raised in insanity or send me to hell  
    'Cause I ain't beggin' for my life, ain't nothing worse  
    Than this cursed ass hopeless life, I'm troublesome

All ya niggas die in your wildest dreams  
You couldn't picture a nigga like me, I'm troublesome

# Tupac - Brenda's Got A Baby Lyrics

Brenda's got a baby  
Brenda's got a baby

I hear Brenda's got a baby well, Brenda's barely got a brain  
A damn shame the girl can hardly spell her name  
That's not our problem, that's up to Brenda's family  
Well let me show you how it affects the whole community  
Now Brenda never really knew her mom's and her dad was a junky  
Went in debt to his arms, it's sad 'cause I bet Brenda doesn't even know  
Just 'cause you're in the ghetto doesn't mean you can't grow  
But oh, that's a thought, my own revelation

Do whatever it takes to resist the temptation  
Brenda got herself a boyfriend, her boyfriend was her cousin  
Now let's watch the joy end she tried to hide her pregnancy  
From her family who really didn't care to see  
Or give a damn if she went out and had a church of kids  
As long as when the check came they got first dibs  
Now Brenda's belly is gettin' bigger but no one seems to notice  
Any change in her figure she's 12 years old and she's having a baby

In love with the molester, who's sexing her crazy and yet she thinks  
That he'll be with her forever and dreams of a world when the two of them  
We're together, whatever, he left her and she had the baby solo  
She had it on the bathroom floor and didn't know so  
She didn't know, what to throw away and what to keep  
She wrapped the baby up and threw him in the trash heap  
I guess she thought she'd get away wouldn't hear the cries  
She didn't realize how much the little baby had her eyes

Now the baby's in the trash heap balling, momma can't help her  
But it hurts to hear her calling Brenda wants to run away  
Momma say, you makin' me lose pay, the social workers here everyday  
Now Brenda's gotta make her own way can't go to her family  
They won't let her stay, no money no babysitter, she couldn't keep a job  
She tried to sell crack, but end up getting robbed, so now what's next  
There ain't nothin', left to sell, so she sees sex as a way of leavin' hell  
It's payin' the rent, so she really can't complain, prostitute found slain  
And Brenda's her name, she's got a baby

Don't you know she's got  
Don't you know she's got  
Don't you know she's got a baby  
Don't you know she's got  
Don't you know she's got  
Don't you know she's got a baby

Don't you know she's got  
Don't you know she's got  
Don't you know she's got a baby  
Don't you know she's got  
Don't you know she's got  
Don't you know she's got a baby

Don't you know she's got  
Don't you know she's got  
Don't you know she's got a baby  
Don't you know she's got  
Don't you know she's got  
Don't you know she's got a baby

# Tupac - I Ain't Mad At Cha\* Lyrics

Change, shit  
I guess change is good for any of us  
Whatever it take for any of ya'll niggaz to get up out the hood  
Shit, I'm wit cha, I ain't mad at cha  
Got nuttin' but love for ya, do your thing boy

Yeah, all the homies that I ain't talk to in a while  
I'ma send this one out for ya'll, knahmean?  
'Cause I ain't mad at cha  
Heard y'all tearin' up shit out there, kickin' up dust  
Givin' a motherfucker,  
Yeah, niggaz 'cause I ain't mad at cha

Now we was once two niggaz of the same kind  
Quick to holla at a hoochie with the same line  
You was just a little smaller but you still roll  
Got stretched to Y.A. and hit the hood swell

Member when you had a jheri curl didn't quite learn  
On the block, witcha glock, trippin' off sherm  
Collect calls to the till, sayin' how ya changed  
Oh, you a Muslim now, no more dope game

Heard you might be comin' home, just got bail  
Wanna go to the mosque, don't wanna chase tail  
I seems I lost my little homie he's a changed man  
Hit the pen and now no sinnin' is the game plan

When I talk about money all you see is the struggle  
When I tell you I'm livin' large you tell me it's trouble  
Congratulation on the weddin', I hope your wife know  
She got a playa for life, and that's no bullshitin'

I know we grew apart, you probably don't remember  
I used to fiend for your sister, but never went up in her  
And I can see us after school, we'd bomb  
On the first motherfucker with the wrong shit on

Now the whole shit's changed, and we don't even kick it  
Got a big money scheme and you ain't even with it  
Knew in my heart you was the same motherfucker bad  
Go toe to toe when it's time for roll you got a brother's back

And I can't even trip, â€~cause I'm just laughin' at cha  
You tryin hard to maintain, then go head  
'Cause I ain't mad at cha  
I ain't mad at cha

I ain't, mad, at cha  
(I ain't mad at cha)  
I ain't, mad, at cha

We used to be like distant cousins, fightin', playin' dozens  
Whole neighborhood buzzin', knowin' that we wasn't  
Used to catch us on the roof or behind the stairs  
I'm gettin' blitzed and I reminisce on all the times we shared

Besides bumpin' n grindin' wasn't nothin' on our mind  
In time we learned to live a life of crime  
Rewind us back, to a time was much too young to know  
I caught a felony lovin' the way the guns blow

And even though we separated, you said that you'd wait  
Don't give nobody no coochie while I be locked up state  
I kiss my mama goodbye, and wipe the tears from her lonely eyes  
Said I'll return but I gotta fight the fate's arrived

Don't shed a tear, 'cause mama I ain't happy here  
I'm through trial, no more smiles, for a couple years  
They got me goin' mad, I'm knockin' busters on they backs  
In my cell, thinkin', "Hell, I know one day I'll be back"

As soon as I touch down  
I told my girl I'll be there, so prepare, to get fucked down  
The homies wanna kick it, but I'm just laughin' at cha  
'Cause youse a down ass bitch, and I ain't mad at cha

I ain't, mad, at cha  
(I ain't mad at cha)  
I ain't, mad, at cha  
(A true down ass bitch, and I ain't mad at cha)

Well, guess who's movin' up, this nigga's ballin' now  
Bitches be callin' to get it, hookers keep fallin' down  
He went from nuttin' to lots, ten carats to rock  
Went from a nobody nigga to the big, man on the block

He's Mister local celebrity, addicted to move a key  
Most hated by enemy, escape in the luxury  
See, first you was our nigga but you made it, so the choice is made  
Now we gotta slay you why you faded, in the younger days

So full of pain while the weapons blaze  
Gettin' so high off that bomb hopin' we make it, to the better days  
'Cause crime pays, and in time, you'll find a rhyme'll blaze  
You'll feel the fire from the niggaz in my younger days

So many changed on me, so many tried to plot  
That I keep a glock beside my head, when will it stop?

'Til God return me to my essence  
'Cause even as a adolescents, I refuse to be a convalescent

So many questions, and they ask me if I'm still down  
I moved up out of the ghetto, so I ain't real now?  
They got so much to say, but I'm just laughin' at cha  
You niggaz just don't know, but I ain't mad at cha

I ain't, mad at cha  
(And I ain't mad at cha)  
I ain't mad at cha  
(Hell nah, I ain't mad at cha)  
I ain't, mad at cha  
(And I ain't mad at cha)  
I ain't, mad at cha  
(I ain't mad at cha)  
I ain't, mad at cha, no  
I ain't mad at cha

# Tupac - I Get Around\* Lyrics

Aw yeah, I get around  
Still clown with the underground  
When we come around  
Stronger than ever

Back to get wreck, all respect to those who break  
Their neck to keep their hoes in check  
'Cause oh they sweat a brother majorly  
And I don't know why, your girl keeps paging me  
She tell me that she needs me, cries when she leaves me  
And every time she sees me, she squeeze me, lady take it easy  
Hate to sound sleazy, but tease me, I don't want it if it's that easy  
Aiyo bust it, baby got a problem saying bye bye  
Just another hazard of a fly guy

You ask why, don't matter, my pockets got fatter  
Now everybody's looking for the latter  
And ain't no need in being greedy  
If you wanna see me dial the beeper number  
Baby when you need me and I'll be there in a jiffy  
Don't be picky, just be happy with this quickie  
But when you learn, you can't tie me down  
Baby doll, check it out, I get around

What you mean you don't know? [Incomprehensible] I get around  
The underground just don't stop for hoes, I get around  
Still down with the underground, [Incomprehensible], I get around  
Yeah, ayo shock, let them hoes know

Now you can tell from my ever day fits, I ain't rich  
So cease and desist with them tricks  
I'm just another black man caught up in the mix  
Trying to make a dollar out of fifteen cents  
Just 'cause I'm a freak don't mean that we could hit the sheets  
Baby I can see, that you don't recognize me  
I'm Shock G, the one who put the satin on your panties  
Never knew a hooker that could share me, I get [Incomprehensible]

What's up love, how you doing?  
Well I've been hanging, sanging, trying to do my thang  
Oh, you heard that I was banging  
Your home girl you went to school with, that's cool  
But did she tell you about her sister and your cousin?  
Thought I wasn't, see, weekends were made for Michelob  
But it's a Monday, my day, so just let me hit it, yo  
And don't mistake my statement for a clown  
We can keep in the down low long as you know, that I get around

Tupacalypse now don't stop for hoes, I get around  
And round they go

Why I ain't call you? Ha ha, please  
Finger tips on the hips as I dip  
Gotta get a tight grip, don't slip  
Loose lips sink ships, it's a trip

I love the way she licks her lips, see me jocking  
Put a little twist in her hips 'cause I'm watching  
Conversations on the phone 'til the break of dawn  
Now we all alone, why the lights on?  
Turn 'em off, time to set it off, get you wet and soft  
Something's on your mind, let it off

You don't know me, you just met me, you won't let me  
Well if I couldn't have it, why you sweating me?  
It's a lot of real Gs doing time  
'Cause a groupy bit the truth and told a lie  
You picked the wrong guy baby, if you're too fly  
You need to hit the door, search for a new guy  
'Cause I only got one night in town  
Break out or be clown, baby doll are you down? I get around

# Tupac - Changes Lyrics

Come on, come on  
I see no changes, wake up in the morning and I ask myself  
Is life worth living, should I blast myself?  
I'm tired of bein' poor and even worse I'm black  
My stomach hurts, so I'm lookin' for a purse to snatch

Cops give a damn about a negro  
Pull the trigger, kill a nigga, he's a hero  
Give the crack to the kids who the hell cares  
One less hungry mouth on the welfare

First ship 'em dope and let 'em deal the brothers  
Give 'em guns, step back, watch 'em kill each other  
It's time to fight back that's what Huey said  
Two shots in the dark, now Huey's dead

I got love for my brother but we can never go nowhere  
Unless we share with each other  
We gotta start makin' changes  
Learn to see me as a brother instead of two distant strangers

And that's how it's supposed to be  
How can the devil take a brother, if he's close to me?  
I'd love to go back to when we played as kids  
But things changed, that's the way it is

Come on, come on, that's just the way it is  
Things will never be the same, that's just the way it is  
Aww, yeah

Come on, come on, that's just the way it is  
Things will never be the same, that's just the way it is  
Aww, yeah

I see no changes, all I see is racist faces  
Misplaced hate makes disgrace to races  
We under, I wonder what it takes to make this  
One better place, let's erase the wasted

Take the evil out the people they'll be acting right  
'Cause mo' black and white is smokin' crack tonight  
And only time we chill is when we kill each other  
It takes skill to be real, time to heal each other

And although it seems heaven sent  
We ain't ready, to see a black President  
It ain't a secret don't conceal the fact

The penitentiary's packed, and it's filled with blacks

But some things will never change  
Try to show another way but you stayin' in the dope game  
Now tell me, what's a mother to do?  
Bein' real don't appeal to the brother in you

You gotta operate the easy way  
I made a G today, but you made it in a sleazy way  
Sellin' crack to the kid, I gotta get paid  
Well hey, well, that's the way it is

Come on, come on, that's just the way it is  
Things will never be the same, that's just the way it is  
Aww, yeah

Come on, come on, that's just the way it is  
Things will never be the same, that's just the way it is  
Aww, yeah

We gotta make a change  
It's time for us as a people to start makin' some changes  
Let's change the way we eat, let's change the way we live  
And let's change the way we treat each other  
You see, the old way wasn't working so it's on us to do  
What we gotta do, to survivem

And still I see no changes, can't a brother get a little peace?  
There's war in the streets and war in the Middle East  
Instead of war on poverty, they got a war on drugs  
So the police can bother me

And I ain't never did a crime, I ain't have to do  
But now, I'm back with the facts givin' 'em back to you  
Don't let 'em jack you up, back you up  
Crack you up and pimps smack you up

You gotta learn to hold ya own  
They get jealous when they see ya, with ya mobile phone  
But tell the cops, they can't touch this  
I don't trust this, when they try to rush I bust this

That's the sound of my tool, you say it ain't cool?  
My mama didn't raise no fool  
And as long as I stay black, I gotta stay strapped  
And I never get to lay back

'Cause I always got to worry 'bout the pay backs  
Some buck that I roughed up way back  
Comin' back after all these years  
Rat-a-tat, tat, tat, tat, that's the way it is

That's just the way it is  
Things will never be the same, that's just the way it is  
Aww, yeah

That's just the way it is  
Things will never be the same, that's just the way it is  
Aww, yeah

Some things will never change

# Tupac - California Love Lyrics

California love

California knows how to party  
California knows how to party  
    In the city of  
In the city of good old Watts  
    In the city, the city of  
    We keep it rocking  
    We keep it rocking

Now let me welcome everybody to the wild, wild west  
    A state that's untouchable like Eliot Ness  
The track hits your eardrum like a slug to your chest  
    Pack a vest for your jimmy in the city of sex  
We in that sunshine state with a bomb-ass hemp beat  
    The state where you never find a dancefloor empty  
    And pimps be on a mission for them greens  
Lean, mean, money-making machines serving fiends  
    I been in the game for ten years making rap tunes  
    Ever since honeys was wearing Sassoon  
    Now it's '95 and they clock me and watch me  
    Diamonds shining; looking like I robbed Liberace  
        It's all good from to the Bay  
    Your city is the bomb if your city making pay  
    Throw up a finger if you feel the same way  
        Dre putting it down for California

California (California) knows how to party (knows how to party)  
California (West Coast) knows how to party (yes they do)  
    In the city of LA (city of LA)  
    In the city of good old Watts (good old Watts)  
In the city, the city of Compton (city of Compton, yeah)  
    We keep it rocking (keep it rocking)  
        We keep it rocking

Shake it, shake it, baby  
    Shake it, shake it  
        Shake it, baby  
    Shake it, shake it, mama  
    Shake it, Cali (shake it, Cali)  
Shake it, shake it, baby (that's right...)  
    Shake it, shake it, baby, baby  
        Shake it, shake it, mama  
        Shake it, Cali

Out on bail, fresh out of jail, California dreaming  
Soon as I stepped on the scene I'm hearing hoochies screamin'

Fiending for money and alcohol  
The life of a Westside player, where cowards die  
And it's all war  
Only in Cali where we riot, not rally to live and die  
In LA we wearing Chucks, not Ballys (that's right...)  
Dressed in locs and khaki suits and ride is what we do  
Flossing but have caution; we collide with other crews  
Famous 'cause we programme worldwide  
Let them recognize from to Rosecrans  
Bumping and grinding like a slow jam, it's Westside  
So you know won't bow down to no man  
Say what you say  
But give me that bomb beat from Dre  
Let me serenade the streets of LA  
From to  
The Bay Area and back down  
Cali is where they put they mack down  
Give me love

California knows how to party  
California knows how to party  
In the city of LA (South Central)  
In the city of good old Watts (that's right)  
In the city, the city of Compton  
We keep it rocking  
We keep it rocking

(Yeah, yeah, now make it shake)  
Shake it, shake it, baby  
Shake it, shake it, shake it, baby  
Shake it, shake it, mama  
Shake it, Cali (shake it, Cali)  
Shake it, shake it, baby (shake it, Cali)  
Shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it, mama (West Coast)  
Shake it Cali...

...Yeah... Long Beach in the house... yeah. Oaktown; Oakland definitely in the house..., 'Frisco

Hey, you know LA up in this, where you at? Yeah, Inglewood, Inglewood always up to no good

Even trying to get a piece, baby

Sacramento, Sacramento, where you at? Yeah

Throw it up, y'all, throw it up, throw it up, I can't see you

# Tupac - Picture Me Rollin' Lyrics

Yeah, clear enough for ya? Yeah  
Why niggaz look mad?  
Y'all supposed to be happy I'm free  
Y'all niggaz look like y'all wanted me to stay in jail, hoe bustaz

Picture me rollin' in my 500 Benz  
I got no love for these niggaz, there's no need to be friends  
They got me under surveillance, that's what somebody be tellin'  
Know there's dope bein sold, but I ain't the one sellin'

Don't want to be another number  
I got a fuckin' gang of weed to keep from goin' under  
The federales wanna see me dead, niggaz put prices on my head  
Now I got two Rottwillers by me bed, I feed 'em lead

Now I'm released, how will I live? Will God forgive me  
For all the dirt a nigga did, to feed kids?  
One life to live, it's so hard to be positive  
When niggaz shootin' at your crib

Mama, I'm still thuggin', the world is a war zone  
My homies is inmates, and most of them dead wrong  
Full grown, finally a man, just scheamin' on ways  
To put some green inside the palms of my empty hands

Just picture me rollin'  
Flossin' a Benz on rims that isn't stolen  
My dreams is censored, my hopes are gone  
I'm like a fiend that finally sees when all the dope is gone  
My nerves is wrecked, heart beatin' and my hands is swollen  
Thinkin' of the G's I'll be holdin', picture me rollin'

Can you see me now?  
Move to the side a little bit so you can get a clear picture  
Can you see it? Pictue me rollin'  
Yeah nigga, ay but peep how my nigga Syke do it to you  
Guess who's back?

I got ki's, comin' from overseas  
Cost a nigga two hundred G's  
I'm a street comando, Nino for example  
This lavish lifestyle is hard to handle

So I got to floss 'cause I'm more like a boss playa  
Thug, branded to be a women layer  
So many playa haters, imitators steady swangin'  
Make me wanna start back bangin'

So I'm caught up in the game, dress code changed  
Packin' forty glocks, contain 'em or rearrange  
All that jealousy and envy comin' from my enemies  
While I'm sippin' on Re-mi

In front of black Lexus, Chevy's on the roam  
Ninety-six big body, sittin' on chrome  
As we head up out the zone, stone-facin' is on  
You can admire, but don't look too long  
I'm livin' a dream with triple beams and my pockets bulgin'  
It's hard to imagine, picture me rollin'

Picture, picture me, picture me rollin'  
Rollin', picture me rollin'  
Wheelin', picture me rollin' in  
Picture me, yeah yeah

I gots to get the fuck up in it, formulate a caper  
'Cause a nigga straight sufferin' from lack of havin' paper  
My bitch fin' to have a bastard, see?  
So I needs to hit a lick, drastically  
I see some baldin'-ass niggaz and they slippin' in my spot  
And, uh, diggin' the plots, checkin' in the park, 'Pac

We caught 'em sleepin', he didn't peep you niggaz creepin'?  
This how we do it every weekend  
I dump for madness, it's time to count the profit  
CPO, we got the bomb spot, nigga time to clock it  
I get the liquor, and you could get the females  
This crooked shit that we inflictin' gettin' street sales

Move smooth as a motherfucker, me and my nine  
Now, I'm as cool as a motherfucker, I'ma get mine  
Now we satisfied, got the pockets on swollen  
Boss Hog and this 'Pac nigga, picture us rollin'

Rollin'  
Picture me rollin'  
Picture me, picture me rollin'

Is y'all ready for me? Picture me rollin' roll call  
You know there's some muh'fuckers out there I just could not forget about  
I wanna make sure they can see me  
Number one on my list, Clinton Correctional Facilities

All you bitch ass C.O.'s  
Can you niggaz see me from there?  
Ballin' on y'all punk ass  
Picture me rollin', baby

Yeah, all them niggaz up in them cell blocks

I told y'all niggaz when I come home it's on  
That's right nigga, picture me rollin'  
Oh, I forgot, the D.A.

Yeah, that bitch had a lot to talk about in court  
Can the hoe see me from here?  
Can you see me, hoe?  
Picture me rollin'

And all you punk police, can you see me?  
Am I clear to you?  
Picture me rollin' nigga, legit  
Free like O.J. all day

You can't stop me  
You know I got my niggaz up in this motherfucker  
Manute, Pain, Syke, [Incomprehensible], Mopreme  
[Incomprehensible]  
Can you picture us rollin'? Can you see me hoe?

Is y'all ready for me? We up out this bitch  
Any time y'all wanna see me again  
Rewind this track right here, close your eyes  
And picture me rollin'

# Tupac - How Long Will They Mourn Me? Lyrics

How long will they mourn me?  
Yeah! This for my nigga Kato  
It's still on, nigga  
We even got the thug life, thugs for life  
Ha ha, how long will they mourn me?  
Yeah nigga  
2Pac in this muthafucka

All my homies drinking liquor  
Tears in everybody's eyes  
Niggas cried to mourn a homies homicide  
But I can't cry, instead I'm just a shoulder  
Damn, why they take another soldier  
I load my clip before my eyes blurry, don't worry  
I'll get them suckas back before your buried, shit  
Retaliate and pull a 187  
Do real niggas get to go to Heaven ?

How long will they mourn me, bury me a muthafuckin' G  
Bitch don't wanna die, then don't fuck with me  
It's kinda hard to be optimistic  
When your homies lying dead on the pavement twisted  
Y'all don't hear me doe, I'm trying hard to make amends  
But I'm losing all my muthafuckin' friends, damn  
They should've shot me when I was born  
Now I'm trapped in the muthafuckin' storm

How long will they mourn me?  
I wish it would have been another  
How long will they mourn me?  
How long will they mourn my brother?  
(Got them niggas all dead and shit)  
How long will they mourn me?  
(Incomprehensible)  
I wish it would have been another  
(Nate Dogg)  
How long will they mourn me?  
(Gotta keep this shit goin' on)  
How long will they mourn my brother?  
(Yo Syke)

How long will they mourn me? Every muthafuckin' day homie  
You stayed down when tha other niggas didn't know me  
From my heart to the trigga, you my fuckin' nigga  
And things won't be the same without you nigga  
I remember kickin' back, you wanted to lack  
And goin' half on a muthafuckin' hundred sack

Smokin' blunt after blunt and steady drinkin'  
Hung around so much, you knew what I was thinkin'

Tell me Lord, why You take Big Kato ?  
So confused not knowing which way to go  
I'm goin' crazy and runnin' out of fuckin' time  
I can't take it, I'm losin' my fuckin' mind  
So day after day, ride after ride  
We'll hook up on the other side  
Watch over your family and your newborn  
Till we meet again homie

How long will they mourn me ?  
I wish it would have been another  
(Yo Kato)  
How long will they mourn me?  
How long will they mourn my brother?  
(It's still on nigga)  
How long will they mourn me?  
I wish it would have been another  
(Yeah)  
How long will they mourn me?  
How long will they mourn my brother?  
(Rated R, Double Jeopardy, Mack 10)

Damn a nigga tired of feeling sad  
I'm tired of putting in work  
I'm tired of cryin' while watching my homies leave the earth  
I know soon one day I'll be in the dirt  
And my peoples'll be mournin'  
When they get a call from the coroner

All niggas can say is that's fucked up  
And get tossed up, reminiscing how we grew up  
(My nigga)  
Rest and love to my nigga Kato  
See you in the crossroads real soon  
For now let me pour out some brew  
I'll be always thinkin' of ya homie  
Rest in peace, how long will they mourn me ?

Ya know life's a fuckin' trip  
And everybody gotta go  
But why the fuck it have to be my nigga Kato  
Another nigga fell victim to the chrome  
It's enough to make you crazy  
It's fuckin' with my dome

Ya only live once on this earth  
A nigga had it bad, since the day  
Of my motherfuckin' birth

But niggas say they down  
And they always be my homie  
But when a nigga gone

How long will you mourn me? Yeah  
I wish it would have been another  
(Mack 10 in this muthafucka)  
Yeah, how long will you mourn me?  
How long will they mourn my brother?  
(Thug Life boy, Nate blowin' that shit)  
I wish it would have been another  
(Nate Dogg do that shit nigga)  
Yeah, how long will you mourn me?  
How long will they mourn my brother?  
(This for my nigga Kato and all his kids)  
How long will you mourn me?  
I wish it would have been another

# Tupac - Toss It Up Lyrics

The money behind the dreams  
My right hand, my other Capo in this big motherfuckin' war we got  
My other Capo in this big ass, conglomerate called Death Row  
Snoop motherfuckin' Dogg, Tha Doggfather  
And who he comin' through right now, Makaveli the Don  
Feel this, Killuminati

Lord have mercy, father help us all  
Since you supplied yo' phone number, I can't help but call  
Time for action, conversatin', we relaxin', kickin' back  
Got you curious for Thug Passion, now picture that

Tongue kissin', hand full of hair, look in my eyes  
Time to make the bed rock, baby look how it rise  
Me and you movin' in the nude, do it in the living room  
Sweatin' up the sheets, it's the Thug in me

I mean no disrespectin' when I tongue kiss your neck  
I go a long way to get you wet, what you expect  
Late night, hit the highway, drop the top  
I pull over, gettin' busy in the parking lot

And don't you love it how I lick your, hips and glide  
Kiss you soft on your stomach, push my love inside  
Got ya lost in a love zone, stuck in the lust  
I got the bedroom shakin' back-breakin' when we're tossin' it up

In this baby, I like the way it's goin' down  
When nobody's around, slip slide ride, givin' me love nice like  
Female I like, what I wanna give all night  
You and me alone everybody's gone toss it up, baby let's, get it on

I like the way you please me, babe  
The sexy way you tease me, sugar  
The way you move your body  
It really drives me crazy

Your body hypnotizing  
Your smell is so exciting  
So baby come on home with me  
I like the way you give it to me

I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up  
I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up  
I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up  
So I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up

Play on, play on, play on, play on, play on  
Play on, play on, play on, play on, play on  
Play on, play on, play on, play on, play on  
Play on, play on, play on, play on

Ohh, it's K-Ci baby, mmm that want you lady  
Ohh, don't act so shady, baby your taste as fine as gravy  
The way you move that thang, you make me wanna sang  
Girl, you make my bells rang, make them go ting-a-ling

Now the man, I'm here again  
Don't want it to ever end  
It's feeling too good  
Gimme some more, oh lady lady

Your body the kind I like-ah  
Big booty titling delight-ah  
Bag it up yo, let me in there  
Toss it up for me

I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up  
I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up  
And I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up  
Well, I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up

Do you want me what's your phone number, I get around  
Cali Love to my true Thugs, picture me now  
Still down for that Death Row sound, searchin' for paydays  
No longer Dre Day, arrivederci

Blown and forgotten, rotten for plottin' Child's Play  
Check your sexuality, as fruity as this Alize  
Quick to jump ship, punk trick, what a dumb move  
Cross Death Row, now who you gon' run to?

Lookin' for suckers 'cause you similar  
Pretendin' to be hard, oh my God, check your temperature  
Screamin' Compton, but you can't return, you ain't heard  
Brothers pissed 'cause you switched and escaped to the burbs

Mob on to this new era, 'cause we Untouchable  
Still can't believe that you got 'Pac rushin' you  
Up in you, bless the real, all the rest get killed  
Who can you trust, only time reveals, toss it up

Let me see you toss it up  
Let me see you toss it up  
Let me see you toss it up  
Let me see you toss it up

Tellin' lies, who? Puffy, I read your little interview buddy, c'mon  
You still ain't touchin' us, all that peace talk

I don't care if you kiss my ass from here to across the street boy  
It's on, toss it up, we took you on, and we took y'all beat  
You know we beat you down, and we took y'all beat  
'Cause you wasn't rockin' it right  
Tired of suckers rockin' it, toss it up, is how we did it  
Yeah, toss it up now

# Tupac - Dear Mama Lyrics

You are appreciated

[Verse One: 2Pac]

When I was young me and my mama had beef  
Seventeen years old kicked out on the streets  
Though back at the time, I never thought I'd see her face  
Ain't a woman alive that could take my mama's place  
Suspended from school; and scared to go home, I was a fool  
with the big boys, breakin all the rules  
I shed tears with my baby sister  
Over the years we was poorer than the other little kids  
And even though we had different daddy's, the same drama  
When things went wrong we'd blame mama  
I reminisce on the stress I caused, it was hell  
Huggin on my mama from a jail cell  
And who'd think in elementary?  
Heeey! I see the penitentiary, one day  
And runnin from the police, that's right  
Mama catch me, put a whoopin to my backside  
And even as a crack fiend, mama  
You always was a black queen, mama  
I finally understand  
for a woman it ain't easy tryin to raise a man  
You always was committed  
A poor single mother on welfare, tell me how ya did it  
There's no way I can pay you back  
But the plan is to show you that I understand  
You are appreciated

[Chorus: Reggie Green & "Sweet Franklin" w/ 2Pac]

Lady...  
Don't cha know we love ya? Sweet lady  
Dear mama  
Place no one above ya, sweet lady  
You are appreciated  
Don't cha know we love ya?

[second and third chorus, "And dear mama" instead of "Dear mama"]

[Verse Two: 2Pac]

Now ain't nobody tell us it was fair  
No love from my daddy cause the coward wasn't there  
He passed away and I didn't cry, cause my anger  
wouldn't let me feel for a stranger

They say I'm wrong and I'm heartless, but all along  
I was lookin for a father he was gone  
I hung around with the Thugs, and even though they sold drugs  
They showed a young brother love  
I moved out and started really hangin  
I needed money of my own so I started slangin  
I ain't guilty cause, even though I sell rocks  
It feels good puttin money in your mailbox  
I love payin rent when the rent's due  
I hope ya got the diamond necklace that I sent to you  
Cause when I was low you was there for me  
And never left me alone because you cared for me  
And I could see you comin home after work late  
You're in the kitchen tryin to fix us a hot plate  
Ya just workin with the scraps you was given  
And mama made miracles every Thanksgivin  
But now the road got rough, you're alone  
You're tryin to raise two bad kids on your own  
And there's no way I can pay you back  
But my plan is to show you that I understand  
You are appreciated

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: 2Pac]

Pour out some liquor and I reminisce, cause through the drama  
I can always depend on my mama  
And when it seems that I'm hopeless  
You say the words that can get me back in focus  
When I was sick as a little kid  
To keep me happy there's no limit to the things you did  
And all my childhood memories  
Are full of all the sweet things you did for me  
And even though I act craaazy  
I gotta thank the Lord that you made me  
There are no words that can express how I feel  
You never kept a secret, always stayed real  
And I appreciate, how you raised me  
And all the extra love that you gave me  
I wish I could take the pain away  
If you can make it through the night there's a brighter day  
Everything will be alright if ya hold on  
It's a struggle everyday, gotta roll on  
And there's no way I can pay you back  
But my plan is to show you that I understand  
You are appreciated

[Chorus]

Sweet lady  
And dear mama

Dear mama  
Lady [3X]

# Tupac - All About U\* Lyrics

Ah yeah, yeah, it's all 'bout u, one time

I'ma say it's all 'bout u baby, yeah

Ha ha, for the bitches that think it's all 'bout u

It's all 'bout u

This Dru Down in the house, with my boy 'Pizznac

You know what I'm sayin'? It's all 'bout u

Yeah I'm gon' say it's all 'bout u

But you know I'm lyin' though, hah, yeah

You probably crooked as the last trick, want it light

But how I got my ass caught up with this bad bitch

Thinkin' I had her but she had me in the long run

It's just my luck I'm stuck with fuckin' with the wrong one, uh

Wise decisions, based on lies we livin'

Scandalous times, this game's like my religion

You could be rollin' with a thug

Instead you with this weak scrub, lookin' for some love

In every club, I see you starin' like you want it

Well baby if you got it better flaunt it

Let the liquor help you get up on it

I'm still tipsy from last night

Bumpin' these walls as I pause, addicted to the fast life

I try to holla but you tell me you taken

Sayin' you ain't impressed, with the money I'm makin'

Guess it's true what they tellin' me

Fresh out of jail, life's Hell for a black, celebrity

So that's the reason why I call, and maybe you widdit

Fantasies of us sweatin', can I hit it?

Addicted to the things you do, but still true

What I'm sayin' boo, is this is all 'bout u

Every other city we go, every other video

(It's all 'bout u)

No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

(Yeah nigga, ha ha ha ha)

Every other city we go, every other video

(It's all 'bout u)

No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

I make a promise if you go with me, just let me know

I'll have you hollerin' my name out before I leave

Nobody loves me I'm a thug nigga, I only hung out  
With the criminals and the drug dealers, I love niggaz

'Cause we comin' from the same place  
Witness me holla at a hoochie, see how quick, the game takes  
How can I tell her I'm a playa, and I don't even care  
Creep though, weed smoke's into the air

Everywhere I go, it's all about the groupie hoes  
Waitin' for niggaz at the end, of every show  
I just seen you in my friends video  
Could never put a bitch before my friends, so here we go

Follow the leader and peep the drama that I'm goin' through  
It's all 'bout u ha ha ha, yeah nigga  
It's all 'bout u

Every other city we go, every other video  
(It's all 'bout u)  
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

Every other city we go, every other video  
(It's all 'bout u)  
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

Is you sick from the dick, or is it the flu?  
It ain't about you or your bitch ass crew  
Every other city we go and every video  
Explain to a nigga why I see the same shitty hoe

You think it's all 'bout u? Well boo  
I gets Down like Dru and my nasty new niggaz, too  
You couldn't hold me back, it'd take a fatter track  
A lyrical attack, perhaps, it was a visual bluff

When I started to snaps all your rode 'em swell  
Straight in control, flows'll fold, while hoes cold stroll  
Hold the set, I told Dramacy' go in next  
Gold diggin', cold diggin' a gold Rolex

I slide in easily, try a grizzly  
Sluts know the cuts, I came to fuck, try skeezin' me  
Runnin' up in ya just like Bruce Jenner when I bend ya  
At the most, I fucked a bitch from the West Coast to West Virginia

Every other city we go, every other video  
(It's all 'bout u)  
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

Every other city we go, every other video  
(It's all 'bout u)  
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

Every other city we go, every other video  
(It's all 'bout u)  
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

Every other city we go, every other video  
(I'm tellin' ya it's the same ol' shit)  
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe  
(I mean)

Goddamn, you know what I'm sayin'?  
I'm sittin' back, watchin' Montell Jordan video  
I see the same bitch, who was in  
My homeboy Nate Dogg video

Then I flip the channel  
I'm checkin' out my homeboy Tupac video  
I see the same bitch that was in my video  
You know what I'm sayin'?

And then you know what I'm sayin'?  
What make that even mo' fucked up  
I'm watchin' a Million Man March  
And I see the same bitch, on the Million Man March

That was in, the homeboy Warren G video  
I mean, damn, everywhere I look, everywhere I go  
I see the same hoe, don't get mad, I'm only bein' real  
Yeah

# Tupac - To Live And Die In L.A.\* Lyrics

(feat. Val Young)

[Dominique] Street Science, you're on the air [static]  
What do you feel when you hear a record like Tupac's new one? [static]  
[Man responds] I love Tupac's new record [static]  
[Dominique]  
Right, but don't you feel like that creates [static]  
a tension between East and West? [static]  
He's talking about killing people [static]  
I had sex with your wife and not in those words [static]  
but he's talking about I wanna see you deceased [static]

[Intro: Makaveli]  
No doubt... to live and die in LA  
California -- what you say about Los Angeles  
Still the only place for me that never rains in the sun and everybody got love

[Verse One: Makaveli]  
To live and die in LA, where everyday we try to fatten our pockets  
Us niggas hustle for the cash so it's hard to knock it  
Everybody got they own thang, currency chasing  
Worldwide through the hard times, worrying faces  
Shed tears as we bury niggas close to heart  
What was a friend now a ghost in the dark, cold hearted about it  
Nigga got smoked by a fiend, trying to floss on him  
Blind to a broken man's dream, a hard lesson  
Court cases keep me guessing, plea bargain ain't an option now,  
So I'm stressing, cost me more to be free than a life in the pen  
Making money off of cuss words, writing again  
Learn how to think ahead, so I fight with my pen  
Late night down Sunset liking the scene  
What's the worst they could do to a nigga got me lost in hell  
To live and die in LA on bail, my angel sing

[Chorus: Val Young]  
To live and die in LA, it's the place to be  
You've got to be there to know it, what everybody wanna see  
[repeat 2X]

[Verse Two: Makaveli]  
It's the City of Angels and constant danger  
South Central LA, can't get no stranger  
Full of drama like a soap opera, on the curb  
Watching the ghetto bird helicopters, I observe  
So many niggas getting three strikes, tossed in jail  
I swear the pen the right across from hell, I can't cry  
'cause it's on now, I'm just a nigga on his own now

Living life Thug style, so I can't smile  
Writing to my peoples when they ask for pictures  
Thinking Cali just fun and bitches, ha ha ha  
Better learn about the dress code, B's and C's  
All them other niggas copycats, these is G's  
I love Cali like I love woman  
'cause every nigga in LA got a little bit of Thug in him  
We might fight amongst each other, but I promise you this  
We'll burn this bitch down, get us pissed  
To live and die in LA  
(Let my angel sing)

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Makaveli]  
'cause would it be LA without Mexicans?  
Black love brown pride and the sets again  
Pete Wilson trying to see us all broke, I'm on some bullshit  
Out for everything they owe, remember K-DAY  
Weekends, Crenshaw -- MLK  
Automatics rang free, niggas lost they way  
Gang signs being showed, nigga love your hood  
But recognize and it's all good, where the weed at?  
Niggas getting shermed out  
Snoop Dogg in this motherfucker perved out, M.O.B.  
Big Suge in the Low-Low, bounce and turn  
Dogg Pound in the Lex, with a ounce to burn  
Got them Watts niggas with me, OFTB  
They got some hash took the stash left the rest for me  
Neckbone, Tre, Head Ron, Punchy too  
Big Rock got knocked, but this one's for you  
I hit the studio and drop a jewel, hoping it pay  
Getting high watching time fly, to live and die in LA  
(Let my angel sing)

[Chorus]

[Outro: Makaveli]  
This go out for 92.3, and 106  
All the radio stations that be bumping my shit  
Making my shit sells katruple quitruple platinum, he he  
This go out to all the magazines that supported me  
All the real motherfuckers  
All the stores, the mom and pop spots  
A&R people, all you all motherfuckers  
LA, California Love part motherfucking Two  
Without gay ass Dre

# Tupac - Heartz Of Men\* Lyrics

Ahh, Suge what did I tell you nigga  
When I come out of jail what was I gonna do  
I was gonna start diggin' into these niggas chest, right  
Watch this, hey Quik let me see them binoculars, nigga  
Them binoculars

Ha ha ha ha, yah nigga time to ride  
Grab your bullet proof vest nigga  
Cause its gonna be a long one  
Now me and Quik gonna tell you niggas  
How its like on this side  
The real side  
Now on this ride its gonna be some real mutha-fuckas  
And there is gonna be some pussys  
Now the real niggas are gonna be the ones with  
Money and bitches  
The pussys are gonna be the niggas  
On the floor bleeding  
Now everybody keep your eyes on the prize  
Cause the ride gets tricky  
See you got some niggas on your side  
That say they your friends But in real life they your enemies  
And then you got some mutha-fuckas that say they your enemies  
But in real life they eyes is on your money  
See the enemies say the truth  
But in real life those niggas will be the snitches  
Its a dirty game y'all  
Y'all got ta be careful about who you fuck with  
And who you don't fuck with  
Cause the shit get wild y'all  
Keep your mind on your riches, Baby  
Keep your mind on your riches

9-1-1 Its a emergency cowards tried to murder me  
From the hood to the 'burbs, everyone of you niggas heard of me  
Shit I'm legendary niggas scary and paralyzed  
Nothing more I despise than a liar and cowards die  
My mama told me When I was to see  
Just a vicious mutha fucker while these devils left me free  
I proceed to make them shiver when I deliver  
Criminal lyrics from a world wide mob figure  
Thug niggas from everywhere Mr. Makaveli  
Niggas is waiting for some thug shit thats what they tell me  
So many rumors but I'm infinite Immortal Outlaw  
Switching up on you ordinary bitches  
Like a south paw you gettin left  
And every breath I breathe untill the moment I'm deceased

Will be another moment ballin' as a G  
I rip the crowd then I start again  
Internally I live in sin until the moment  
That they let me breathe again  
The heartz of men

### The Heartz of Men

My lyrical verge with so much pain that  
To some niggas it hurts My guns bust  
And if you ain't one of us it gets worse  
Bitch niggas get their eyes swell and fly mode  
I'm an homicidal outlaw and five-o get your lights on  
Fight long, tonights gonna be a fucking fight so we might roll  
My own homies saying I'm heart less  
But I'm a G to this 'til the day I'm gone that's regardless  
Drive-by and niggas bow down  
I thought I'd rot in jail, paid bail, well niggas out now  
Throw up your hands if your thugged out  
First nigga act up first nigga getting drugged out  
I can be a villian if yah let me  
I'll Mutha fuck yah if yah too upset me  
Tell the cops to come and get me  
Rip the crowd like a phone number  
Start again, don't have no mutha fuckin' friends nigga  
Look inside the heartz of men

### In The Heartz of Men In The Heartz of Men

To all me niggas engaged in making money in the fifty states  
Keep your mind on your chips and fuck a punk bitch  
No longer living in fear my pistol close in hand  
Convinced this is my year like I'm the chosen man  
Give me my money and label me as a Don  
If niggas is having problems smoke fire and bomb them  
I died and came back  
I hustle with these lyrics as if its a game of crack  
Thugishness is in my spirit  
I'm lost and not knowing scar'd up but still flowing  
Energized and still going  
Uhh, can it be fate that makes a sick mutha fucka break  
On these jealous ass coward 'cause they evil and fake  
What will it take?  
Give me that bass line I'm feeling bombed  
Deathrow baby don't be alarmed  
The homie Quik gave a nigga beat and let me start again  
Represent cause I've been sent  
The heartz of men

# 2PAC & OUTLAWS



PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

STILL I RISE

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Letter To The President"

(feat. Big Syke)

[E.D.I. (2Pac):]

Uh, dear Mr. President. What's happenin'?

I'm writin' you because

Shit is still real fucked up in my neighborhood

Pretty much the same way

Right around the time when you got elected...

Ain't nothin' changed. All the promises you made, before you got elected... they ain't came true

(Tell me what to do, these niggas actin' up in the hood)

(Send mo' troops, dear Mr. President)

Me and my homies is wonderin' what's goin' on... holla!

(Tell me what to do, these niggas actin' up in the hood)

(Send mo' troops...)

[2Pac:]

Why should I lie when I can dramatize?

Niggas fell victim to my lyrics, now traumatized

Simply by spittin' I've been blessed given riches

Enemies suspicious cuz I'm seldom in the company of bitches

Plus the concepts I depict so visual that you can kiss

Each and every trick or bitch, inside the shit I kick

My heaviest verse'll move a mountain

Casualties in mass amounts, brothers keep countin'

Fuck the friendships, I ride alone

Destination: Death Row – finally found a home

Plus all my homies wanna die; call it euthanasia

Dear Lord, look how sick this ghetto made us

Sincerely yours, I'm a thug, the product of a broken home

Everybody's doped up, nigga, what you smokin' on?

Figure if we high they can train us

But then America fucked up and blamed us

I guess it's cause we black that we targets

My only fear is God, I spit that hard shit

In case you don't know I let my pump go

Get it ride for Mutulu like I ride for Geronimo

Down to die for everything I represent

Meant every word in my letter to the President

[2Pac:]

Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do

These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops

Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do

These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops

[E.D.I. Amin:]

Oh you's a baller in the White House, I hope you comfortable

Cause yo', I spend my nights out, with the lights out

Under the safety of darkness, amongst the crazed and the heartless

And young soul bros, ready to rode a starship

[?], leave a nigga flat for scratch

The Godless, I gotta get chips, but you can't understand that  
Wanna ban rap? - Stand back, before you get hurt  
It's the only thing nigga pay the paper besides smoke and work  
On a mission, listen [?] with precision  
First made my decision, I realized this ain't livin'  
Trippin' to drastic measures, tryin' to get stacks of cheddar  
Motherfuckers hate cops, wait, it ain't gettin' better  
But you keep tellin' us that it is  
While your motherfuckin' troops keep killin' our kids  
Dig, don't be surprised if you see us  
Dumpin' with nothing but artillery to free us, motherfucker

*[E.D.I. Amin:]*

Dear Mr. President, tell us what to do  
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops  
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops

*[Kastro:]*

Strapped and angry, with no hope, and heart-broke  
Fightin' first my trained brain until it's not so  
It's hostile, niggas lick shots to watch the Glocks glow  
Cadres of coppers patrol us like we some animals  
And it ain't no peace, my peace a piece on my streets  
To people beefin' and things squeakin' on they beefs for weeks  
Mr. President, it's evident, nobody really care  
For a struggler out the gutter, 22 with gray hair  
I was raised to raise hell, frail and my heart stale  
So I'ma bring hell to earth until my heart fail  
But y'all play fair, give me and mine, I'll share  
'Til y'all show us you care, it's gon' be mayhem out here  
Me and these 223's will freeze the biggest with ease  
I'm still a nigga you fear, bring the beast to his knees  
And I've been born to represent, for that I've been heaven-sent  
And I meant every word in my letter to the President

*[E.D.I. Mean:]*

Shit is still fucked up, y'all. And y'all wonder when it's gon' get better, and it ain't gon' get better

*[2Pac:]*

Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops  
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These niggas actin' up...

*[2Pac:]*

Heavenly Father, may I holla at you briefly?  
I wanna meet the President, but will he meet me?  
Is he scared to look inside the eyes of a thug nigga?  
We tired of being scapegoats for this capitalistic drug dealin'  
How hypocritical is Liberty?  
That blind bitch ain't never did shit for me  
My history full of casket and scars  
My own black nation at war, whole family behind bars  
And they wonder why we scarred, 13 lookin' hard  
Sister had a baby as an adolescent, where was God?

Somewhere in the middle of my mind  
Is a nigga on the tightrope, screamin', "Let him die!"  
Can't lie, I'm a thug, drownin' in my own blood  
Lookin' for the reason that my momma's strung out on drugs  
Down to die for everything I represent  
Meant every word in my letter to the President

[Big Syke:]  
Blacks is broke, think it's a joke that we livin' low?  
Y'all sniffin' blow and postin' what they hittin' fo'?  
Tell the secretary it's necessary we get paid  
Look what you made, little kids gettin' sprayed  
Day after day, and night after night  
Battles and wars to the daylight  
We might change and rearrange if you do somethin'  
'Til then we gonna keep it comin', Mr. President  
And I meant every word in my letter to the President

[2Pac:]  
Word motherfuckin' life, what the fuck this nigga think?  
Cuttin' taxes, takin' off welfare  
We 'sposed to just sit here, go broke and die, starvin'?!  
Motherfuckers crazier than a motherfuckin' scout  
Nigga, this Thug Life, Westside, Outlaw Immortalz  
Nigga, we finna hustle 'til we come up

[2Pac:]  
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops  
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops  
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops  
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops

[2Pac:]  
Dear Mr. Clinton, shit (send mo' troops)... it's gettin' harder and harder for a motherfucker to make a dollar in  
these here streets  
I mean shit (send mo' troops), I hear you screamin' peace  
But we can't find peace  
'Til my little niggas on these streets get a piece (send mo' troops)  
I know you fear me cause you too near me not to hear me  
So why don't you help a nigga out? (send mo' troops)  
Sayin' you cuttin' welfare  
That got us niggas on the street, thinkin' who in the hell care? (send mo' troops)  
Shit, y'all want us to put down our Glocks and our rocks  
But y'all ain't ready to give us no motherfuckin' dollars (send mo' troops)  
What happened to our 40 acres and a mule fool? (send mo' troops)  
We ain't stupid, think you got us lookin' to lose  
Tryin' to turn all us young niggas into troops (send mo' troops)  
You want us to fight your war, what the fuck I'm fightin' for? (send mo' troops)  
Shit, I ain't got no love here  
I ain't had a check all year, taxin' all the blacks (send mo' troops)  
Police beatin' me in the streets... fuck peace!  
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops..troops..troops..troops!

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Still I Rise"

(feat. Ta'He)

[Kastro]

Dear Lord, as we down here, struggle for as long as we know  
In search of a paradise to touch (my nigga Johnny J)  
Dreams are dreams, and reality seems to be the only place to go, the only place for us  
I know, try to make the best of bad situations  
Seems to be my life's story  
Ain't no glory in pain, a soldier's story in vain  
And can't nobody live this life for me  
It's a ride y'all, a long hard ride

[2Pac]

Somebody wake me, I'm dreamin'  
I started as a seed, the semen  
Swimmin' upstream, planted in the womb while screamin'  
On the top was my pops, my mama screamin' stop  
From a single drop, this is what they got  
Not to disrespect my peoples, but my papa was a loser  
Only plan he had for mama was to fuck her and abuse her  
Even as a little seed, I could see his plan for me  
Stranded on welfare, another broken family  
Now what was I to be? A product of this heated passion  
Mama got pregnant and papa got a piece of ass  
Look how it began, nobody gave a fuck about me  
Pistol in my hand, this cruel world can do without me  
How can I survive? Got me askin' white Jesus  
"Will a nigga live or die?" cause the Lord can't see us  
In the deep dark clouds of the projects, ain't no sunshine  
No sunny days and we only play sometimes  
When everybody's sleepin'  
I open my window, jump to the streets and get to creepin'  
I can live or die, hope I get some money 'fore I'm gone  
I'm only 19, I'm tryna hustle on my own  
On the spot where everybody and they pops tryna slang rocks  
I'd rather go to college, but this is where the game stops  
Don't get it wrong cause it's always on, from dusk to dawn  
You can buy rocks, Glocks or a herringbone  
You can ask my man, he's a mind reader  
Keep my 9 heater all the time, this is how we grind  
Meet up at the cemetery then get smoked out  
Pass the weed, nigga! That Hennessey'll keep me keyed, nigga  
Everywhere I go niggas holla at me, "Keep it real, G"  
And my reply 'til they kill me: "Act up if you feel me!"  
I was born not to make it, but I did  
The tribulations of a ghetto kid, still I rise

[Ta'He]

Still I (still I), I rise (I rise), please, give me to the sky (to the sky)  
And if (and if), I die (I die), I don't want you to cry

*[Yaki Kadafi]*

I stay sharp as always  
Runnin' your bricks with blitz, through your project hallways  
Dumpin' crews like two's, nigga, all day  
Secrets of war prepare me for the worst  
A life that's lavish, full of cabbage or a life that's in a hearse  
But now my dreams, it seems though  
Be placin' triple beams and things, bro  
Diamond pinkie ring got the loot poppin' out my jeans

*[Napoleon]*

Now I plan to keep my Glock cocked  
If trouble was searchin' for me, then why not?  
Show 'em what I'm made of, plus raised on, on my block  
Chancellor Ave, where many turn to the street  
Thugs snatchin' bags, we out for power, makin' cash  
It wasn't fast, it'll make me mad, I'm just like him  
My homie on the corner with his gat tucked in  
Youngins, they buckin' somethin'  
The life he lead's the life he don't need, don't we all know?  
He tryin' to rise up and we just go doe, still he rise

*[Young Noble]*

Dreams of lost hope  
I hit the strip broke where the fiends get coke  
And still I rise, now I float, cowards ghost  
Whenever we come around, I'm runnin' down  
Clutchin' a pound, live as sirens, duckin' the sound  
I used to hustle with my moms 'til the sun came  
My homie Harm doin' time from this drug game  
Stolen cars, war scars, born a Outlaw  
Behind bars, go to sleep just to see the stars  
Freedom is ours, though we trapped on a firm block  
Crackheads only 10 learn to duck cops

*[Yaki Kadafi]*

In '96 my Glock's my plastic, passion for blastin' bastards  
No faces for open caskets, peelin' your cap backwards  
You cowards ain't prepared for pistol practice  
I send my missiles through your mattress  
Leavin' holes in your body like a cactus  
While me and my crew be boppin' more greens than topic  
And loot to keep the seams in my motherfuckin' jeans poppin'  
Leavin' your spleen to pick up  
Half of you niggas is softer than a Snicker  
Let's go to war and see who draw quicker  
And still I rise, and still I rise...

*[Ta'He]*

Still I (still I), I rise (I rise), please, give me to the sky (to the sky)  
And if (and if), I die (I die), I don't want you to cry  
Still I (still I), I rise (I rise), please, give me to the sky (to the sky)  
And if (and if), I die (I die), I don't want you to cry

Y'all niggas fake, all day everyday  
So now I got roller blades, bitch

Thought you knew  
Your mouth is rich  
C'mon pops, let's go!

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.  
Thanks to ice\_dursu, JG for correcting these lyrics.

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Secretz Of War"

[E.D.I. Amin:]

You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us  
It's as simple as that for me and my niggas  
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us  
It's as simple as that for me and my niggas

[E.D.I. Amin:]

War time, war time, it's either yours or mine  
Outlawz be on the grind and a mission to shine  
And ride on 'em, leave 'em stuck and fucked from the gate  
Set it straight, regulate, with a bomb I'm about to detonate  
Boom! Hesitate? Aww, now you know what  
Ya'll niggas were here to go if you know it was good for ya  
Bunch of toy soldiers all dressed in fatigue  
But I'm E.D.I. Amin on a mission to make 'em bleed  
Nigga what? Nigga who? It was cool? And at you?  
What the fuck is you gonna do? Barbecue and boo-hoo  
Ride or die, get money, all at the same time  
Split the pie with the homie, ball at the same time  
Any nigga slippin', fall at the same time  
We all links in the chain, tryin' to gain, do time  
We all see the sunshine, but when you could do yours  
We'll bring these motherfuckers war

[E.D.I. Amin:]

You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us  
It's as simple as that for me and my niggas

[2Pac:]

As I approach the scene  
From smokin' green got my eyes closed  
Niggas so cold on my foes, I make 'em die froze  
Watch me make 'em bleed, makin' G's, Lord, help me with it  
Got me paintin' pictures of a meal ticket, help me get it  
See me and pray for options, but the pressures nonstop  
Niggas get the pistol poppin' and watch his body drop  
I'm a lethal threat, watch me hit your set, flash on  
Blast on them bitch-made niggas with my mask on  
Do it for profit, plus I'm lookin' for punks to bust on  
If you ain't screamin' "Westside!" you can get the fuck on  
I'm seein' demons, hittin' weed, got me hearin' screamin'  
Scared to go to sleep, watch the scene like a dope fiend  
Probably be punished for it, though you can't ignore it  
I live the life of a thug nigga, and die for it  
Niggas pass the clip and watch me bring 'em to the floor  
Got some shit that they ain't ready for: I got the secrets of war

[E.D.I. Amin:]

You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us  
See it's as simple as that for me and my niggas

You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us  
Look it's as simple as that for me and my niggas

*[Yaki Kadafi:]*

We do this thug life shit, like 4, 5, 6, stick 'em  
Down with no rounds left up in the pound when the sounds  
Squeeze the lead off, I blow his motherfuckin' head off  
Signal all the other outlawz to get this shit set off  
Yaki Kadafi, it ain't a cop here to stop me  
These streets is black hockey and raw, we get sloppy  
Put a pamper on your silly ass prestyle grammar, locked in the slammer, while I'm laid cocked back like a hammer  
Ya'll newly weds that in honey moons, times 'bout up, y'all  
That means I leave no trace found with you face, bounce stuck  
Your pig scanners can't come close touch or even hit me  
Doin' my dirt, puttin' in work, you see shit, what you gon' do?

*[E.D.I. Amin:]*

You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us  
See it's as simple as that for me and my niggas  
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us  
Look it's as simple as that for me and my niggas

*[Young Noble:]*

Check the murder rate percentage, niggas is finished  
Get blood checks from clinics, this thug shit is in us  
Flowin' through my system, you a victim  
Blunts, I twist 'em. Fuck the whole world, it's us against them  
You got some heat? Pull it out, cock the hammer if you with it  
Don't make no difference here with the 25-to-life sentence  
We already doin' life on the streets  
Like Al G., niggas be heated when they walkin' the beat  
This shit is flaky, makin' backs shaky, niggas hate me  
Scared to face me, knowin' that the Outlawz blaze me  
Pull me up on game, put me up on a hustle  
Once I suck my money muscle, all the G's got devils  
Movin' shit like a dollar, beatin' niggas like Rodney  
Turn a killer like Kadafi, and a nuke stream to stop me

*[E.D.I. Amin:]*

You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us  
See it's as simple as that for me and my niggas  
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us  
Look it's as simple as that for me and my niggas  
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us  
Man it's as simple as that for me and my niggas  
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us  
See it's as simple as that for me and my niggas

*[2Pac (E.D.I.):]*

(Bring it on), and all you lil' young ass soldiers  
You play this shit back about 15 times (talk about it)  
You'll have enough game to roll up in a club or somethin' (e'ry body tough)  
Teach these bitches a lil' somethin'  
You know what I mean? Secrets of muthafuckin' war...

Writer(s): Washington, Rufus Lee Cooper, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Malcolm Greenidge, Yafeu A. Fula, Johnny Lee Jackson, Bruce

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Baby Don't Cry (Keep Ya Head Up II)"

(feat. H.E.A.T.)

[2Pac (H.E.A.T.):]

I feel you (uh), baby don't  
But you can't, you can't give up  
H.E.A.T., 2Pac with Outlawz!

[2Pac (H.E.A.T.):]

Baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (Outlawz)  
Even when the road is hard, never give up!  
Baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (Keep ya head up)

[2Pac:]

Now here's a story 'bout a woman with dreams  
So picture perfect at 13, an ebony queen  
Beneath the surface it was more than just a crooked smile  
Nobody knew about her secret so it took a while  
I could see a tear fall slow down her black cheek  
Sheddin' quiet tears in the back seat; so when she asked me  
"What would you do if it was you?"

Couldn't answer such a horrible pain to live through  
I tried to trade places in the tragedy  
I couldn't picture three crazed niggas grabbin' me  
For just a moment I was trapped in the pain  
Lord, come and take me  
Four niggas violated, they chased and they raped me  
Even though it wasn't me, I could feel the grief  
Thinkin' with your brains blown that would make the pain go  
No! You got to find a way to survive  
'Cause they win when your soul dies

[2Pac (H.E.A.T.):]

Baby please don't cry! You got to keep your head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up!  
Baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up!  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got yo' head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (keep ya head up)  
Baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (never give up)  
Even when the road is hard, never give up!  
Baby don't cry...

[E.D.I. Amin:]

Forget him, girl, he ain't gon' never change  
I ain't no hater but that nigga lost in the game  
After the bright lights and big thangs  
He probably could love you, but he in love with the struggle  
Everyday, his mind on gettin' mo'  
And never your feelings, he's chasin' millions for sho'

Uh oh, now you 'bout to have his baby?  
Another wild-ass nigga that's gon' drive you crazy  
You got too much mo' livin' to do – I'm spittin' this to you  
'Cause you deserve more than what he givin' to you  
Beautiful, black, precious, and complicated  
A new millennium dime piece, so fine she  
Got 'em all stuck standin' still when she come through  
Baby, take a little mo' time, love'll find you  
And sho' as the sky's blue somebody other than me  
Gon' give you everythin' you need, feel me? (Don't cry-ah...)

[2Pac (H.E.A.T.):]

(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up!  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (you'll be alright)  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (keep ya head up)  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (never give up)  
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (no no... oh)  
Baby don't cry...

[Young Noble:]

I'm tryin' to do all that I can  
From jump, now you losin', you was choosin' the wrong man  
Dealt the wrong hand, you was young and beautiful  
Lost and turned out, what you let that nigga do to you?  
I knew her since elementary, she blew a kiss to me  
Wrote me a note in crayon, wantin' to get with me  
We was kids, now she got three kids  
They see their father e'ryday, and they don't know who he is  
Seen him last night, homie roll a E-class  
Mad cheese in the stash, still a deadbeat dad  
I bring her Pampers and food, just to stop through  
But those ain't my seeds, nothin' really I could do  
I feel pity for you, you ain't even his wife  
Seventeen with three kids, locked down for life  
Should've chose me, she 'bout to OD from the pressure  
Hell nah, I won't let her (BABY..)

[2Pac (H.E.A.T.):]

(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up!  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up!  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up!  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (never give up)  
Even when the road is hard, never give up!  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up!  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up!  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (keep ya head up)  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (never give up)

Even when the road is hard, never give up! (no no.. oh)  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry!  
(you'll be right)  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (keep ya head up)  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (never give up)  
Even when the road is hard, never give up!  
Baby don't cry

*[E.D.I. Amin:]*  
For all the ladies (Soulshock, Karlin)  
Baby don't cry! Got to keep your head up  
(Keep your head up)  
Makaveli lives on (head up) aight?

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.  
Thanks to ashley for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Rufus Lee Cooper, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Carsten Schack, Kenneth Karlin, Malcolm Greenidge

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

## "As The World Turns"

[2Pac:]

As the world turns...

As the world turns my niggas grow and grow and grow  
And get dough and roll and ride  
Niggas die and mommas cry  
Niggas got alibis and suicides and homicides  
And three strikes and yo' life and my life and times change  
And niggas fame, as the world turns...

[2Pac:]

Though I walk through the valley of Hell the shadow follows me. Wisdom hard to swallow tomorrow, expect  
apologies

You probably panic, stranded in search of a better planet  
Realism hard to understand, we stand slanted  
And still stranded. Merciless thieves stole the best of me  
I pray to black Jesus to please take the rest of me  
And still, the best of us build and reach monetary gains  
Some of us kill, but still, most of us can change  
If we search deeper  
God bless the hustler, curse the first sleeper  
Enemies get beside me, flows go deep as Poseidon  
When we ride, plots keep all my enemies blinded  
Time will soon show, a thought can last for years  
Outshinin' your fake smiles, plastic tears  
Like last year, niggas stuck in the past, and it's clear  
Just some busta ass bastards allergic to cash this year  
Makaveli for the mob, M.O.B  
Killin' busters is my motherfuckin' job, him or me  
Lyrically fatally driven, niggas reported missin'  
My competition dead or in prison, as the world turns...

[Darryl 'Big D' Harper (2Pac):]

As the world keeps turnin' round and round  
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns, and steady turnin'  
(Turns, turns, turns, turns and turns  
My niggas grow and grow and grow  
And gettin' dough and dough and dough  
From this state to that state  
From this cell to that cell, as the world turns)

[Young Noble:]

As the world turn, burnin' paths, starin' through my rearview  
It's a war goin' on, and the President is here too  
I hear 2Pac sayin', "Watch 'em, they'll kill you."  
Sippin Thug Passion, scrub actin' like he feel you  
Steady plottin', ready or not; Outlawz lost but not forgotten  
From Gittere to Compton, a spitter of the hotness  
Long time, since like six I ain't never been rich  
I need cream to buy Ellene a dream house  
She no longer fiend out y'all, Outlaw!

*[Napoleon:]*

Another lonely nigga with a 12-gauge pump, with a 12-hour rush to run and get this money, fuck these punks!

Road rules, I swim in the dirt, I stay in some skirt

I hit where it hurts, I ride or die for my turf

I ride or die for Makaveli, the legendary war thug nigga

Kadafi better unslug this nigga, Seike betta undrug this nigga

Out of the buildin', we street children with no souls

Our hearts gon' stay cold, the war gon' stay on

We serve 'em, like 'Pac told us to, catch 'em wreck with the TEC

Hit 'em in the neck and watch him die like he supposed to

Napoleon: the front line soldier, front times over

Rider for the mighty dollar, rather drunk than sober

Nigga talkin' thug walkin' all through yo' squad

Y'all niggas scared by a dog, I got my 44 for y'all

It's like a hot-heated day, homie

Warfare, don't play, homie, better be prepared

Then try to duck away from these strays, homie

Worlds turn, things burn, all in one shot. Rest in peace to the fallen soldiers, all that we got, as the world turns...

*[Darryl 'Big D' Harper (2Pac):]*

As the world keeps turnin' round and round

(And my niggas roll and ride, hahaha)

It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns... and steady turnin'

(Niggas gettin' swell out, and it don't stop and it don't quit

That real shit!) (real shit)

As the world keeps turnin' round and round

(How many you niggas try for this? )

It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns (as the world turns)

(Murderin' methods.. haha, OUTLAW!)

*[E.D.I. Amin:]*

Only haters caught feelings when my homie caught millions

And acquired the desired status of boss livin'

We cross driven, cornered into a life that's hellish

Payin' our dues with bloodshed, ain't shit y'all could tell us

Fellas – mount up, it's time for battle, it's on now

Two worlds collidin', armies ridin', soldiers gone wild

Sometimes I think my glory days was back in my youth

I sought too for family, but I got it lost in these ounces

Now, as the world turns court adjourns, I'm sentenced to burn

The cost of my sins too much, nothin' left to earn

*[Kadafi:]*

October 9th 1977 first day out my baby carriage

Married my MAC-11 hit the block playin'

Only five years up in this bitch, papa runnin' from the feds

Puttin' peanut butter on the walls to hide his prints

Me on my own, not yet grown, but only man of the home

To protect my zone in these streets I roam

Dough on d-low, downin' straight shots of Cristal Brothers

100 dollar snot box on cee-lo, fuck eighth

I need a kilo, got a plot, move my block down state

Got the drop on the spot, movin' pounds of weight

Fuck my fate and lots of loot to burn, a hustler's yearn

For this dirty money earned as this crooked world turns

*[Overlapped — Darryl 'Big D' Harper:]*  
As the world keeps turnin' round and round  
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns... and steady turnin'  
As the world keeps turnin' round and round  
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns...  
As the world keeps turnin' round and round  
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns...  
As the world keeps turnin' round and round  
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns... and steady turnin'  
As the world keeps turnin' round and round  
As the world keeps turnin' round and round  
As the world keeps turnin' round and round

*[2Pac & Napolean:]*  
Hahaha... as the world turns...  
And turns and turns and turns... haha. This for the soldiers out there involved in the everyday struggle  
Hopin' to bubble, keep on hustlin', as the world turns  
Money come and go, hoes come and go, foes come and go, friends come and go... my soldiers stay eternal  
Outlaw Immortalz, dedicated  
I send this to black Jesus, only he can feed us  
When you need us, as the world turns  
Throw this shit in the deck, hahah  
Niggas gettin chin checked  
From the East to the West, best to wear a vest  
Nigga we ain't the ones to test, fuck you!  
As the world turns... Outlaw ridahs, Mutah right beside us  
Camillion, wanna make a million  
Haha legit, as the world turns, haha... burn, baby, burn  
  
(A lot of niggas get burned as the world turns  
A lot of niggas gettin' burned as the world turns  
Gettin' burned as the world turns)

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Greenidge Malcolm R, Harper Marvin Darrell, Fula Yafeu A, Washington Bruce

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Black Jesuz"

(feat. Val Young, Storm)

[2Pac (Kadafi):]

Searchin' for Black Jesus  
Oh yeah, sportin' jewels and shit, yaknahmean?  
You can be Christian  
Straight tatted up  
(Straight Jehovah witness)  
No doubt  
(Islamic)  
No doubt man  
(Me, I'm a thug; thugs, we praise Black Jesus, all day)  
Young Kadafi in this bitch, set it off nigga.  
What?

[Kadafi:]

I do my shootings on a knob, prayin' to God for my squad  
Stuck in a nightmare, hopin' he might care  
Though times is hard, up against all odds, I play my cards  
Like I'm jailin', shots hittin' up my spot like midnight rains hailin'  
Got me bailin' to stash more greenGods; they ain't tryin' to be trapped  
On no block slangin' no rocks like bean pies  
Brainstorm on the beginnin'  
Wonder how shit like the Qu'ran and the Bible was written  
What is religion?  
God's words or a curse like crack?  
Shai-tan's way of gettin' us back  
Or just another one of my Black Jesus' traps

[Storm:]

Who's got the heart to stand beside me?  
I feel my enemies creepin' up in silence  
Dark prayer, scream violence - demons all around me  
Can't even bend my knees just a lost cloud; Black Jesus  
Give me a reason to survive, in this earthly hell  
Cause I swear, they tryin' to break my well  
I'm on the edge lookin' down at this volatile pit  
Will it matter if I cease to exist? Black Jesus

[2Pac:]

All hail, the pressure no endeavor can fail  
Submissive souls turn to hoes when exposed to jail  
In times of war we need somebody raw, rally the troops  
Like a Saint that we can trust to help to carry us through  
Black Jesus  
He's like a Saint that we can trust to help to carry us through  
Black Jesus

[Young Noble:]

Outlawz we got our own race, culture, religion  
Rebellin' against the system, commence to lynchin'

The President ain't even listenin' to the pain of the youth  
We make music for eternity, forever the truth  
Political prisoner, the two choices that they givin' us  
Ride or die, for life they sentence us  
Oh Black Jesus, please watch over my brother Shawn  
Soon as the sky get bright, it's just another storm  
Brothers gone, now labeled a statistic  
Ain't no love for us ghetto kids, they call us nigglets  
History repeats itself, nuttin new  
In school I knew, e'rything I read wasn't true  
Black Jesus

[2Pac:]

To this click I'm dedicated, criminal orientated  
An Outlaw initiated, blazed and faded  
Made for terror, major league niggas pray together  
Bitches in they grave while my real niggas play together  
We die clutchin' glasses, filled with liquor bomblastic  
Cremated, last wishes niggas smoke my ashes  
High sigh why die wishin', hopin' for possibilities  
I'll mob on, while they copy me sloppily  
Cops patrol projects, hatin' the people livin' in them  
I was born an inmate, waitin' to escape the prison  
Went to church but don't understand it, they underhanded  
God gave me these commandments, the world is scandalous  
Blast 'til they holy high; baptize they evil minds  
Wise, no longer blinded, watch me shine trick  
Which one of y'all wanna feel the degrees?  
Bitches freeze facin' Black Jesus

[2Pac:]

All hail, the pressure no endeavor can fail  
Submissive souls turn to hoes when exposed to jail  
In times of war we need somebody raw, rally the troops  
Like a Saint that we can trust to help to carry us through  
Black Jesus

[Kastro:]

Some say, some day, some how, some way, we gon' fail  
And it ain't hard to tell, we dwell in hell  
Trapped, black, scarred and barred  
Searchin' for truth, where it's hard to find God  
I play the Pied Piper, and to this Thug Life, I'm a lifer  
Proceed, to turn up the speed, just for stripes  
My Black Jesus, walk through this valley with me  
Where we, so used to hard times and casualties  
Indeed, it hurt me deep to have to sleep on the streets  
And haven't eaten in weeks, so save a prayer for me  
And all the young thugs, raised on drugs and guns  
Blazed out and numb, slaves to this slums  
This ain't livin'... Jesus

[Background overlapped singing:]

We believed in you  
Everything you do  
Just wanna let you know, how we feel

Black Jesus!  
We believed in you  
Everything you do  
Just wanna let you know, how we feel  
Black Jesus!  
We believed in you  
Everything you do  
Just wanna let you know, how we feel  
Black Jesus!

[Kastro:]  
Searchin' for Black Jesus  
It's hard, it's hard  
We need help out here  
So we searchin' for Black Jesus  
It's like a Saint, that we pray to in the ghetto, to get us through  
Somebody that understand our pain  
You know maybe not too perfect, you know  
Somebody that hurt like we hurt  
Somebody that smoke like we smoke  
Drink like we drink  
That understand where we comin' from  
That's who we pray to  
We need help y'all

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Homeboyz"

[2Pac:]

Oh shit, caught that nigga alone. Ain't that a bitch?

Hey, uh, this one here is, uh for them niggas that be Johnny Dangerous when they be fuckin' 50 deep

But they be fuckin' cowards when they by theyselves

You know who I'm talkin' about

You know who I'm talkin' about, that's right

You ain't shit without your homeboys

You ain't shit without your homeboys

You ain't shit without your homeboys

[2Pac:]

Now, everytime I see you cats is rollin' in packs

For the life of me I cannot see why you don't know how to act

Love to clown when you deep, but when you on that solo creep out on the streets you don't hear a peep

Nigga, it's a God damn shame, somebody explain

Why they sent a Bad Boy to play a grown man's game?

Tear that ass out the frame, completely get that ass kicked

Woke up on the street, but you'll be sleepin' in the casket

How long will it last? Nigga, don't ask, just be first to blast

Outlaw on the mash, tryin' to be the first to see some cash

My shit's classic, like my nigga Nate

Go get the tape, we keep the nation anticipatin' until we break

Money made me evil, court cases got me stressed

Niggas aimin' at my head, but I still wear my vest

I don't give a fuck, motherfuckers, I'm loc

They all duckin' when my gun smoke

You ain't shit without your homeboys

[2Pac:]

You probably run at the sound of funk

I give a fuck, you niggas is punks

Without your homeboys you be the first to reach in your trunk

You scary niggas is punks

You ain't shit without your homeboys, nigga

(Punk ass.. that's right motherfucker)

You ain't shit without your homeboys

(Throw your hands up you little trick)

(a squared.. coward motherfucker)

[Young Noble:]

Like Yak said, how the fuck you gonna shoot me rocks?

When you got the Outlaw Pac shittin' your box

You was lookin' real weak walkin' down the street

Now a nigga 30 deep, oh, you wanna beef?

Talk cheap, shoot a nigga the fair one

Your homies like fuck it – what's this? You the only scared one

Damn, son, close call I bet

Now down around the way you gets no respect

They like that Outlaw nigga played you out

We could have took it to the fists, I would have laid you out

Niggas be actin' all different when they dogs come around  
Watch 'em act like bitches when Outlawz draw down  
They all clown, better yet they all stunned  
You the type to have a gun and never blazed it once  
Get y'all banana split, you ain't Emmanuel  
Outlawz you'll never forget, Makaveli the Don get a call y'all  
Turnin these streets into Vietnam  
Where your homeboys?

[2Pac:]

You ain't shit without your homeboys  
My thug niggas, I love niggas  
From small time crooks to big-time drug dealers (without your homboys)  
The only thing a nigga got left  
I love my niggas to death, we ain't shit without our homeboys  
(You know what time it is)  
I ain't shit without my homeboys  
(Hey, tell 'em the story how you came up, nigga)

[2Pac:]

Now, I was born alone, took my first joint and I got high alone  
Now I'm an Outlaw nigga, I never die alone  
Me and my niggas is so close, it's complicated  
One nigga smokin' and drinkin', and yet we all faded  
My nigga Edi had a son, we all happy  
Cause now that little ridah got to deal with eight daddies  
My niggas cry, we all cry, and all ride  
To rectify the problem, motherfuckers, they all die  
Been tryin' to make a million by hustlin since my adolescence  
From crack dealin' to rap villain, my new profession  
Who wanna see me at eight deep, fuck 3D  
You coward ass motherfuckers'll never see me  
Bustin' with automatic straps, my raw raps like good crack  
Niggas fiendin', I got 'em comin' back. Until I die, they label me as a ridah forever, my niggas be together

Ain't shit without your homeboys  
Thug niggas, I love niggas  
From small time crooks to big-time drug dealers  
Without your homeboys  
The only thing a nigga got left  
I love my niggas to death  
We ain't shit without our homeboys  
(without our homeboys)  
Love my niggas to death  
I ain't shit without our homeboys  
Love you niggas to death  
We ain't shit without our homeboys

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

## "Hell 4 A Hustler"

Get on yo knees nigga, get on yo knees and pray

[2Pac:]

Increase the doses, bust on whoever closest  
Thug livin', hell of prison, never losin' my focus  
I'm makin' money moves mandatory, end of discussion  
My past records tell a story, picture niggas with rushin'  
And still bustin', 'til the cops come runnin', duck in abandoned buildings  
Ditchin' my gun, homeboy the motherfuckin' villain  
I live the lifestyles of drug dealers, but now legitly  
So I laugh til I'm cryin', when the Lord come get me  
No baby momma drama, nigga missed me  
Why plant seeds in a dirty bitch waitin' to trick me  
Not the life for me, livin' carefree 'til I'm buried  
And if they dare me, I'll bust on them niggas, and until they scurry  
I'm clearly a man of military means, to my artillery  
Watchin' over me through every murder scene  
From adolescence, to my early teens, thought we was gonna die  
Sellin' dope to all the fiends, at times I wanna cry  
And still, we try to change the past in vain  
Never knowin' if this game will last, feelin' the shame  
Of cocaine, the product of the devil, am I sellin' my soul  
Got tired of small time livin' nigga tellin' me no  
I got mine, fuck them other suckas  
That's the mentality, jealous ass bustas make it hell for a hustler

[2Pac & Yaki Kadaifi:]

Lord, help me change my ways (Lord!)  
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (help me change my ways)  
It ain't me, I was raised this way  
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler (why I was raised this way?)  
Lord, help me change my ways  
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (on a judgement days)  
It ain't me, I was raised this way  
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler

[Edi Mean:]

Now in these last days and times I takes mines so serious  
Gotta get that paper quickly and escape the sickness  
If I fail, then I suffer, bein' broke is hell 4 a hustler  
So I stay strugglin' and jugglin' with all the might I can muster  
Since a youngster, been money hungry, moved in  
One's five's and ten's was funny money  
So I sets my sights bigger, four figures or mo'  
Real nigga fo' sho', out in the cold for dough  
What you thought? "all" is for lost homies in plenty battles  
Last two years shed plenty tears and I'll send plenty at you  
Let me catch you slippin' you soft niggas is outta here  
In case you forgot we on the same shit that got us here

[Young Noble:]

Yo, to e'ry step I take, e'ry sell I make  
E'ry jail I break, e'ry mill' I ate  
Head to head, whoever hustle hardest  
On the block duckin' charges, nigga fuck the sergeant  
He got a job, all my bottles got a pinch of coke  
Listen tho' I'm missin' dough I gotta gather mo'  
Hell naw, dead blocks with red tops but now a nigga sell words  
for all my young thugs in jail in Jerz  
They made it hell 4 a hustler, I bails high as fuck son  
Dyin' luck none supply us with much guns  
I buck one, just to let you know that I can touch ya  
Slangin' cracks or raps, still hell 4 a hustler

Lord, help me change my ways (Lord!)  
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (help me change my ways)  
It ain't me, I was raised this way  
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler (why I was raised this way?)  
Lord, help me change my ways  
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (on a judgement days)  
It ain't me, I was raised this way  
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler

[2Pac:]

No insanity plea from me, I ride the beef 'til I burn  
Censor me and bar your kids from the lessons I learned  
And in turn I'm hostile, guess you can recall me antisocial  
Niggas shakin' like they caught the Holy Ghost when I approach  
Try to politic before I smoke 'em, like Sun Tzu  
Niggas do unto these snitches, before it's done to you  
And if the cops come arrest me in the evening  
Best believe they comin' for my dogs in the morning  
And if I die by a slug, the death of a true thug  
Tell me will my niggas mourn me? Gettin' blowed out  
High watch me murder the bird before he testify  
Strikes walkin' close to my third, I live a troubled life  
And if you dream, be a part of my team from Long Beach to Queens  
Drug dealers to ex-fiends  
Keep yo eyes on the prize, nigga watch for bustas  
Either heaven or jail, it's still hell for a hustler

Lord, help me change my ways (Lord!)  
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (help me change my ways)  
It ain't me, I was raised this way  
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler (why I was raised this way?)  
Lord, help me change my ways  
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (on a judgement days)  
It ain't me, I was raised this way  
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler

[2Pac:]

This is how we ride not knowin' if we'll live or die  
Catch me rollin' with my motherfuckin' guns on the side  
In case of drama, I'm the first to break wild 'til they all die  
This is how we ride not knowin' if we'll live or die  
Catch me rollin' with my motherfuckin' guns on the side

In case of drama, I'm the first to break wild until they all die, outlaw  
Yes, change my ways yes, the Black Jesuz guide us through this  
Weary weary weary aight, only God can save us

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.  
Thanks to hihohelda for correcting these lyrics.

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"High Speed"

[E.D.I. Amin:]

High speed

For all my niggas livin' in the rush

Slow it down just a notch baby

It's goin' be alright, it's goin' be alright

[2Pac (E.D.I. Amin):]

Life at high speed, life at high speed

Fuck the punishment, Thai weed

(Buy me a gun), liquor and puffin' Thai weed

[2Pac:]

I live life High Speed

Slightly disillusioned by weed

I breed thug muthafuckas even worse than me

When I bleed, my enemies best to flee quickly

Harm me, my army

Niggas decease swiftly

Look at you now, why you wanna act out?

I pull the hammer back

Strike wit' a cannon that'll blow yo muthafuckin' back out

They blast but I'm still standin'

Slightly scarred

Deep questions for the lord "Why he don't like me, god?"

So, though my life was hard with no remorse

I absorb all lessons, provide protection for the boss

Rollin' in my double R, rugged and ruthless

Keep a vest through these hard times, knowin' it's useless

And my crew, we crooked, be mistaken for Jewels

We all about our cash, blast if you break the rules

Fools turned snitch for the D.A., be heaven-sent

Switched like a stone-bitch, turned state's evidence, why?

Then they wonder why niggas die

Put your family in danger, just to get high

Now, what the hell can we get from jail?

More tricks for the crime trade, this is hell

Bail out, a thug nigga fresh out the jailhouse

Open your safe count and take all the mail out

Whatever happens happens

Whoever falls dies

We fresh out of time, livin' blind, so we all ride

In times like these, chronic or Thai weed

Puffin' through this high speed

And people say...

[2Pac:]

Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?

I'm gonna buy me a gun

Then what's next?

Food and sex, house parties in the projects

We goin' all night  
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night

[*Yaki Kadaifi:*]  
Verbal assassin, I hit the corner fast, blastin'  
Hot plastic stretch your chest plate back like elastic  
No need to push me to split ya  
I love beef, like pussy and pistols  
For all you pussies that's softer than tissue  
I ride by like the fall guy out the roof  
Bustin' at you wise guy, gettin' high, sippin' hundred proof (yeah)  
Give me the joints low to verdict wit' mine  
Get that ass attacked, murdered, and robbed, blind from behind  
Rapid shots pourin'  
Catchin' niggas while they snorin'  
Kickin' his door in  
I'll leave your whole fuckin' family in mournin'  
Bust me, you itchy-bitchy types can't touch me  
Frontin' like you're hard  
I'll play your fuckin' yard like a trussel

[*2Pac:*]  
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night  
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night

[*E.D.I. Amin:*]  
At times, I look through times wit' so much anger  
Wonderin' why it keeps on passin', pushin' me into danger  
No stranger to hard times or the good ones  
At times I'm amazed  
At what the motherfuckin' hoods done  
What we do to get paid  
All day, for the almighty, dollar  
Don't even bother to holla  
We all destined to be swallowed  
By the same thing we lust for  
Threw away our morals and values and dust more  
Niggas is dying tomorrow  
We, bailing on borrowed times  
Nigga the clocks tickin'  
Approachin' is the day you gonna need money or Glocks spittin'  
Cops sittin', politicians passin' laws you ain't know what  
Soon that money gon' be illegal when you die to  
Keep your dough up

But I ain't goin' tell you "what?" to stop chasin' paper  
Man, I'm just like y'all, I worry 'bout that shit later  
Put the metal to the pedal, slash up nigga, blaze  
Let's get blowed out high speed 'til the end of my days  
Now my people say

[2Pac:]

Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night  
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night  
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night  
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night  
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night  
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night

[2Pac:]

High speeds (we goin' all night)  
Life of an Outlaw, ghetto stars (we goin' all night)  
(Yes) I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)  
For my niggas on the West Side and the East Side  
And the NorthSide and the SouthSide  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)  
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)  
From Compton to Jersey  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)  
Gettin' it real hard  
Niggas in Michigan, (M.O.B nigga, M.O.B)  
From Atlanta, Georgia to Utah  
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)  
From St. Louis to Alabama  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)  
From Mississippi to Oakland, from San Francisco to San Diego  
Seattle to Florida  
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)  
Maine to Mass, haha  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)

Food and sex  
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night  
High speeds  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
(We goin' all night)  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
(We goin' all night)  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
(We goin' all night)  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
Outlawz with that rough shit, baby!

[E.D.I. Amin:]

Learn about it

Pac you goin' rap?

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.

Thanks to chris2188 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Marvin Darrell Harper

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

## "The Good Die Young"

[2Pac:]

These some hard times we livin' in  
Churches burnin', planes fallin' from the sky  
Murder, the good die young  
Hahaha, the good definitely die young  
This is a lil' somethin'  
To help you get through the day  
If it could

[2Pac:]

It was more than a tragedy, emotions be grabbin' me  
Plane fell from the sky, we tryna figure what happened  
Burnin' churches, fearin' God, who can be so cruel  
We all ignorant to AIDS 'til it happens to you  
Just be a man, make plans, listen to your voice  
A woman's tryin' to make decisions, we should leave them a choice  
Cause who we to say who lives and die, breathes and stops  
All this judgement on other lives needs to stop  
What are we livin' for, givin' more back than takin'  
On my knees still waitin' for my own salvation  
Now I feel abandoned cause Pat Buchanan say I'm greedy  
You can take my taxes, send me to war but can't feed me  
It's so easy to regret thangs after they done  
Babies catchin' murder cases scared to laugh in the Sun  
The tragedies that we all need, love in doses  
In times like these we feel closest the good die young

Does anybody have an answer why

(it times like these we feel closest)

It seems the good die young (the good die young)

Can anybody tell me why

(rest in peace, god bless the dead, and we carry on huh)

Can anybody tell me why

(the good die young)

Does anybody have an answer why (I ain't Quincy Jones)

It seems the good die young

(the good die young)

Does anybody tell me why

(Now we hear from the future, the next generation, tell me)

Does anybody tell me why

[Napolean:]

Now in my world will it get worse

When I been trapped since birth

But I had to sleep in a hearse, cause it was my bed first

My grands probably burnin' turnin' in they grave

Some folks ain't even get to see a high age

But they did, so I ain't afraid

And this money got me feelin' like a star

And this murder got me feelin' like my death ain't far

And the land of stolen cars, don't get no better  
Don't get no weaker or no harder  
I was raised in a rush without my moms and my, father  
So tell me somethin'  
If I grab my gat and get the dumpin'  
Would God get to lookin' at me funny uhaha  
Rest in peace to my mother Aquillah Beale  
Rest in peace to my father Salek Beale  
Rest in peace to my grandparents  
And thug in peace to my brother Seike  
You know I love you

*[Young Noble:]*

Which is worst, first Storm and then Al  
Pac and then Yak  
Regrey Brown  
Coulda' sworn I seen ya face in a cloud  
Family grievin' on your last breath  
Close to the heart whether you know it or not  
I swear the love won't stop  
Jewel, that's my boo, Mom, Duke and Nu  
From jump you kept it true  
Helped to feed the crew  
The good die young  
Livin' fast jumpin' the gun  
Mama blamin' the community for killin' her son  
My cousin Darren wasn't scared of goin'  
But never knowin' he was dyin' slower  
I guess I see ya when I see ya soulja

Does anybody have an answer why (answer why)  
It seems the good die young  
Can anybody tell me why (tell me why!)  
Can anybody tell me why

*[Kastro:]*

I know my life ain't promised  
That's why the wise move in silence  
Analyze these scandalous times  
It's hard dogg but we managed  
Schools turn to war zones  
Even homes unsafe  
Leavin' children to play caged and raged they hate  
How come!, someone explain "why the good die young"  
Why the bad die slow and outlive everyone  
It's time somethin' is done  
For our young kids  
They growin' hopeless  
That ain't the way to live  
Tell me why

*[E.D.I. Mean:]*

Days go past and as they pass, time move, quicker  
No time for wastin', put your hustle down my young dealers  
Cause the end is nearer  
But at least that's what they tellin' me

Hell, all I know brothers ain't ridin' 4-3 felony's  
It's time to plan, plot, and strategize  
Capitalize, mobilize  
We in the war y'all  
It's for all y'all  
My family to the ones that stand me  
Little bit mo' love is what's recommended  
Yeah, and it's plain to see (plain to see)  
The seeds from you and me  
Gon' be the ones to lead us towards unity  
That's if we treat them right  
Man, teach them right  
Raise your kids better than you was  
And see what it does  
But if you don't  
Man, we sure to be dumb  
And we'll all see exactly why the goods die young  
(We ain't lyin' man)

Does anybody have an answer why (tell me why)  
It seems the good die young (tell me why)  
Can anybody tell me why  
Can anybody tell me why  
(the good die young)  
Does anybody have an answer why (tell me why)  
It seems the good die young (die young)  
Can anybody tell me why (tell me why)  
Can anybody tell me why  
(the good die young)

[2Pac:]

I send this out for all my homeboys that passed away  
And all yo' homeboys that passed away  
I send this out to all the former fallen soldiers  
That's in the cemeteries buried  
Never got to see they dreams  
For everything I touch you touch  
For every step I take you take  
For every breath I breathe you breathe  
Every dollar I make you make  
I told you we'd make it to the sunshine one day  
You just got there a little quicker  
But like my homeboys Thugs say  
I'll catch ya at the crossroads  
The good die young

This song is dedicated to all them  
Young kids that died innocent  
That died young  
At Columbine High  
Rest in Peace (Oklahoma)  
Outlawz  
(Lil' yummy Sandifer  
Tasha Harlins, all them  
All the fallen kids  
The dead babies

The closed caskets)

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Harper Marvin Darrell,  
Young Val

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Killuminiati"

[2Pac:]

Makaveli the Don, break on 'em!  
Ah put ya, ah put ya hands on ya, hands on ya heater  
Hands on ya, hands on ya heater, hands on ya, hand...

[2Pac:]

Let it be prophesized; niggas'll die because your crew's goon  
Around the way niggas get murdered by the full moon  
Heard it in whispered tones  
Niggas is bold and they choose to roll  
I kill 'em all, watch now, nigga, truth be told  
Westside was the war cry, look how they scatter  
Niggas dyin' by my 30-yard, brains'll splatter  
Wonder why these niggas cross me, I'm certified crazy  
So sick the world made me  
Now diggy-die, every time I ride is for reasons  
Hard to kill a nigga cause I'm comin' back like Jesus  
Bow down to my ill nation, runnin' from drug cases  
Lookin' at my congregation so full of thug faces  
Momma gave a nigga breath, a life of stress  
I invest in a vest and makin' niggas watch they every step  
Label me a threat and I ain't even got started with this shit yet  
Thug style, baby, hands on my pistol, listen  
I'm a ridah, every nigga breathin' pay attention  
'Bout to show you motherfuckers how it feel to drop a body  
A simple glimpse of my lifestyle, Killuminati...

[(Kastro) 2Pac:]

(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)  
Hold it down!  
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)  
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)  
Hold it down!  
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)  
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)  
Hold it down!  
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)  
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)  
Hold it down!  
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)

[2Pac:]

After the fire comes the rain, after the pleasure there's pain  
Even though we broke for the moment, we'll be ballin' again  
'Til I make it, yo, my military be prepared for them bustaz  
Similar to bitches too scary, get too near me, we rushin'  
Visions of over-packed prisons, millions of niggas thug livin'  
Pressures and three strikes, I hope they don't test us  
They pull the heat out, ammunition in crates  
Psssh! Move without a sound as we slide down pistols in place

They got me fiendin' for currency, the money be callin'  
It's like I'm - dreamin', seein' scenes of me ballin'  
Participated in felonious behavior  
Cock the cocked 45, snatchin' niggas pagers  
Labeled a mark soon as we start, it was hard to quit  
We started out drinkin' 40's, moved to harder shit  
God damn, now I'm a grown man, I follow no man  
Nigga got my own plan, and it's called Killuminati

*[(Kastro) 2Pac:]*  
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)  
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)  
Killuminati  
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)  
Hold it down!  
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)  
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)  
Hold it down!  
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)  
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)  
Hold it down!  
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)

*[E.D.I. Amin:]*  
I spend most of my time bankin', niggas  
Because they hate a nigga, comin' across fake niggas  
But we made niggas, old school and I'm thinkin'  
Y'all some bitch made niggas and you steadily sinkin'  
O-U-T, L-A-W-Z, ain't nothing fuckin' with that  
We bustin' back, comin' back for the stacks  
Laugh last, cash cash, all I want is the paper  
Givin' them fuckers tool whips, I rule haters  
Y'all can't fade us, we kill, steal and peal quickly  
The boss niggas, definitely, put it down strictly  
E.D.I. Amin, until the law come for me  
Kill 'em all for shorty, '99 Killuminati

*[Kadafi:]*  
They got me thinkin' strugglin' and hustling's my only fate  
Toppin' grams on the kitchen plate  
Tryin' to keep that money straight  
Times is rolling three up these streets sleep  
But when I crack, hammer cocked back, rapped in my sheets  
My life's been crossed, crooked since a seed  
It hurts, got a package from the devil, payin' my deeds  
Preoccupied by the greed in this crooked life I lead  
More funds to spend or bigger guns to squeeze  
Me and my thugs clock G's, sippin' naughty thangs  
Real as these tats on my body, and it's Killuminati

*[(Kastro) 2Pac:]*  
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)  
Hold it down!  
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)  
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)  
Hold it down!

(Killuminati and we got you, got you)  
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)  
Hold it down!  
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)  
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)  
Hold it down!  
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)

[2Pac:]

(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)  
(Makaveli up in this bitch, worldwide mash, Westside  
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)  
The question we ask, do you know what time it is?  
You know what type of shit we be  
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)  
You want that hip-hop real, it's that hip-hop that's real  
Hold it down, hold it down! Hip-hop that's worldwide, feel?  
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)  
Fuck with me, nigga, you get killed!  
It don't get no realer than this  
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)  
What's my motherfuckin' name, nigga?  
My niggas, we all bad  
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)  
What's my muh'fuckin name, nigga?  
What's my muh'fuckin name?  
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)  
Outlawz in this bitch, Death Row at its finest  
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)  
Repeat! Death Row at it's finest  
Nigga, you know what time it is  
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)... Outlawz...

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Cosmo Hickox, The Outlawz

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Teardrops And Closed Caskets"

(feat. Val Young)

(hahhh, hahaha) Hehehe, word

It's like all we got left – teardrops and closed caskets

(Throw it up, fool! Hey, nigga, haha)

Tell me how you feel, homie

[2Pac (Outlawz):]

(Yeah, it took a week to go down)

You recollects and see how crazy it sounds

The whole town's on a mission, adolescents (Penitentiary bound)

(Now introducin' Young Trigga)

Since birth, eyes set on gettin' bigger

Just another wild-ass nigga

(But he was fiendin' for Precious) WHAT?

(But Precious was a ghetto girl)

Couldn't be no sex without that gold Lexus

(But Lil' Trigga was heartbroken, he had to get his papers)

Seein' visions of people smokin' and niggas catchin' vapors

Got his man from around the corner (we call him Lil' Mo)

(Been in so many reform schools they had to let him go)

(Here's where the plot thickens)

They got a plot to make a profit with they Glocks spittin'

(They call the squad, hittin' blocks with they guns blowin')

(Somebody's gonna die tonight)

Still no one's knowin' so they kept goin'

Catchin' dealers comin' out they cars

(Will they survive? Two semi-automatic 9's)

(them niggas died)

(Plus nobody in the hood cries)

(It's like they celebrate to death and wish they could die)

So peep the lesson, but wait a minute, back to Precious

She's snortin' dope in the back seat of Trigga's Lexus

Teardrops and closed caskets

[Nate Dogg (2Pac w/ Outlawz):]

Will I... forever be... alone!?

(Teardrops and closed caskets)..

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

Will I... forever be... alone!?

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

[2Pac (Outlawz):]

(Don't let these ghetto streets get you), Precious

(was the victim, from a dime to a nickel)

Hopping God's blessings stick with ya

Picture the neighborhood kingpin, who's gettin' bigger

Familiar face, but a man now, it's Lil' Trigga

Now Lil' Mo was a soldier to the fullest

Down for his homies, always the first to spit bullets

(All he wanted was to be a thug)

(Never pictured his truest homeboy would fall in love)

(Here's where it gets ya)

Now Precious is pregnant, Lil' Trigga is happy

He wants to marry her now (not knowin' he ain't the daddy)

But Precious was lonely, while Lil' Trigga was makin' dough

(She's slippin' in secret places and gettin' with Lil' Mo)

The neighborhood's buzzin', now people are talkin'

Lil' Trigga's gettin' pictures of the both of 'em walkin'

(Hand in hand, couldn't understand)

How his baby's mama could disappear with another man (and his best friend)

Now jealousy's dangerous, and if you don't believe me

Then watch the way that this story ends and maybe you'll see

There ain't no heroes or villains, ain't no pleasure in killin'

Just the smoke from the cap peelin', a man with no feelings

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

*[Nate Dogg (2Pac w/ Outlawz):]*

Will I... forever be... alone!?

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

(Bury you dead and look ahead)

(a man with no feelings)

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

Will I... forever be... alone!?

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

*[Outlawz:]*

Now with the problems of poverty and the tricks to these tales

How many people'll die? How many'll live to tell?

Although best friends before, Lil' Trigga and Mo

They in an all out war, over a fiend they ain't know

Behind the curtains their privacy lust is already laid down

The results is the same with different names and it turns out

*[2Pac:]*

Y'all know how it is, same old thing in the same old town

Lil' Trigg got his nose wide open on this one trick

Now he's played out

*[2Pac (Outlawz):]*

Think it's Lil' Mo (was plottin' plans on gettin' bigger)

(Precious was his way to put his hands on Lil' Trigga)

All the while let's look at Precious, too dumb to see what's goin' down (too doped up to ask questions)

Used to be comrades (but now we blast on sight)

What could be so bad? (God, will we last tonight?)

From misdemeanors to felonies, small-time to sellin' ki's

I can't believe the shit they tellin' me

They opened fire, three bodies dropped, so call the cops

(Precious, Lil' Mo and Trigg – teardrops and closed caskets)

*[Nate Dogg (2Pac w/ Outlawz):]*

Will I.. forever be.. alone!?

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

Will I.. forever be.. alone!?

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

Will I.. forever be.. alone!?

Will I.. forever be.. alone!?

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

Will I.. forever be.. alone!?

Will I.. forever be.. alone!?

[2Pac:]

Aye, QDIII in this motherfucker

We dedicate this to all the fallen comrades (that's right)

All the homies that didn't make it to see this day

(rest in peace)

Yaknahmean? I know it's hard out there, heheh

With teardrops and closed caskets

It's like that's all we got to look forward to these days

Murders, brothers dyin', funerals

Shit, it's like I done ran out of suits, homie

I done ran out of tears

Know we gon' have to do something y'all

We gon' have to do something

'Cause I know all these mothers is tired of seeing the same thing (rest in peace)

I send this out to Mutulu and Geronimo

And to all the fallen comrades, all the soldiers

(to the homie Boonie, rest in peace, nigga)

All the homies that fell, all the homies

May God bless your families

May you always live in the motherfuckin' heart

In a thug nigga's heart forever (that's right)

Rest in peace, nigga

May your enemies be deceased, dead on the streets

We can't have peace 'til the niggas get a piece

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

## "Tattoo Tears"

[2Pac:]

Live back at 'cha Westside baby

Aight fuck it, we gone flip some new shit now

You heard "All Eyez on Me," niggas know what time it is

(Makaveli the Don) 'Pac do it like that

Rhyming and stealing, selling five million

(Outlaw... ninety-nine)

Fresh out on bail, niggas still can't see me

(Napoleon, E.D.I, Young Noble, Fatal Hussein)

That's how it is

Now we got a new motherfuckin' plan, and a new mission

(Makaveli the Don, Greg Nice, Outlaw - Outlaw)

Competition, so they say, these niggas is gay

(Outlaw - Outlaw)

Blast me? It could never happen

At least not while I'm walking and rapping

Heard of some niggas on the other side of town who wanna ride wit me

(Throw ya hands up, hands up)

They can't hide, listen to the rough shit, my click

(Throw ya motherfuckin' hands up)

I said many times busters still can't see

Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)

I been handling stress in this shit for years

Blazed out shedding tattooed tears; now, I

Said many times busters still can't see

Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)

I been handling stress in this shit for years

Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

Now, Rock-a-bye baby, I'm thugged out and so crazy

Don't want to hurt a soul nigga, so don't make me

I got a dream to see my whole team in Lexus Coupes

My enemies dead n buried, now the stress is through

But that's a dream, though it seems like reality; there'll

Never be peace long as there's fiends on these Cali streets

Even on the other side brothers die, but ride

Niggas get high off a slow form of suicide

Hide the closest thoughts, the war is fought as casualties

I live my life to fucking mo', expound tragically

How can we find some peace and niggas still ain't get a piece

I know I'm probably hellbound, but we got to eat

I'm seeing Satin infiltrating; my military mind

Make me hustle all the time, go out for cash making

Forgive my adversaries they don't understand what we go through

To become a man, we shedding tattooed tears

[2Pac + Young Noble:]

I said many times busters still can't see

Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)

I been handle stress in this shit for years  
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears; now, I  
    Said many times busters still can't see  
    Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)  
I been handling stress in this shit for years  
    Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

I said many times busters still can't see  
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)  
I been, handling stress in this shit for years  
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears; now, I  
    Said many times busters still can't see  
    Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)  
I been, handling stress in this shit for years  
    Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

[2Pac:] Thugged out baby!

[Young Noble:]  
We don't shed tears we shed blood  
Do you still wanna be a thug? HUH? WHAT?  
    We don't shed tears we shed blood  
    Do you still wanna be a thug?

Yo, criminal ways of thinking made me crave Abe Lincolns  
The days I spent stinking caught victims on the weekends  
    Seeking a better path, expose a better half of me  
        Blast for me, the task after me  
        For a few years shedding tattooed tears  
Like Gram' Sammy, we feuding for the whole damn family  
    We scarred up, homies is barred up for mad time  
        Outlawz locked down for some past crimes  
        Fast dimes made my stash grow smaller  
        Your block ain't no harder, fake baller

[Napoleon:]  
Nigga it's like this  
    I been thuggin just for the cause of it  
    Out to get all of it, but I'll never loose my balls and shit  
        And it's all for the pressure  
        That'll make me cock my shit up off the dresser  
        Made nigga mafia of course my niggas gonna test ya  
        Answers to the questions, bullets to my Smith N' Wesson  
        Still stucked up in a fuck session, Jersey where the niggas flexing  
        Po-po's guessing if the stolen car gonna do a drive-by  
        Wet em up from his shoulders, leave him bye-bye  
        Now mama cry-cry, but it ain't my time to either die-die  
        So ask me why-why, but I feel that God owe me my life  
        For the things he did, but I turn my pleasure into sin  
            Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

I said many times busters still can't see  
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)  
I been handling stress in this shit for years  
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears; now, I  
    Said many times busters still can't see

Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)  
I been handling stress in this shit for years  
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

[Kadafi:]

Shit... ain't no unity in my community it's do or die  
Seein' my opportunities through these bars of hell while getting high  
As life replays like time; underhanded schemes  
To get that cream and thangs while living this life of crime  
My enemies want me squeezed  
They get dumped like 3's, with 57 wasted at they knees  
Please beware we thugs revolution size  
Criminals dare be last mental me institutionalize  
Locked down, got many shell shocked, now  
Holding down fort like I'm stuck in court cell block style

[Kastro:]

Yo I been losing sleep, stay awake way past late  
Visions of killers en masse at the blast mayne  
As I lay here gatted down and tatted  
Knowing now it's hard to slow down for a addict  
It's been years of struggling, guzzling beers  
Beefin and never even, ain't no love in the air  
And I suffer my shit in hell, talking to the heavens  
Walking through the valley of death with my fellas  
I lost a lot, starting with hope I tried  
And for every tattoo I got a moment I cried  
I'm through with the lies, the two in my eyes, yell pain  
Step in my shoes, nuttin to lose, but my brain  
I'mma hold it down tho', with all the struggle to bear  
Ain't nothing to fear, crying these tattooed tears  
Come on...

I said many times busters still can't see  
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)  
I been handling stress in this shit for years  
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears; now, I  
Said many times busters still can't see  
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)  
I been handling stress in this shit for years  
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Brown Ricardo Emmanuel, Fula Yafeu A, Ayers Roy

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

## "U Can Be Touched"

*[Napoleon talking:]*

Life... What the fuck is life for niggas like us?  
Been wakin' up to another muthafuckin' day  
I'm the type of soldier  
A nigga that seen everything in my mothafuckin' eyes  
I seen my parents get killed to my mothafuckin' eyes  
I seen my brother kill himself in my eyes  
I seen 'Pac, Yak die in the struggle in my eyes  
So I know anybody can be touched, you know what I mean?

*[Napoleon:]*

Oh God, forgive me, somebody please say a prayer for me  
Needed my parents, but they was never there for me  
Believe in everything they feed me, I'm seein' demons  
I wake up screamin', who believe me or was I dreamin'?  
Five fingers on the .45 chrome  
Dead aim at my brain, infrared with no lights on  
I ain't afraid to die, I want to see what's after this  
I'm livin' blind, writin' rhymes 'til they capture this  
And if we die, let the world understand why  
Soldier my eyes, hate to see a young thug cry  
They seein' us inside a casket, that's how they see us  
Oh God, forgive us ghetto bastards, we human beings  
They leavin' us inside this hell-hole  
Just waitin' to fail, so then they tell us that's what jail fo'  
Adolescent young teens turned violent  
It's floatin', in a world turned silent, cuz you could be touched

*[2Pac:]*

Young niggas in the wild life  
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life  
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush  
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched  
Young niggas in the wild life  
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life  
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush  
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched

*[E.D.I.:]*

I live life high speed, movin' a million miles per hour  
Towards my destiny, makin' decisions carelessly  
Yeah, it's me, yo' nigga man child  
Bomb first, stand proud, ain't lookin' for hand-outs  
25 years up in this bitch  
And I'll be damned if I ain't leavin' rich and leave my kids a grip  
I let my blood drip off in this thug shit, you can be touched  
I catch you slippin' while I'm on a money mission  
Like right now, 30 dollars to my John Hancock  
Try to get more so my shit don't flock  
I lick off shots for everything they owe me

And when it's my time to go I pray the Lord hold me

[Kastro:]

I was born in the city that never sleeps  
Schooled by the realest of the real niggas that ever breathed  
And I was big when I was young  
And now I see that I was dumb  
My nigga, Lonnie just got hit with 10  
10 years for trustin' a friend, they left him stuck in the Pen'  
I love him, we all here just to die here  
Plus, nobody cares what got here  
Touched by a angel and kissed by the Lord  
Praise the thug ways and I'll never be bored  
Touched, by a angel and kissed by the Lord  
Y'all praise the thug ways, so forever it's on, baby

[2Pac:]

My young niggas in the wild life  
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life  
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush  
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched  
Young niggas in the wild life  
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life  
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush  
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched

[Young Noble:]

Why grieve this life, planted by the fiends and pipes?  
Green lights so I'm seein'-seein' everything twice  
Pretty much of nothin' nice, we suckin' it up  
Even when we get a job, we fuckin' it up  
Like it can't happen to us, I could never be a bum  
Yeah, right, you wound up one  
God forbid I'm touched, y'all keep livin' it up  
Look and learn, next it could be your turn... word

[Kadafi:]

Yes, this a felonies' hobby that got me here, thinkin' robbery  
Day to day all year long, Teflon protects my body  
It's such unimportant in this criminal cartel  
I'm caught and supportin' me  
So in these streets of hockey I play the goalie  
Secrets of war licks, and score shit  
Share between clients and homies  
Remember what Pacino told me  
Before he past, watch them clowns with them crocodile smiles  
Cause they phony, I get that cash, stay lonely  
And I'm point like a thong, and it's survival of the strong  
Livin' outside the laws of this crooked world I was born  
Touched...

[2Pac:]

My young niggas in the wild life  
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life  
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush  
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched

Young niggas in the wild life  
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life  
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush  
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): J. Jackson, M. Beale, Y. Fula, K. Cox, M. Greenidge, R. Cooper, B. Washington

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

## "Y'all Don't Know Us"

[*Young Noble:*]

Yo, I can see, that you obviously, don't know me  
Or my homies We O-U-T Lawz, fuck the phonies  
A wise hustler once told me  
"It's on you", though in his dreams when he first told me  
Now it's true, I got love for you  
Only to a certain extinct, niggas ain't worth shit  
Cops and ride dick permits  
I heard this and heard that about them O-U-T Lawz  
Some of them soldiers got shot, some of them soldiers fell off  
Fuck y'all now everybody tied to us  
Hollerin' out a nigga name, but never said what up  
That shit critical, despicable, unforgivable  
[?] like I blew yo' own, fan won't remember you  
Thuggin' but we still spiritual, clear lyrical  
I'm like the fuckin' Deff Squad, my ears ain't hearin' y'all  
Pump fearin' y'all, but damn I ain't even wantin' to scare y'all  
Listen to what I tell y'all, fuck the world  
Your baby moms, and your baby girl  
You muthafuckas so fake, yo they made me wanna earl  
Blake, hate snakes thug hatin' the degree  
Outlawz on a paper chase, can you relate  
Thug niggas

[*Young Noble:*]

We, will never, fall  
Through it all, we'll always stand tall  
Cause in the end we'll be remembered as some young muthafucka soldiers  
And if you believe in that shit that you heard  
Y'all don't know us, y'all don't know us

[*Napoleon:*]

Now I've been trapped down, and fucked from day one  
This indestructible style of mine, ain't no fun  
Where I'm from, you sure to see about 10 niggas in a bedroom  
Eatin' off the same spoon, sweepin' with the same broom  
It's hazard, if you don't want yo life, well give me grab it  
I was born inside a love zone, with a Glock-nine young marriage  
It's critical  
Then one of them sat down livin' so mystical  
And influenced with a heart full of anger it's so ridiculous  
So give me some with 21-gun soldier salute  
With a 19-inch black handle snake knife in my boots  
Straight from the strong, thug to your life  
Right into yo' wrong, I'll put the good to yo' evil  
I'm the shells to your chrome, you dig that?  
I'm life, I'll bring the moon to your night  
I'll put the dick to your wife  
And I'm the Jesuz of your Christ  
You dig that? Respect this

I'll bring the end to your claw  
I'll bring the loc to your heart, and I'll put the snoop on yo dogs  
You hear me?  
We follow, this little bullet so hollow  
I can promise that ecstasy ain't promised tomorrow  
With this two man mades, me and my soul death astrayed  
I watch my parents get blowed away  
Now look what it made  
I'm something to face  
This ludacy then with me, then with chemistry  
Got my eyes on you, the first time you cross me  
I'll be fryin' you, cause y'all don't know me

[*Young Noble:*]  
We will never fall  
Through it all, we'll always stand tall (Why)  
Cause in the end we'll be remembered as some young muthafucka soldiers

[*E.D.I.:*]  
When we was kids, the lovin' felt good  
But of course have the respect, though it's even better  
Now for this chedder, niggas is layin' deader  
Then Malcom and Martin, put together  
Oh Lord only knows, where we'll end up  
Remember  
'Pac said: Watch the fuckin' signs  
But we wasn't listenin', too busy trippin off his shine  
Now one time for my muthafuckin' Outlawz  
Napoleon, Noble, and Kastro, may we all roll  
And if you don't know, we got the rap game petro  
Scared cause we 'bout to release, like heavy metal  
Nationwide, underground, we runnin' the ghettos  
Stealin' all of ya fan base, like we kleptos  
Bitch I can't let go  
I been strugglin' too long, thuggin' too long  
And niggas is stealin' my shit, and bustin' it wrong  
Hot shots holla back, when you get 'em  
Outlawz'll sic 'em, bustin' back at the system  
Military wisdom, preparin' myself for Armageddon  
Breakin' my balls at this game, knowin' it's a dead end  
And my only weapon is my believe that I'm superior  
Yeah, we the muthafuckas you niggas is liery off  
Controlling my steam, knowin' my team, to serve more  
Fuck the reframe, stick to the game and earn more  
Holdin' my head, rollin' the head with focus  
Laughin' inside, cause deep inside, y'all don't know us

[*Young Noble:*]  
We will never fall  
Through it all, we'll always stand tall (Why)  
Cause in the end we'll be remembered as some young muthafucka soldiers  
And if you believe in that shit that you heard  
Y'all don't know us, y'all don't know us  
We will never fall (Never)  
Through it all, we'll always stand tall  
Cause in the end we'll be remembered as some young muthafucka soldiers

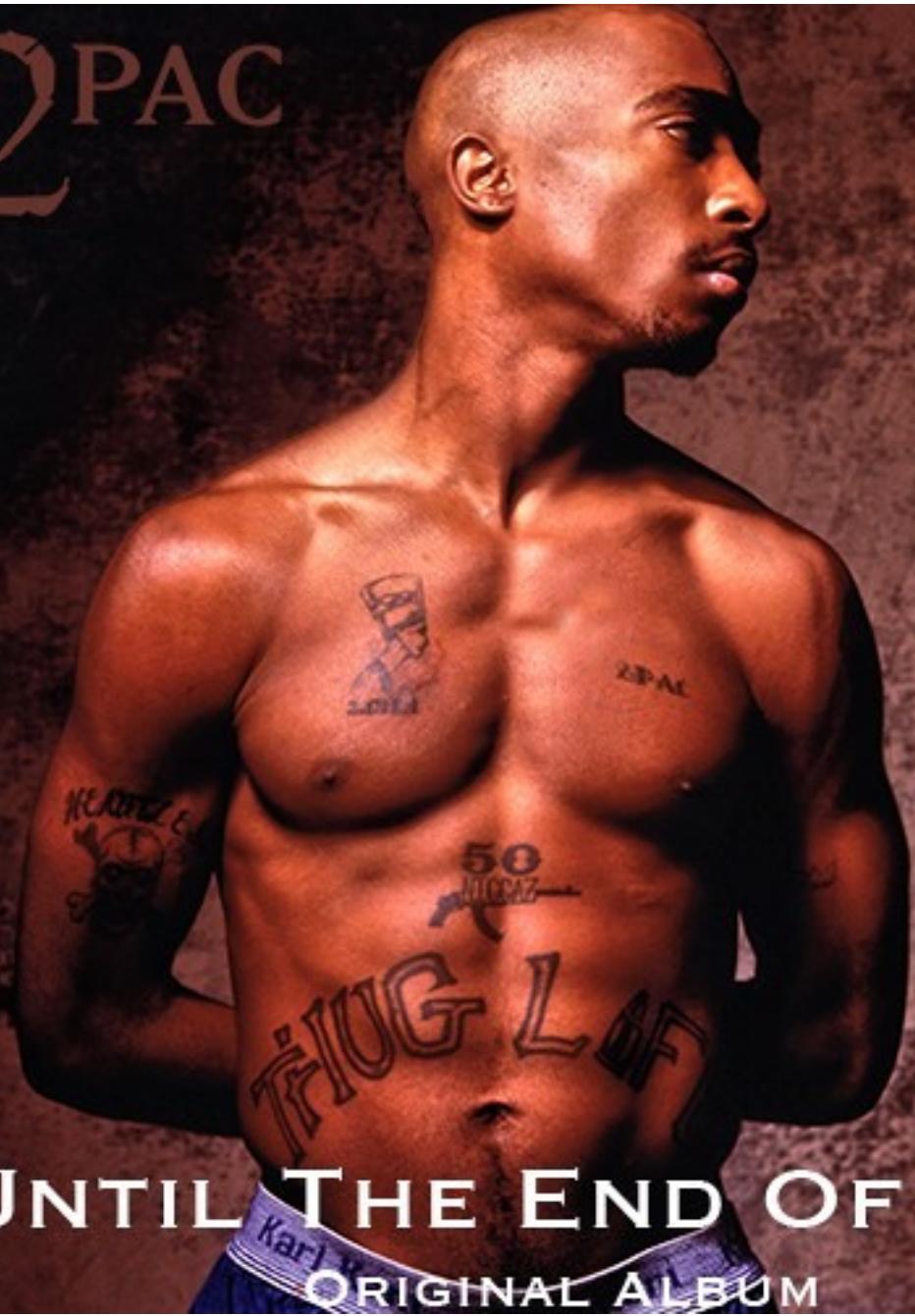
And if you believe in that shit that you heard  
Y'all don't know us, y'all don't know us

*[E.D.I. talking:]*  
Ain't never know niggas like us boy  
They don't make niggas like us no more  
Thug in Peace... to all my niggas (Never)  
See ya soon... uh

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Mutah W Beale, Rufus Lee Cooper, Malcolm Greenidge, Kamil Beale, Muntaqim Farid

2PAC



PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

UNTIL THE END OF TIME  
ORIGINAL ALBUM

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Ballad Of A Dead Soulja"

Yeah, ballad of a dead soldier  
This is the ballad of a dead soldier  
This is the ballad of a dead soldier  
Come play the ballad of a dead soldier

The plan, to take command of the whole family  
Though underhanded, to be the man it was planned  
All my road dogs, official mob figures  
Love to act up, the first to bomb when we rob niggas  
I can be lost in my own mind  
To be the boss, only thought's: grip on chrome 9's  
Niggas get tossed up, war scars, battlefield memories  
Swore I saw the devil in my empty glass of Hennessy  
Talkin' to a nigga on a tight leash  
Screamin' "Fuck the police!" as I ride through the night streets  
Little child runnin' wild, towards danger  
What's the cause? Don't be alarmed, death to all strangers  
Maybe I'm a madman  
A pistol grabbin' nigga, unleash the Sandman  
Promise a merciless retaliation, nothin' is colder  
Close your eyes, hear the ballad of a dead soldier

*[Singing + 2Pac:]*

Thug for Life, I will be  
This is the ballad of a dead soldier  
A life of crime I will lead  
Close your eyes, hear the ballad of a dead soldier  
If you play the game, you play to win  
This is the ballad of a dead soldier  
It's a crazy world full of sin  
Close your eyes...

Completely lost, revenge at all costs  
Payback's a bitch, switched, now the trick's crossed  
Tossed up and never to be heard of  
A single witness screamin', "Bloody murder, murder!"  
Blast, tell me, homie, what you see now?  
A blind man and a dead body, I'm ready to leave town  
And get my cash though, hook up with Kastro  
Homie had to blast on the task force  
Stupid coppers tried to play us out, never that  
They took my money and my stash; time to get 'em back  
Upon my secret arrival  
Two glock four-fives, time for survival  
Death to my rivals, tell me, what you want, Lord?  
Nobody left after the death of a drug lord  
The situation's critical  
Nothing is colder, than hear the ballad of a dead soldier

*[Singing + 2Pac:]*

Thug for Life, I will be  
This is the ballad of a dead soldier  
A life of crime I will lead  
Close your eyes, hear the ballad of a dead soldier  
If you play the game, you play to win  
This is the ballad of a dead soldier  
It's a crazy world full of sin  
Close your eyes and hear the ballad of a dead soldier

Be a coward, put yo' hands to the moon  
When my Glocks rang out, the niggas came out, BOOM!  
Who wanna see me in a challenge?  
So merciless, I'm terrifyin' niggas in my ballads  
Do you feel me? Capo or Capi-tan  
One day I'll be the Don; until then, remain strong  
My only fear of death is reincarnation  
Bustin' at my adversaries like a mental patient  
To all my niggas facin' 60 years  
Sheddin' tattooed tears, another suicidal on the tier  
Takin' private planes, tryin' to survive the game  
For all my homies that'll never be alive again  
All they promise us is death, nigga  
Take a breath, come be the last one left, nigga  
It's real now, feel it or fantasize it, ain't nuttin colder  
Listen, you can hear it – the ballad of a dead soldier

[*Singing + 2Pac:*]  
Thug for Life, I will be  
This is the ballad of a dead soldier  
A life of crime I will lead  
Close your eyes, hear the ballad of a dead soldier  
If you play the game, you play to win  
This is the ballad of a dead soldier  
It's a crazy world full of sin  
Close your eyes and hear the ballad of a dead soldier

This go out to Kato, Mental, all the niggas that passed away  
Mutulu, Geronimo, Seyku – all the down-ass riders  
All the niggas that put it down, all the soldiers  
All the niggas that go through that day-to-day struggle  
(This is the ballad of a dead soldier!)

All the niggas that passed on  
All the niggas with ambition and money in they heart  
All the niggas that want some and that don't take none  
Hahaha (It's the ballad of a dead soldier!)

The police are so scared of us  
All the feds they aware of us  
They wanna see us dead

They got pictures of a nigga head, (Ballad of a dead soldier!)

Tryin' to see me in chains, shit  
Them niggas'll never breathe again  
Before they put me in a cell, they'll see me in Hell  
('Cause it's the ballad of a dead soldier!)

Got my pistols cocked  
Run the whole motherfuckin' block; fuck the cops!  
The police? We run these streets, nigga

(Ain't heard the ballad of a dead soldier!)  
These niggas can't see me, half the world wanna be me  
Multi-millionaire; shit, it ain't fair  
But nigga, you know – it's the ballad of a dead soldier!

Writer(s): Kenneth Gamble, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Gregory Frenard Hutchison, Johnny Lee Jackson, Leon A. Huff, Rodney Taylor

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Fuck Friendz"

[2Pac:]

Pawhoohoo hoo hoo hoo  
Live from the graveyard  
I don't wanna be your man, bitch, (fuck that) what you crazy  
I don't wanna be your fuckin' man  
You stupid you fuckin' idiot (drunk ho)  
I wanna be  
Yo let me fuck that nigga down  
What's that?  
Ay yo what you doin' with that big ass  
My ghetto love song (hahaha)  
Set it off, set it off  
Let's be friends  
Where my niggas at  
Where my niggas, where my niggas  
Where my niggas at, all my real niggas (throw your muthafuckin' hands up)  
Where my niggas, where my niggas  
Hahahaha yeah (lets go lets go)  
Let's be friends (throw ya hands in the air)  
There's no need to front (let's see ya just throw ya hands in the air)  
Let's be friends...  
(Westside in this motherfucker right here, Westside)  
(throw ya hands in the air)

[2Pac:]

Approach you and post a minute, arm on my double-R tinted  
As you pass bye, winkin' my eye, freshly scented  
What's the haps, baby? Come get with me and perhaps, lady  
You can help me multiply my stacks, baby  
Currency seems small, I need companionship  
Through with that scandalous shit, I bet your man ain't shit  
So why you hesitatin', actin' like yo' shit don't stink?  
Check out my diamonds, bitch, everyone gonna blink  
This be a thug thang, Outlaw nigga with riches  
Cream dreamin', motherfucker, on a mash for bitches  
Check my résumé, sippin' on Cristal and Alize  
Smokin' on big weed, keyed the Cali way  
Don't like trickin', but I'll buy you a fifth  
I can't stand no sneaker-wearin' nappy head bitch  
Let my pedigree, read briefly, they're so cheap  
Puttin' bitch-made bustas to sleep with no grief  
Mash on my so-called cum, who the man?  
While I'm tuggin' on your main bitch head  
Understand this: Ain't no nigga like me, fuck Jay Z!  
He broke and I smoke daily, baby, let's be friends

[Singer (2Pac):]

Let's be friends (Where my niggas at? C'mon!)  
You ain't gotta be my man at all  
Long as you just bring me your friends

(All my niggas, where my hoes at?)  
Why you trickin' on them other hoes?  
Let's be friends! (Where the bitches at?)  
Where the niggas with money? Where you at, baby?  
You ain't gotta be my man at all  
Long as you just bring me your friends (Cash makin' hoes)  
Why you trickin' on them other hoes? Let's be friends

[2Pac:]

I met you and I stuttered in passion  
Though slightly blinded by that ass  
It was hard to keep my dick in my pants  
Every time you pass got me checkin' for you  
Hardcore, starin' and watchin'  
Me and you, one on one, picture countless options  
Was it prophecy? Clear as day, visions on top of me  
Erotic, psychotic, would possess bubonics  
Far from a crush, I wanna bust your guts and touch  
everything inside you from my head to my nuts  
You got me sweatin' like a fat girl goin' for mine  
Just a skinny nigga fuckin' like she stole my mind  
Back in time, I recall how she used to be  
I guess money and fame made you used to me  
What's up in 9-6? Fine tricks in drag  
Fuck Dre! Tell that bitch he can kiss my ass!  
Back to you, my pretty ass caramel queen  
Got my hands on your thighs  
Now let me in between as friends

[Singer (2Pac):]

Let's be friends (Westside, motherfucker, right here)  
You ain't gotta be my man at all  
Long as you just bring me your friends  
(Westside in this motherfucker)  
Why you trickin' on them other hoes?  
Let's be friends (Westside in this motherfucker right here)  
You ain't gotta be my man at all  
Long as you just bring me your friends  
(In this motherfucker right here)  
Why you trickin' on them other hoes? Let's be friends

[2Pac:]

Can you imagine me in player mode? Rush the tricks  
I got her ready for a booty call, I fucked your bitch  
Was it me or the fame? My dick or the game?  
Bet I scream "Westside!" when I came (Westside!)  
Scream my name 'cause, baby, it's delicious  
Ghetto weak spot for pretty bitches up and down  
Similar to switches  
My movement, baby, let your back [?] it  
Make it fluid, in and out, all around when a nigga do it  
You got me high, let me come inside!  
I love it when you get on top, baby, let me ride!  
Who wanna stop me? Am I top notch?  
Fuck player hatin' niggas, 'cause they cockblock  
You probably hate to see a real thug with vision, what's the game?

Rather see a nigga up in prison, why you change?  
Made a livin' out of cuss words, liquor and weed  
A bad seed turned good, in this world of G's  
Baby got me fantasizin' seein' you naked  
It's the fuck song, so check my record, and let's be friends  
Where my niggas at? Show me where my niggas at?  
Where my bitches at? Thug style!

*[Singer (2Pac):]*

Let's be friends (Where my niggas at? Where my bitches at?)  
(Throw yo' guns in the air!)  
Friends... (My ghetto love song!  
It goes on and on and on and on)  
Let's be friends (Where my niggas at? Where my bitches at?)  
(Where my niggas at?)  
Friends... (Where my niggas at? Where my bitches at?)  
(Where my people at? Let's be...)

*[2Pac:]*

Where my people at? Show me where my people at!  
Where my people at? Show me where my people at!  
All my niggas now, just my niggas come!  
Where my niggas at? Just my niggas now!  
Be friends, tell me where my niggas at  
Be friends, tell me where my bitches at  
Be friends, tell me where my people at  
Be friends, tell me where my bitches at  
Make money, take money, be friends

*[Singer (2Pac):]*

Let's be friends (Get your cash on! Let's get dough!)  
You ain't gotta be my man at all  
Long as you just bring me your friends  
(C'mon, get your cash on!)  
Why you trickin' on them other hoes?  
Let's be friends (C'mon, get your cash on! Let's get paid!)  
You ain't gotta be my man at all  
Long as you just bring me your friends  
(C'mon, get your cash on!)  
Why you trickin' on them other hoes? Let's be friends

*[2Pac:]*

Make money, take money!  
Make money, take money!  
Make money, take money!  
Make money, take money!  
Make money, take money!

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Lil' Homies"

Fuckin' lil' homies...  
Everybody duckin', my fuckin' lil' homies  
Lil' homies...  
Everybody duckin', my fuckin' lil' homies

Just pay attention; here's a story 'bout my lil' homies  
Straight thuggin', lil' bad young motherfuckers  
Gotta love 'em, you could catch him in his G ride, clutchin' his Glock  
Screamin', "Outlaw!" (West Side motherfucker!), bustin' on my enemy's block  
Educated on these cold streets  
Gettin' money, makin' dummies out the police  
Ain't no peace, for an adolescent nigga too wild, to be a thinker  
Bud smokin' 24/7, everyday drinker  
Got my diploma, but I never learned shit in school  
Mo' money, mo' bitches, mo' murder, fool!  
Always the young niggas gettin' in shit  
She wouldn't stop to conversate, so you called her a bitch (biatch!)  
Bustin' on paper thin motherfuckers  
Drinkin' gin before you get to sinnin' on them busters  
Emptied his clip, passed by like he didn't know me  
Everybody duckin', my fuckin' lil' homies

Lil' homies on the ride  
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight (my lil' homies)  
Lil' homies on the mash  
Runnin' from these punk police  
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets  
Lil' homies on the ride  
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight (my lil' homies)  
Lil' homies on the mash  
Runnin' from these punk police  
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets

I remember, when you was just a lil' G, flirtin' with death  
Playin' "Russian Roulette", screamin', "Kill me!"  
Hey there, young nigga, what you smokin' on?  
Mad at the world 'cause you came from a broken home?  
Love the squad, plus your mob is sick  
A bunch of adolescent niggas spittin' major shit  
Tell me, young nigga, if you die, let me know  
Would your heart feel pain, watchin' as your mother cries?  
Will all your homies ride?  
Or will they all get high, and talk about how you died?  
Young niggas on a mission to compete  
Gettin' G's, packin' heat, bringin' havoc to the fuckin' streets  
Nobody knows why he took a fo'-fo'  
And unloaded on the whole front row (BUCK! BUCK!, BUCK BUCK)  
Try to tell him, but he act like he don't know me  
Pull out his pistol and he show me; my lil' homie

Lil' homies on the ride  
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight (my lil' homie)  
Lil' homies on the mash  
Runnin' from these punk police  
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets (my lil' homies)  
Lil' homies on the ride  
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight  
Lil' homies on the mash  
Runnin' from these punk police  
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets

"First 2 Bomb", "16 On Death Row"  
Bustin' on them phony motherfuckers  
'Cause the big homie said so  
Niggas knew I was a nutcase, quick to blast  
Livin' underage, but he'll blaze on your bitch-ass  
Is there a heaven for a G?  
And if it is, will I finally get to be at peace?  
On these streets ain't no peace  
Shell-shocked souls makin' money off of crack sales, young black male!  
Unable to change, 'cause it's a cycle  
Plus nobody knows the evil that they might do  
Lil' Moo, Big Yak, K. Kastro  
Big Malcom, Hussein, call 'em Outlawz  
Tellin' the world to be equipped  
When these young motherfuckers rip shit, they don't quit  
Drew down on me, pulled a pound on me  
Bust like he didn't know me; my lil' homies

Lil' homies on the ride  
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight  
Lil' homies on the mash  
Runnin' from these punk police  
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets  
Lil' homies on the ride  
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight  
Lil' homies on the mash  
Runnin' from these punk police  
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets  
Lil' homies on the ride  
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight  
Lil' homies on the mash  
Runnin' from these punk police  
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets  
Lil' homies on the ride  
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight  
Lil' homies on the mash..

Whassup nigga let's do this shit! My lil' homies!  
Lil' bad-ass motherfuckin' adolescent niggas! My lil' homies!  
What the fuck you niggas wanna do? WHAT NIGGA? My fuckin' lil' homies

Sixteen, fifteen, thirteen, my fuckin' lil' homies  
Juvenile delinquents ready to BUST on you motherfuckers  
What the fuck you niggas wanna do nigga?!  
Nigga take yo' shit on, lil' homies!  
We robbin' motherfuckers nigga, Thug Life, Outlawz! West Side!  
You know what time it is, my lil' homies!  
You know what the fuck you gotta do nigga, Outlawz nigga  
My lil' homies..

Thanks to zastrow17 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Johnny Lee

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Let Em Have It"

(feat. SKG)

[2Pac:]

Te quiero

Te quiero cojer, te quiero cojer  
I'll let your ass have it, te quiero cojer  
Te quiero cojer, oh real?  
Te quiero cojer

[2Pac:]

Now you've been actin' like you want it for a long time  
All up in a nigga face, givin' me them strong vibes  
Look in my eyes and you'll find peace  
A Gemini, so you really blow my mind freak, come on  
I got my clothes off, hard as a nigga in jail  
Skinny niggas throw the dick well  
Everybody get their condoms, brother cause it's time to fuck  
Hurry up and put it on nigga, time is up  
What's next? - got my mind on some group sex  
Where you goin', baby? I ain't even through yet  
Do it like a true vet, love it how I threw it to ya  
In and out make it good to ya, remember me?  
I love fuckin' slow with the lights low  
Black, Puerto Rican, even White hoes; bellisimo  
Que linda, dame beso, come to papi  
Fuck until the shit is sloppy, if you really want it

[2Pac + \*\*\*:]

[\*\*\*:] Really want it

[Pac:] Get your ass up; you know it, if you really want it  
You really want it, you really want it  
If, you really want it, if you really want it  
If, you really want it, if you really want it  
[\*\*\*:] Really want it (I really want it)  
[Pac:] Really want it

[2Pac:]

Alright all my real niggas and my real bitches  
Let me see you do it like this, c'mon

[2Pac & SKG:]

Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, we came to  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, we came to

[SKG:]

Daddy rock a player body 'til I tell you to stop  
Hit the right spot if not leave money and kick rocks  
I'm a thug ho, I need a thug nigga up beside me  
A player that can ride me, a cat that can rob me  
Make a jazzy ho like me bust a sweat  
Hit it from the back, grab me by my neck, demand your respect  
I'm not a on my back ho, I ride the dick and hit it 'til it cold  
Bustin' fits of nuts, get 'em up  
I'm a Sagittarius freak, my real hoes feel me  
Legs open wide, nigga dick inside  
Like Barry White "Tonight's the Night" for you to hit it doggie style  
Lay me on my stomach while I'm countin' them hundreds  
Fake bitches wanna front like they don't wanna keep it real  
You know you want a thug nigga just to see how it feel  
Hoes wanna rock Gabbana, Dolce and Versace  
Let me rock your body mouth on my [?] call you Papi

Rock, your body body, rock your body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body

[2Pac:]  
Yeah, like that? Yeah

[SKG:]  
Rock, your body body, rock your body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body

[2Pac:]  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, I feel you  
Do it, do it, do it, do it

[SKG:]  
Yeah, uh, c'mon, uh

[2Pac & SKG:]  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body  
Rock, your body (see)  
Your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, rock.

[2Pac:]  
See, it all started simple, turned into me lickin' the nipples  
Fuckin' you doggie style to this instrumental  
Hands up, all up inside ya, hell I can stand ya  
Eyes open I don't plan to bust, just hold on  
Baby let me zone in, whaddyou mean?  
Can you scream let it go beotch, how does it feel?  
Got a nigga like steel in ya, to keep goin'  
Now I'm fuckin' like I'm killin' ya, let's go another round  
Baby is you down really, two shots of ecstasy  
Lick a nigga down silly, your body next to me  
I could touch you inside, and you'll cry  
So good when a nigga leave, you'll die  
My mama told me baby be a man put it on her

Hittin' bitches like, switches comin' around the corner  
I wanna let me get my ride on  
It's yo' dick baby but it's my song, now if you really want it  
Rock, your body body, rock your body  
Rock, your body body, and if you really want it

[SKG:] If you really want it  
[Pac:] Yeah, if you really want it

Gots to send this one out to the freaky bitches  
Definitely all the Scorpions, and the Geminis, and the Virgos  
You know I know the truth about you Scorpions and you Virgos  
No doubt gotta give it to the Capricorns  
They some freaks too on the down down  
The Libras, they like it even but they still like fuckin'  
No doubt, Aquariuses, Libras, I said those  
Leos, yeah they some freaks, Leos is freaks  
They always wanna run shit in bed  
Sagittarius, Taurus, Cancer, all you freaky fucks  
I'm a zodiac fucker I'll do you all one at a time  
And all down the line, let's get busy

Thanks to shauna\_james for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tupac Shakur, Val Young, Lenton Hutton, Donna Hunter, Helecia Choyce

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Good Life"

(feat. Big Syke, E.D.I. Mean)

[2Pac:]

I was so money orientated, initiated as a thug  
Fiendin' for wicked adventures, ambitious as I was  
Picture a nigga on the verge of livin' insane  
I sold my soul for a chance to kick it and bang  
Now tell if I'm wrong  
But sayin' "Fuck the world" got you deeper in my songs  
Drinkin' 'til I earl, spendin' money 'til it's gone  
It's the good life - maybe niggas got it goin' on  
Now maybe if I died, and came back, wouldn't have to slang crack  
Addicted to the game, so obviously we came strapped  
Please forgive me for my wicked ways, fuck a bitch  
Bad Boy niggas eat a dick a day, bumpin' this  
Lord have mercy it's a slaughter  
So wicked that my tracks is wettin' niggas like it's water  
I learned my lessons as a thug in these wicked ass hood fights  
But I'm a baller now, nigga, I live the good life

[2Pac:]

This is the good life, fuck my foes  
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust the hoes  
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise  
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die  
See, we live the good life, fuck my foes  
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes  
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise  
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die

[Big Syke:]

No one knows what the, future holds, for you  
Haha, listen closely  
They say reach in yo' heart and you'll find your mind  
Every day in the streets, got my foresight blind  
My after time is narrow, peepin' down the barrel of a foe  
Just a nigga or a killer I don't know so  
Who makes the call will I fall a victim like the rest?  
Slug in the chest, one in the dome and make sure I'm gone  
Send me home all alone in these cold streets  
In desperation constantly drinkin' and I can't sleep  
Neck deep strugglin' tryin' to survive  
Some wanna die I wanna stay alive, eyes on the prize  
Let me modify this whole region  
I declare this sucker duckin' season, give me the reason  
Why I should change, into a softie  
.. after livin' so loftily  
It cost me my soul out of control in a devil's world  
Me, my niggas, and my girl - livin' the good life!

[2Pac:]

We live the good life, fuck my foes  
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes  
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise  
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die  
Uh ha, We live the good life, fuck my foes  
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes  
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise  
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die

[E.D.I.:]

I spend my days and nights not knowin' if, strays in flight  
Gon' finally catch me, it's the good life, can you hear me?  
Clearly over the edge, soon as I wake up  
Last night we off the hook, doin' way too much  
But it's the fast lane only, big dealin' big ceilin'  
All for the money, some kill some squeal  
All for the money, most ain't even real  
But we still call 'em homies, now what the fuck is that?  
Fake love, fake thugs are, all in the game  
I watch 'em all plot and fall while we come up and gain  
Outlaw never surrender is the call when you hear us comin'  
Bitch nigga get to runnin' 'fore my click get to gunnin'  
Still in the midst of all the stress and pain  
We still tryin' to get a hold of the game  
Livin' that good life

[2Pac:]

We live the good life, fuck my foes  
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes  
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise  
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die, uh  
We live the good life, fuck my foes  
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes  
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise  
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't, uh  
We live the good life, fuck my foes  
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes  
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise  
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die, uh  
This is the good life, fuck my foes  
God bless the dumb bitches that, trust these hoes  
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise  
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Letter 2 My Unborn"

To my unborn child...  
To my unborn child  
In case I don't make it  
Just remember, Daddy loves you

Now ever since my birth  
I've been cursed, since I'm born to wile  
In case I never get to holla at my unborn child  
Many things learned in prison, blessed and still livin'  
Trying to earn every penny that I'm gettin', I'm reminiscin'  
To the beginning of my mission  
When I was conceived and came to be in this position  
My momma was a Panther: loud single parent, but she proud  
When she witnessed baby boy rip a crowd  
Went to school, but I dropped out and left the house  
'Cause my mama say I'm good for nothing, so I'm out  
Since I only got one life to live, God forgive me for my sins  
Let me make it and I'll never steal again or deal again  
My only friend is my misery  
Wanting revenge for the agony they did to me  
See, my life ain't promised, but it's sure getting better  
Hope you understand my love letter, to my unborn child

[Natasha Walker:]

I'm writing you a letter  
This is to my unborn child  
Want to let you know I love you  
If you didn't know I feel this way  
'Cause I think about you every day  
I have so much to say

Seems so complicated to escape fate  
And you can never understand till we trade places  
Tell the world I feel guilty for being anxious  
Ain't no way in hell that I could ever be a rapist  
It's hard to face this cold world on a good day  
When will they let the little kids in the hood play?  
I got shot five times, but I'm still breathin'  
Living proof there's a God if you need a reason  
Can I believe in my own fate?  
Will I raise my kids in the right or the wrong way?  
Dear Mama, I'm a man now  
I wanna make it on my own, not a handout  
Make way for a whirlwind prophesized  
I wanna go in peace when I got to die  
On these cold streets, ain't no love, no mercy and no friends  
In case you never see my face again, to my unborn child

[Natasha Walker:]

I'm writing you a letter

This is to my unborn child  
Want to let you know I love you  
If you didn't know I feel this way  
'Cause I think about you every day  
I have so much to say

Dear Lord, can you hear me? Tell me what to say  
To my unborn seed in case I pass away  
Will my child get to feel love?  
Or are we all just cursed to be street thugs?  
'Cause being black hurts, and even worse if you speak first  
Living my life as an Outlaw – what could be worse?  
'Cause maybe if I tried to change  
Who'm I kidding? I'm a thug 'til I die; I'm a rider, mane  
Touch bases, eat lunch in plush places  
Regular criminal oasis awaits us  
If there's a ghetto for true thugs, I'll see you there  
And I'm sorry for not being there  
Just know your daddy was a soldier: Me Against the World  
Bless the boys and all my little girls  
To the Lord: I'm eternal, resting in peace  
Please take care of all my seeds, to my unborn child

Please take care of all my kids and my unborn child  
To my unborn child...

This letter goes out to my seeds that I might not get to see 'cause of this lifestyle  
Just know your daddy loved you  
Got nothing but love for you  
And all I wanted was for you to have a better life than I had  
'Cause I was out there on a 24 hour 365 grind  
When you get to be my age, you'll understand  
Just know I got love for you  
And I'll see you if there's a ghetto in Heaven  
If there's a ghetto Heaven, I'll be there waiting for you  
Heh heh, take care. Run wild, but be smart  
Follow the rules of the game  
I know sometimes there's confusion  
Rules of the game is gonna get you through it  
All day every day  
Watch out for these snakes and fakes  
Friends come a dime a dozen  
Be an individual, work hard  
Study, get your mind sharp, trust nobody

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Breathin'"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

Who'll be the last motherfucker breathin'?  
Tell me, nigga, tell me  
Who'll be the last motherfucker breathin'?

[2Pac:]

Stressed, but busta free  
Enemies give me reason  
To be the last motherfucker breathin'  
Bustin' my automatic rounds  
Catch 'em while they sleepin'  
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'  
Stressed, but busta free  
Enemies give me reason  
To be the last motherfucker breathin'  
Bustin' my automatic rounds  
Catch 'em while they sleepin'  
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

[2Pac:]

Woke up with 50 enemies plottin' my death  
All 50 seein' visions of me shot in the chest  
Couldn't rest, nah, nigga, I was stressed  
Had me creepin' 'round corners, homie, sleepin' in my vest  
Shit, I'm like a hostage on this troubled block; call the cops  
A thug nigga screamin', "Westside!", bustin' double Glocks  
Hittin' corners in my Chevy Suburban  
Liquor got me drivin' up on the curb  
Hand on the steerin' wheel, swervin'  
Bless me, Father, I'm a sinner, I'm livin' in hell  
Just let me live on the streets  
'Cause ain't no peace for me in jail  
Gettin' world-wide exposure  
With a bunch of niggas that don't give a fuck  
Ridin' as my soldiers  
I just release 'em on a war path, not your average dealer  
Westside, Outlaw; Bad Boy killer  
Complete my mission, my competition no longer beefin'  
I murdered all them bustas  
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

[2Pac:]

Stressed, but busta free  
Enemies give me reason  
To be the last motherfucker breathin'  
Bustin' my automatic rounds  
Catch 'em while they sleepin'  
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

*[Young Noble:]*

Make sure I hold my position, stand firm in the dirt  
For all my soldiers gone, we burnin' the Earth  
Outlawz, worldwide, we packed the block  
Shootin' rocks at the kid, I'll bust back for Pac  
Ask Yak, he'll tell you that it's hell down here  
Stale down here, too many jails down here  
Why you act like you don't hear me? Young Noble  
Outlaw 'til these motherfuckers kill me; I'm still breathin'

*[Napoleon:]*

Now, we was raised, "Fuck this life," my wrongs, my rights  
Holdin' on a tight grip, with death in my sight  
And the dark is my light, I'm cynical, sleep walkin' as a true  
Walk around town, with a pound full of bitter food  
Came a long way from my born day  
Dead away where there's war play  
Fuck friends! I'll say, rather die for my A-K  
With these fag ass niggas, see-through-glass ass niggas  
Only-ride-my-dick-and-the-skin-of-my-mash ass niggas

*[2Pac:]*

Stressed, but busta free  
Enemies give me reason  
To be the last motherfucker breathin'  
Bustin' my automatic rounds  
Catch 'em while they sleepin'  
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

*[Kastro:]*

I walk around with a knife in my back  
Talkin' 'bout a bad day; I live a life like that  
It's severe, and I'm losin' my hair, bless a hooligan  
Catch me, I'm fallin' out flat, yo, I'm ruined, and  
Breathin' in sewer stench, no one give a fuck about me  
I learned to like it like that when I was still in Mommy  
The side of the city that the Devil run from  
In the belly of the beast  
That's where the fuck we come from; and still I'm breathin'!

*[E.D.I. Mean:]*

And still I'm totally wasted, they want me to face this  
Just lost two of my closest na'r, one of y'all can take this  
But I'm Makaveli trained, simple and plain  
We number one, motherfucker, 'bout to do it again  
Shit, Pac still doin' it, you hoes can't ruin it  
Two million every time he drop, I know you fuckers losin' it  
We movin' in, for the kill, for a meal, holdin' steel  
Hold the wheel  
I'm 'bout to give these niggas something they can feel  
Fakin' real, but we the raw and uncut  
Style-bitin' thug lyin' niggas, give it up!  
We hit 'em up

*[E.D.I.:]*

And we still breathin' and we still breathin'...

(Who'll be the last motherfuckers breathin'?)

[2Pac:]

Tell 'em! Nigga, tell 'em! (And we still breathin'...)  
Who'll be the last motherfuckers breathin'?

[2Pac:]

Stressed, but busta free  
Enemies give me reason  
To be the last motherfucker breathin'  
Bustin' my automatic rounds  
Catch 'em while they sleepin'  
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'  
Stressed, but busta free  
Enemies give me reason  
To be the last motherfucker breathin'  
Bustin' my automatic rounds  
Catch 'em while they sleepin'  
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Jackson Johnny Lee

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Happy Home"

[2Pac:]

Home man, hey (what's up). Let's turn this house into a happy home  
This for all the homeboys that couldn't get they happy home  
Let's turn this house into a happy home  
Long as one of us got it, some of us got it  
Let's turn this house into a happy home  
You know how that is, stay down for mine  
Outlaw, look

[2Pac:]

Now we've been kickin' it for quite some time  
Remained beside me through my trials in this life of crime  
We done fought so many times I forgot to count  
I never hit you, not a coward, rather leave your house  
Remember back in December when we was tight?  
Sippin' Alize and Cristal, whylin' every night - in my bedroom!  
Promised that I commit to you soon  
Tongue-kissed me every time you seen me step inside a room  
Straight out the hood  
We promised to be good to each other, plus I love you  
So I know you gon' make a good mother  
Just try to understand if I change in time  
It's only 'cause I never owned anything that's mine  
So I'm trying you can stay with my momma but keep the drama to a low  
Never call the police, I never call you bitch or ho'  
We were all born hungry in this world alone  
Finally moved out my mom's house, and got a happy home

[Singer (2Pac):]

Happy home.  
(let's turn this house into a happy home)  
Happy home.  
(finally made it out my mom's house, got a happy home)  
Happy home.  
(turn this house into a happy home)  
Happy home.

[2Pac:]

Born through hard times, ghetto child of mine  
I wonder if you have to suffer for your father's crimes  
To be honest it's a hard road  
Just keep your faith in God, knowin' you'll get scarred though  
Look at him walkin' and talkin', a lil' child with my eyes and mouth  
Father watch over lil' seeds, help me guide them out  
Had to change my whole lifestyle, married my baby's momma  
Made her my wife now, I'm tryin' hard y'all  
Maybe in time I'll be a better man  
Watchin' the older couples, handle it like veterans  
Show me the meanin' of forever and together we rise  
If it would help our child grow, then together we'd die

Why - question my love, it's so easy to see  
Without my family all I'm left with is a shadow of me  
After all the arguments, and the nights alone  
Now it's time to live the good life, inside a happy home

[*Singer (2Pac):*]

Happy home.

(turn this house into a happy home)

Happy home.

(finally got to live the good life inside a happy home)

Happy home.

(turn this house into a happy home)

Happy home.

(Happy home)

[*Singer (2Pac):*]

All these problems got me going

We got a family, of our own

I just wanna happy home

(turn this house into a happy home)

No man's made to stand alone

I promise I won't do you wrong

I just want a happy home

(finally made it out my mom's house, got a happy home)

[*Singer (2Pac):*]

Happy home.

(turn this house into a happy home)

Happy home.

(finally got to live the good life inside a happy home)

Happy home

(turn this house into a happy home)

Happy home.

(finally made it out my mom's house, got a happy home).

Happy home.

(Hey, haha, turn this house into a happy home)

(Long as one of us got it, some of us got it)

(Turn this house into a happy home)

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Wickliffe Dominick, Jackson Johnny Lee, Hubbard Darren Thomas, Big Simon, Rodgers Jimmy Jawara

# 2Pac Lyrics

"All Out"

(feat. Outlawz)

[Kastro (Napoleon):]

We goin' all out, we goin' all out  
We goin' all out  
Watch your motherfuckin' mouth, niggas!  
(That's right, fuck these fag niggas!)  
Do it, do it, do it!

[2Pac:]

Come hell or high water, down to slaughter opposers  
Just another lost soul, stuck, callin' Jehovah  
Outlaw 'til it's over, brandish my strap, back like a cobra  
I stay drunk, 'cause I'm a mad man whenever sober  
On a one-man mission, my ambition's to hold up  
The rap game, while I pluck holes in niggas, like donuts  
And still down to die for all my soldiers, like hillbillies  
They don't fear me, so we feud, bringin' war to the city  
With each breath, death before dishonor  
Never let you swallow me, no apologies, your honor  
A general in war, I'm the first to bomb  
With a squad of trusted killers  
Quick to move shit heavily armed  
I'm similar to Saddam, sometimes I question who's sane  
Like fiends frantic for that last vein, stuck in the game  
I hit the scene like sandstorms, then transform, watch me  
I take the figure of 30 niggas who all got me  
While bitches wonderin' who shot me  
No love, keep a grudge, shootin' slugs like Muammar Gaddafi  
Murder my friends, build a new posse  
We takin' shots at paparazzi, go and fly now, nigga, like Rocky  
You got a lot of nerve to play me  
Another gay rapper, bustin' caps at Jay Z  
(Buck buck buck buck buck!) And still avoid capture  
While y'all caught up in the rapture, still after me  
I'm in Jamaica, sippin' daiquiris, no doubt  
We used to havin' nothin'  
Then grabbin' somethin' and bustin'  
Wanted to be the thug nigga that my old man wasn't  
I can't tour, fear of catchin' cases, litigation  
Niggas playa-hatin', got me crooked in all fifty states  
I'm screamin', "Death Row!"  
Throw my Westside, ain't no thang  
We was raised off drive-by's, brought up to bang  
We claim mob, M.O.B., if you be specific  
We control all cash from Atlantic-Pacific  
And get this: I'm hard to kill when I peel with this live spot  
Father, how the hell did I survive these five shots?  
Live it up or give it up, and like demons  
Late night, hear them screamin', "We goin' all out!"

*[E.D.I.:]*

We goin' all out, bomb first 'til they fall out  
Take them the war route, without a doubt  
Ball, which means we all ride if it's on  
Each nigga handle your own, bring it on strong  
If you got bills to pay, nigga, go all out  
Bustas playin' with your papes better go all out  
Tryna see the next day, nigga, go all out  
Obstacles in your way, you better go all out

*[Napoleon:]*

I'm on my last leg, walkin' through the belly of the beast  
Feelin' like I'm all out, drunk as can be  
It's plain to see, that we mob niggas hidin' in bushes  
Claimin' that they ride rough, but they softer than cushion  
They softer than bitches in the worst way, drownin' in blood  
Outlawz, my blood brothers, I'd die for these thugs

Say hi to this slug, it's a shame how some niggas on the West Coast was ridin' with 'Pac, but when he died, they went pop

I'm out in Jers, to the fullest, like some West Coast love  
But after 'Pac stopped rappin', it ain't no West Coast thug  
Just West Coast slut

To my real niggas stuck in the street game, 'cause rappers like Jay Z be pumpin' Kool-Aid through they veins  
Is it true what I'm sayin'? Slap your soft ass to the floor  
And watch my fo'-fo' put peek holes through your door  
I ride or die, but these other fag niggas be bitin' this  
It's all from my heart when I was writin' this; all out!

*[E.D.I.:]*

We goin' all out, bomb first 'til they fall out  
Take them the war route, without a doubt  
Ball, which means we all ride if it's on  
Each nigga handle your own, bring it on strong  
If you got bills to pay, nigga, go all out  
Bustas playin' with your papes better go all out  
Tryna see the next day, nigga, go all out  
Obstacles in your way, you better go all out

*[Kastro:]*

Now, we all ride, and down to die; who with us?  
Speak up, or get treated like you comin' to kill us  
They ain't nothin' but squealers  
In this rap game, swearin' they rough  
Tattooed up, and now them niggas swearin' they 'Pac  
Stop that, and watch your back, we ain't forgot 'bout ya  
These Glocks hot, and when shot, it'll bring the bitch up out ya  
It's me, Kastro with the goattee  
Walkin' like a OG, 'cause all these fag motherfuckers owe me  
I pray to thug lords, like them motherfuckers holy  
Frontline soldier, 'til the Heavens call me  
I go all out, and if you real, you real  
Feel what I'm talkin' 'bout, 'cause this game is ill  
I live it, forbidden fruit, shoot, 'til they feel it  
Livin' proof, Pac breed niggas they can't deal with  
Holla back, right back, and watch your mouth  
Or get blood in it, what; we goin' all out, nigga!

*[E.D.I.:]*

We goin' all out, bomb first 'til they fall out  
Take them the war route, without a doubt  
    Ball, which means we all ride if it's on  
Each nigga handle your own, bring it on strong  
    If you got bills to pay, nigga, go all out  
Bustas playin' with your papes better go all out  
    Tryna see the next day, nigga, go all out  
Obstacles in your way, you better go all out

*[E.D.I.:]*

Fool, you better go all out  
    Keep goin' all out  
All my niggas goin' all out  
    Without a muthafuckin' doubt  
Aye, you niggas just gon' think you gon' be uh  
Talkin' slick on all of these motherfuckin' records  
    And we ain't gon' say shit  
Now it's 1999, it's a different grind  
    Don't disrespect the Don  
It's still war, motherfuckers  
    So let's see you act like you know

Writer(s): Amaru Shakur, Craig Venegas

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Fuckin Wit The Wrong Nigga"

Niggas fuckin' with the wrong nigga

My seductive introduction be specific  
Still elusive, but exclusive's what I give you when I kick it  
And I'm still lifted; niggas can't get with Mr. Wicked  
Picture me flippin' my adversaries, gettin' the dick swiftly  
Niggas is swingin' wild, but they styles miss me  
You can bring that bitch, but your whole click will still get treated shitty  
Business never personal  
I'm up before the sun come up, I'm tired  
Just a ghetto star, a drop top double-R is what I'm ridin'  
Nigga, if you was half the man your bitch was  
Bring yo' artillery when you come for me, 'cause we sick thugs  
No hesitation when I pull and blast, 'cause Syke was bustin'  
Plus, Bo had 'em duckin', screamin', "Get them cash!"  
So now I got the law on me  
My phone's tapped So I had to send word through my lil' homies  
Tell them niggas this the year when they pull the trigger  
Shit, this is what you get, for fuckin' with the wrong nigga

This is what you get  
When you fuckin' with the wrong nigga  
Hehehehe, yeah, nigga, peep it

Before I lay me down to sleep, I pray and thank the Lord  
For givin' me another fruitful day  
I wanna be a peaceful, man, but still when niggas come for me  
All I can see is gettin' 'em killed  
For real, it's how I feel  
Reflect my thoughts, flowin' on these reels  
Make my enemies deal with my steel; they caps peeled  
We still cool, but you played yourself  
Give him the MAC and make him spray hisself, hey  
Fallin' legends clutchin' chrome three-five-seven  
Puttin' two bullets to they dome, wanted to die in Heaven  
Why call in shots? Nobody really as clear as me  
Ain't tryin' to help the feds get a case for conspiracy  
Murder, my foes get disposed of  
We all homies to the death, so my true niggas show me love  
God, forgive me for my lifestyle, a negative figure  
But why they fuckin' with the wrong nigga  
You know?

It's like, why you fuckin' with the wrong nigga?

I was raised by thugs, schooled by killers  
Learned my mathematics skills from real drug dealers  
Tried to rise, but they tried me  
I guess they all had to die, 'cause we tried peace  
I die in these streets

Blast 'til they recognize  
Still do or die, all my niggas gettin' high, watchin' time fly  
    Best strategize on the way to profit  
    Best organize how you ride, so they can't stop it  
Then keep it poppin', lot of busters wanna see me fall  
I fucked your bitch, and now this new shit, gon', fade 'em all  
    My niggas ball, made a call for some back-up  
    For lil' homies and my dogs in the black truck  
    "Buck buck" was the sound as they gats burst  
No need for ambulance, baby, bring the black hearse  
    Should've never fucked around, buster  
How you figure makin' moves on the wrong nigga

It's what it sounds like, ding ding ding.  
When you fuckin' with the wrong nigga  
Niggas gettin' hit, when they fuckin' with the wrong nigga  
    Fuckin' with the wrong nigga

Thanks to Deadeye11w, jdrzblazza1 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tyrone J. Wrice, Tupac Amaru Shakur

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Thug N U Thug N Me (Remix)"

(feat. K-Ci & JoJo)

[2Pac:]

Ay come on JoJo ('Pac, hahaha)  
Yeah that type of shit (maybe it's the thug in me)  
You know what time it is (maybe it's the thug in me)

[2Pac:]

By age thirteen I was buckwild, good at my knuckle game  
Made it through a tough childhood never be the same  
Walked in my daddy's shoes  
No time to be a peaceful man had to shatter fools  
That's 'til I put my eyes on you  
God damn, sweetheart you got some thighs on you  
Now I can't wait to get you home, get you all alone  
In my bedroom, baby can we bone, and get it on  
Tell me lady how you like me  
and if you want it harder baby, come and bite me  
but do it lightly; cause that excites me to let it pop  
And if you lick me right, I'll do it all night  
Only got fucked by a drug dealer  
Never felt the real passion of a thug nigga (haha)  
Though I like the way you scream when you lovin' me  
I'm goin' deep, it's the thug in me  
So whatchu sayin' girl?

[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]

A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you  
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)  
That I wanna put in you (maybe it's the thug in you)  
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you  
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)  
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)

[2Pac:]

Moan baby when we bone it's on  
It's so strong niggas in the next room'll cum  
I got ya head swingin'  
Tongue kissin', as I hit it from the back with the bed ringin' (haha)  
Give me space, as I lick ya face, stick the place  
Synchronize so I drive when they kick the bass  
Love fuckin' in tha mo'nin'  
I get ya wet and bust a sweat, then I'm gone  
Left you on yo' own girl  
Tell me what you feel like  
Blindfolded, I'm cold do it real nice - that's if it feel right  
Maybe it's the thug in me  
I pull ya hair while we fuckin' in the chair, when ya lovin' me  
Up against the wall, you can have it all; just try  
Bet my kiss, to get you high, don't pass by  
Grab me by my nuts when I'm lovin' you

Now open up and let me put the thug in you

[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]

A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you  
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)  
That I wanna put in you (maybe it's the thug in you)  
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you  
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)  
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)

[2Pac:]

Say baby what's your phone number?  
Be warned, I'm like a storm with my own thunder  
I make the room rumble, in and out long stroke  
Hold ya breath now, close your eyes deep throat  
Did you like it? Oh I'm excited!  
Cause it's a party in my bedroom, you're invited  
C'mon now, let me see ya shake your rump  
Tell me, how long will it take to cum  
Havin' fun, do it one on one and we can all get involved  
First y'all do me, then I'll fuck y'all  
When you call me the next day  
to get sexed by a nigga in the best way  
Yeah baby it's a price to pay  
Only play in the fast lane  
When you a hustler, motherfuck a cash came  
I gotcha goin' wild, cause I'm lovin' you  
Drugged out with this motherfuckin' thug in you

[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]

A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you  
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)  
That I wanna put in you and you  
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you  
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)  
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)  
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you  
I got a lot of thug in me  
That I wanna put in you and you (Maybe it's the thug in you)  
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you  
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)  
That I wanna give to you girl

[Singing:]

Gotta be a thug in ya (thug in me)  
A little bit of thug in me, a little bit of thug in ya  
A little bit of thug in me  
I hold a lot of thug in me, you hold a lot of thug in ya  
I hold a lot of thug in me  
I hold a lot of thug in me, I hold a lot of thug in ya  
I hold a lot of thug in me  
Now c'mon, I hold a lot of thug in me  
Hold a lot of thug in you, hold a lot of thug in me  
C'mon, hold a lot of thug in me  
Gotta be some thug in ya, gotta be some thug in me  
C'mon, hold a lot of thug in me

I gotta be some thug in ya  
Can you feel it?  
I hold a lot of thug in me, I gotta be some thug in ya  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Do you want it?  
I hold a lot of thug in me, feel like some thug in ya

*[Collision over singing:]*  
I don't wanna talk, I don't want no explanations  
I don't got no motherfuckin' explanations, y'knahmsayin?  
It's the thug in me  
Don't be askin' why I'm pullin' your hair  
And why I fuck so motherfuckin' thuggish  
That thug passion, y'knahmean?  
Bitch, no mercy  
What you scared of? Didn't you come over here to get fucked?  
You ain't come over here for me to be  
Strokin', and all that bullshit  
You came over here to get fucked  
Shit, if I ain't fuck you thug style  
Bitch you'd leave my house talkin' bout, "2Pac can't serve me"  
Won't have me crossed up in that bullshit, hahaha  
Turn over! Maybe it's the thug in me!

Writer(s): Johnny Lee Jackson, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Joel Lamonte Hailey, J. Peyton, Cedric R. Hailey

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Everything They Owe"

(feat. Timothy)

[2Pac]

Imagine if we could go back

Actually talk to the motherfuckers that persevered (hehehe)

I mean the first motherfuckers that came in the slave ships

(Hey, excuse me, excuse me) Y'know? (Look)

[2Pac]

We back for everything you owe, no longer oppressed

Cause now we overthrow those that placed us in this rotten mess

But let's agree on strategy and pick out enemies right

Who stands accused of the abuse my own, kind do right

Pardon, not disregardin' what you thinkin' but you must abandon ship

Cause once I rip your whole shit is sinkin'

Supreme ideology, you claim to hold

Claimin' that we all drug dealers with empty souls

That used to tempt me to roll, commit to violence

In the midst of an act of war, witnesses left silent

Shatter, black talon style, thoughts I throw

It remains in your brain then of course it grows

Maybe, even your babies can produce and rise

Picture a life where black babies can survive past five

But we must have hope, quotin' the reverend from the pulpit

Refuse to turn the other cheek we must defeat the evil culprit

Lace me with words of destruction and I'll explode

But supply me with the will to survive, and watch the world grow

This ain't bout talkin' 'bout problems, I bring solutions

Where's the restitution, stipulated through the constitution

You violated, now I'm back to haunt your nights

Listen to the screams, of the lives you sacrificed

And in case you don't know, ghetto born black seeds still grow

We comin' back, for everything you owe

I'm comin' collectin' the shit that belong to me

Motherfuckers are runnin' and duckin'

I'm a crazy nigga on a mission wit' a bad mentality

Armed with missiles guns grenades

Pull out the pin, free I'm comin'

[2Pac]

How do you plead Mr. Shakur, how do you plead?

How do I plead?

Yes sir, how do you plead?

Shit, you know how I plead

C'mon!

Psssh

[2Pac]

Not guilty on the grounds of insanity it was them or me

Bustin' at my innocent family, say they lookin' for ki's

I was home alone, blind to the prelude  
Bust in, talkin' bout, "Where is the quaaludes?" What you say fool?  
Where in the hell is the search warrant?  
No feedback is what he uttered, before he screamed "Nigga motherfucker"  
Dropped me to my knees, I proceed to bleed  
Sufferin' a rain of blows to my hands and knees  
Will I survive, is God watchin'?  
I grab his gat and bust in self-defense, my only option  
God damn!  
Now they got me goin' to the county jail  
And my family can't pay this outrageous bail  
Try to offer me a deal, they told me if I squeal  
Move me, and my people, to a mansion in Brazil  
Not me, so this is how it ends, no friends  
I'll be stressed and they just, repossessed my Benz  
Told the judge it was self-defense, he won't listen  
So I'm bumpin' this in federal prison, givin' everything I owe

I'm comin' collectin' the shit that belong to me  
Motherfuckers are runnin' and duckin'  
I'm a crazy nigga on a mission wit' a bad mentality  
Armed with missiles guns grenades  
Pull out the pin, free I'm comin'  
I'm comin' collectin' the shit that belong to me  
Motherfuckers are runnin' and duckin'  
I'm a crazy nigga on a mission wit' a bad mentality  
Armed with missiles guns grenades  
Pull out the pin, free I'm comin'

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Johnny Lee

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Until The End Of Time"

(feat. RL (Next))

[2Pac:]

Perhaps I was addicted to the dark side  
Somewhere inside my childhood witnessed my heart die  
And even though we both came from the same places  
The money and the fame made us all change places  
How could it be? Through the misery that came to pass  
The hard times make a true friend afraid to ask  
For currency, but you could run to me when you need  
And I'll never leave, honestly  
Someone to believe in, as you can see  
It's a small thing to a true, what could I do?  
Real homies help you get through  
And come to knew he'd do the same thing if he could  
'Cause in the hood, true homies make you feel good  
And half the times we be actin' up, call the cops  
Bringin' a cease to the peace that was on my block  
It never stops, when my mama ask me will I change  
I tell her "Yeah," but it's clear  
I'll always be the same; until the end of time

[R.L. Huggar:]

So take these broken wings  
I need your hands to come and heal me once again  
(Until the end of time)  
So I can fly away, until the end of time  
Until the end of time, until the end of time

[2Pac:]

Please, Lord, forgive me for my life of sin  
My hard stare seem to scare all my sister's kids  
So you know, I don't hang around the house much  
This all night money making got me outta touch  
Shit, ain't flashed a smile in a long while  
An unexpected birth worst of the ghetto childs  
My attitude got me walking solo  
Ride out alone in my lo-lo  
Watching the whole world move in slow-mo  
For quiet times, disappear, listen to the ocean  
Smoking 'Ports, think my thoughts, then it's back to coastin'  
Who can I trust in this cold world?  
My phony homie had a baby by my old girl  
But I ain't trippin', I'm a player, I ain't sweatin' him  
I sexed his sister, had her mumble like a Mexican  
His next of kin, no remorse, it was meant to happen  
Besides rappin' the only thing I did good was scrappin'  
Until the end of time...

[R.L. Huggar:]

So take these broken wings

I need your hands to come and heal me once again  
(Until the end of time)  
So I can fly away, until the end of time  
Until the end of time, until the end of time

[2Pac:]  
Now who's to say if I was right or wrong  
To live my life as an outlaw all along?  
Remain strong in this planet full of player haters  
They conversate, but Death Row full of demonstrators  
And in the end, drinking Hennessy  
Made all my enemies envy me  
So cold when I flow, eliminatin' easily  
Falls to they knees, they plead for they right to breathe  
While beggin' me to keep the peace (haha)  
When I conceive closer to achieve  
In times of danger, don't freeze, time to be a G  
Follow my lead, I'll supply everything you need  
An ounce of game and the training to make a g  
Remember me as an outcast Outlaw  
Another album out, that's what I'm about, more  
Getting raw 'til the day I see my casket, buried as a G  
While the whole world remembers me, until the end of time

[R.L. Huggar:]  
So take these broken wings  
I need your hands to come and heal me once again  
(until the end of time)  
So I can fly away, until the end of time  
Until the end of time, until the end of time

Thanks to Femcee Evil, weezy, bugmee, zain, kklizzle for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Page Richard James, George Steven Park, Jackson Johnny Lee, Lang John Ross

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Big Syke Interlude"

(feat. Big Syke)

*[Big Syke:]*

Thug life, microphone check  
Outlaw microphone check  
Where you bitch niggas coming from?  
You don't know, look like you a seed  
From Makaveli The Don

I can hear your style, sounds like Makaveli The Don

2Pac, my nigga

So much trouble in the world nigga  
These niggas can't feel your pain  
Thug life, outlaw forever  
Oh you bitch niggas

The hardest nigga

Ever to touch this microphone  
Got you bitch niggas trailin' his tail  
I don't know if you catch up, but yet and still  
Keep trying nigga, keep trying nigga  
Thug life, Outlaw forever nigga  
Eternity, infinity  
So remember Makaveli The Don  
His thug life lives on

Writer(s): Big Simon Says, Tyruss Himes

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "My Closest Roaddogz"

(feat. Timothy, Shiro)

Here me and my closest road dogs  
To my dog named Mussolini (you know it dog)  
Big Syke (Westside)  
Thug Life, baby (outlaw)  
The return of the mashers, you know how we do it  
Hahaha!

Shit half the times we fought and caused trouble  
My closest road dog it was cool cause I love you  
Fuck what they talkin' bout  
Let me take you back in time, rewind to eighty-nine  
Introduced me to this life of crime, but we was blind  
Little nappy-haired juveniles, livin' wild  
No smiles on our faces, thirteen catchin' cases  
Indeed, it was misery  
Driven by my own demons, cause they was killin' me  
How can I be sure I'll be saved soon?  
Catch me dip into the light, of a stray moon  
It's gettin' deeper now, let me get yo' mind right  
Fuck yo' enemies, nigga grip yo' nine tight, tonight's the night  
Murder murder Mr. Lucifer  
Pictures of the devil DUCK when he shoot at cha, it's all political  
Runnin' from the future, escapin' in the fog  
Live yo' life like a hog nigga, me and my closest road dogz

Every ghetto street got a crosswalk  
Let me get to the other side with my road dogz  
(me and my closest road dog)  
All roam in the scary place called home  
Take a second victim and if they all gone, my closest road dogz  
Every ghetto street got a stop sign  
Can I trust in you my road dogz on mine?  
Even when I'm goin' through hard times  
I still got my closest road dogz lookin' out for all mine

Haha.. bring artillery and ROLL with a nigga  
They could never take the soul of a M.O.B. soldier nigga  
Cowards get rolled up, mob on 'em Makaveli  
Boy you's a boss player, that's what all the bitches tell me  
Even if I died now  
I live my life eternally and never lie down, why cry now?  
Fooled a few but never 'came a gamer  
Ain't tryin' to hear it  
Evil spirits hide at total strangers, yo' life's in danger  
Prepare nigga be aware, cause we ain't scared  
M.O.B., 'til I die, when we ride niggas disappear  
Fill 'em up with pistol smoke  
Never forget to blow a hole in his head  
For leakin' information to the feds

The burnin' bed was the tellin' sign  
Two hired guns bustin' everyone, yellin' everybody die  
Why the fuck they fuck around, we left 'em in the fog  
Bleedin' like a stuck hog, me and my closest road dogz

Every ghetto street got a crosswalk  
Let me get to the other side with my road dogz  
(Bleedin' like a stuck hog, me and my closest road dogz)  
All roam in the scary place called home  
Take a second victim and if they all gone, my closest road dogz  
Every ghetto street got a stop sign  
Can I trust in you my road dogz on mine?  
Even when I'm goin' through hard times  
I still got my closest road dogz lookin' out for all mine

Fuck they feelings, that's what they get for squealin'  
That's the pressures of a gangsta, dangerous this drug dealin'  
See me in physical form, my niggas swarm  
Take the figure of a circle beatin' jealous niggas 'til they purple  
Simon Says take they heads homies  
and send them phony motherfuckers to dwell with all they dead homies  
Fishin' for fake niggas, observe and shake niggas  
The only way to see six figures, is break niggas  
Me and Mussolini set to ride we high  
Big Bogart got the alibi,homicide ask us why  
Labeled a Capo in the mob as big as the globe  
To live and die as a millionaire, on ..  
Set to explode, my M.O., is kill them hoes  
My pistol's like a disease, my enemies and foes  
Get murdered and disposed of, we in the fog  
Makaveli the Don, and my closest road dogz

Every ghetto street got a crosswalk  
Let me get to the other side with my road dogz  
(my closest road dogz)  
All roam in the scary place called home  
Take a second victim and if they all gone, (my closest road dogz)  
Every ghetto street got a stop sign  
Can I trust in you my road dogz on mine?  
Even when I'm goin' through hard times  
I still got my closest road dogz lookin' out for all mine  
Every ghetto street got a crosswalk  
Let me get to the other side with my road dogz  
All roam in the scary place called home  
Take a second victim and if they all gone, my closest road dogz  
Every ghetto street got a stop sign  
Can I trust in you my road dogz on mine?  
Even when I'm goin' through hard times  
I still got my closest road dogz lookin' out for all mine

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Niggaz Nature Remix"

(feat. Lil' Mo)

[Lil' Mo:]

2Pac and Lil' Mo, hmm, how gangsta is that?  
Hehe... ooooh-oooh, ooooh-oooh, ooooh-oooh

[\*Mo keeps harmonizing in the background\*]

[2Pac:]

One two to a nigga nature, haha.  
No need to cry now, go wipe your tears, be a woman  
Why you actin' surprised? You saw the bullshit  
Comin' fake hair, fake nails, fake eyes too  
So why you, bound to fuck wit fake guys too  
Ain't nothin' hard about it why you lookin' sad? Shoulda though about it  
Say you learned, I truly doubt it  
I guess you got a problem with affection, kinda loose with the love  
Gettin' freaky with the thug niggas up in the club  
Ask to buy you a drink, you holla Dom Pérignon  
Knowin' I'm a cash getter still I, remain calm  
Let you chill with me; plus you was smilin' 'til the bill miss me  
That's what you get for tryin' to dick me  
Missed me with that "Buy me this, buy me that" syndrome shit  
Bitch get a job if you wanna be rich  
Gettin' mad cause I cursed and I scream I hate'cha  
Introduced you to a nigga nature, feel me?

[Lil' Mo:]

Kissed the girls, made them cry  
Thuggin' life, and gettin' high  
Why you gangsta, all the time?  
That's a thug's nature (that's a nigga nature)  
Though sometimes, I can deal with it  
I realize, that I'm feelin' it  
It's a love and hate relationship  
But that's a thug's nature

[2Pac:]

I'm probably too nice at first, I let you kiss me where it hurts  
Me and you gettin' busy, slingin' dick in the dirt  
Met you at a pool party it was cool to kick it  
See us, tounge-kissin', you was truly with it  
Little ecstasy, Hennessy, mix with me  
Picture me pay for pussy when the dick's for free  
Hey now, where my niggas at? Tell these hoes  
Before I pay; I jerk off, word to Moses  
Visions of you sittin' there sweaty and wet  
Pointin' to the places that you want me to hit  
Give me room all up in the womb, call the cops  
Nigga, hittin' walls 'til them bastard drop  
Label me Makaveli - thug nigga with bite

Livin' life like a rock star's Friday night  
Make money, get pussy, always keep a pager  
Cell phone in the ride to complete my nature now!

*[Lil' Mo:]*

Kissed the girls, made them cry  
Thuggin' life, and gettin' high  
Why you gangsta, all the time?  
That's a thug's nature  
Though sometimes, I can deal with it  
I realize, that I'm feelin' it  
It's a love and hate relationship  
But that's a thug's nature

*[2Pac:]*

Haha, started as a seed from the semen; straight outta papa's nuts  
Lustin' for creamin' - bitches with big butts  
Curves make a nigga cry, tits and shit  
When I'm locked down beggin' you for porno flicks  
Sneak weed in, help a nigga pass the time  
Put my name tattooed so that ass is mine  
Tell everybody; 'Pac put it down for good  
A local legend through the whole hood, follow me  
I got a gun on me, goin' for none on the run baby  
You know a nigga need some, is my son crazy?  
Why I cry, when I be thuggin' 'til I die  
Picture a nigga in heaven, high off weed I fly  
Got me missin' dead homies wishin' phonies would die  
Hit the weed and hope it get me high; dear God  
Understand my ways, livin' major  
Blessed with a thug's heart and a real live nigga nature

*[Lil' Mo:]*

Kissed the girls, made them cry  
Thuggin' life, and gettin' high  
Why you gangsta, all the time?  
That's a thug's nature (that's a nigga nature)  
Though sometimes, I can deal with it  
I realize, that I'm feelin' it  
It's a love and hate relationship  
But that's a thug's nature (cause that's a nigga nature)  
Kissed the girls, made them cry  
Thuggin' life, and gettin' high  
Why you gangsta, all the time?  
That's a thug's nature (hey, just be a nigga nature)  
Though sometimes, I can deal with it  
I realize, that I'm feelin' it  
It's a love and hate relationship  
But that's a thug's nature (cause that's a nigga nature)

*[2Pac & Lil' Mo:]*

It ain't my fault  
Hehe, Q.D., where you be? Ah  
Don't blame me blame my momma, a nigga nature

*[Lil' Mo harmonizing:]*

QDIII, and Lil' Mo  
2Pac, puttin' it down fo' sho' ("cause that's a nigga nature")  
I realize, that I'm feelin' it  
Cause that's a thug nature  
Though sometimes I can deal with it  
I realize, I'm feelin' it  
Love and hate, relationship  
Cause that's a thug's nature ("cause that's a nigga nature")  
Yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah.  
Yeah yeah, and that's a thug's nature

Where you at? Holla

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "When Thugz Cry"

When thugs cry  
Now I lay me down to sleep  
I pray the Lord my guns to keep  
If I die before I wake  
I pray the Lord my soul to take  
Got us dyin'  
When thugs cry, times is hard

Born thuggin', and lovin' the way I came up  
Big money clutchin', bustin' while evadin' cocaine busts  
My pulse rushin', semi clutchin' into insanity  
They shot at my cousin, now we bustin' at they whole family  
The coppers wanna see me buried, I ain't worried  
I got a line on the D.A. 'cause I'm fuckin' his secretary  
I black out and start cussin', bust 'em and touch 'em all  
They panic, and bitches duckin', I rush 'em and fuck 'em all  
I'll probably be an old man before I understand  
Why I have to live my life with pistols close at hand  
Kidnapped my homie's sister, cut her face up bad  
They even raped her, so we blazed they pad  
Automatic shots rang out, on every block  
They puttin' hits out on politicians, even cops  
I ain't lyin', they got me sleepin' with my infrared beams  
And in my dreams I hear motherfuckers screamin'  
What is the meanin' when thugs cry?

[Singer (2Pac):]

Oh, why should you send your child off to die?  
In the streets of chalk where they lie  
Let no wrongs cry out when thugs cry, dear God (when thugs cry)  
Oh my, does it have to be this way?  
Our children of today won't stay wise  
Let the children hear when thugs cry, dear God, oh why?

Maybe my addiction to friction got me buggin'  
Where is the love?, never quit my ambition to thug  
Ain't shed a tear since the old school years of elementary  
Niggas I used to love, enclosed in Penitentiaries  
But still, homie, keep it real, how does it feel  
To lose your life, over something that you did as a kid?  
You all alone, no communication, block on the phone  
Don't get along with your pop, and plus your mom's is gone  
Where did we go wrong? I put my soul in the song  
To help us grow in time, but now our minds are gone  
We went from brothers and sisters to niggas and bitches  
We went from welfare livin' to worldwide riches  
But somethin' changed in this dirty game, everything's strange  
Lost all my homies over cocaine, mayne  
See, they ask me if I shed a tear, I ain't lie  
See, you gotta get high or die, 'cause even thugs cry

Oh, why should you send your child off to die?  
In the streets of chalk where they lie  
Let no wrongs cry out when thugs cry, dear God  
Oh my, does it have to be this way?  
Our children of today won't stay wise  
Let the children hear when thugs cry, dear God, oh why?

And all I see is these paranoid bitches, illegal adventures  
Bustin' motherfuckers with uppercuts, I leave 'em with dentures  
'Cause in my criminal mind, nobody violates the Don  
I write your name wit' a piece of paper, now your family's gone  
Why perpetrate like you can handle my team?  
So merciless in my attack I take command of your dreams  
Leavin' motherfuckers drownin' in they own blood  
Clownin', takin' pictures later  
Laugh 'bout them punk bitches that turned snitches  
Regulate my area, the terror I represent  
Makin' your people disappear, you wonderin' where they went  
Am I cold, or is it just I sold my soul?  
Addicted to these streets, never find true peace I'm told  
Come take my body, God, don't let me suffer any longer!  
Smoke a pound of marijuana, so I know it ain't long  
Where is the end to all my misery, is there a close?  
I suppose that's why I murder my foes; when thugs cry

Oh, why should you send your child off to die?  
In the streets of chalk where they lie  
Let no wrongs cry out when thugs cry, dear God  
Oh my, does it have to be this way?  
Our children of today won't stay wise  
Let the children hear when thugs cry, dear God, oh why?

Oh, why should you send your child off to die?  
In the streets of chalk where they lie  
Let no wrongs cry out when thugs cry, dear God  
Oh my, does it have to be this way?  
Our children of today won't stay wise  
Let the children hear when thugs cry, dear God, oh why?

I shed tattooed tears for years  
For my dead homeboys and my prison peers  
Y'all ain't never heard my cries  
Now you wonder why would you die?

Thanks to deathrow2, babiegurlsthug for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Johnny Lee, Peyton Jewell

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "U Don't Have 2 Worry"

[2Pac:]

Yo c'mon man, what do you mean you don't wanna ride with me, nigga  
C'mon, get in the car, get in the fuckin' car, man  
Yo why you trippin' man? Get in the fuckin' car, man  
Get in the fuckin' car, get in the car  
(Heh, say you, you scared to ride in my car  
'Cause you, you think niggas gon' be blastin' at it  
It ain't even that deep baby)

[2Pac:]

You don't have to worry you can ride with me now  
Niggas are quick to scream how they die for me now  
Only got one clique, they Outlawz on the Row  
Fair exchange when we fuck them hoes

[2Pac:]

Repetitive blows are thrown, to my foes  
No love shown get disposed of blasted full blown  
My unknown tendencies to mash my comp  
Gettin' wicked with my ski-mask, find the stash and dump  
While niggas run I'm the last one standin', the rest die  
Victims of my lethal chrome cannon, Westside  
Though it's worldwide no one can deny my views  
Tracked it to my very fabric once the plastic blew  
Five shots changed my whole life, throats were slit  
Niggas die by my orders when I wrote this shit  
Though we go back like wild knights at Latin Quarters  
Niggas tried to kill me, and I fed their wife and their daughters  
Blazed the weed, draped they seeds, gave 'em cash  
Pass the fame and let the game go rollin' past  
Why you change, it's a cold world taught me life  
Retaliation proves niggas never caught me right  
Say they shot me in my nuts, out of luck  
Quit bullshit nigga 'cause I'm still fuckin' yo' bitch  
Niggas got me twisted in a bad way, why you change?  
Fuck with me, all this shit pay, nigga fuck the fame

[Young Noble:]

Y'all remember "Hit 'Em Up," don't make us do it once more  
Yo' niggas know, you ain't fuckin' with them Out-lawz  
We keep souljas, souljas from Compton to Brooklyn  
Your the type to get sniped, when the cops is lookin'  
Don't nobody give a fuck 'cause you done crossed the game  
Lost in fame, and you should take, all the blame  
You made yo' bed nigga lay in it  
You scared to come up out that cell nigga stay in it  
It's not a game only got one click we Outlawz from the do'  
Dirt stains when I buck on the fo', you kissin' the flo'  
We dirty as the motherfuckin' streetz of Jerz  
We sweep niggas with the words though the heat's preferred

Holla

[2Pac:]

You don't have to worry you can ride with me now  
Niggas are quick to scream how they die for me now  
Only got one click, they Outlawz on the Row  
Fair exchange when we fuck them hoes, let the punks know

[E.D.I.:]

'Pac I wish I was in the motherfuckin' car wit'cha  
I'd have took every bullet that they threw, hand of God, nigga  
I only got one click, Outlawz 'til I'm gone  
Heavy in the game and we comin' for they fuckin' throne  
The love is gone well it is what it is  
And plottin' on us, they best be prayin' for they kids, mayne  
You don't have to worry 'cause I ride for ya  
Like K said over loyal we even tell 'bout a lie for ya  
You put me in the game and dog I owe it all to ya  
And when it get to poppin' I'ma fuckin' ball for ya  
And everything I do gon' have your names on it  
I'll never let them forget I put my seeds on it

[Napoleon:]

You gon' die before yo' time, come face the truth  
In the middle of the desert nigga lace your boots  
As a youth, hundred proof, tap my chest is a dead rest  
You studio niggas still remind your vest  
Why the fuck you ain't done yet, swallow yo' teeth  
In the field you woulda been need a straw when you eat  
Fuck a glock nine that shit is weak on the streets  
And if you can't strategize then you just can't eat  
If your life in another nigga hand, you dead  
And if it's beef and your man disappear then don't sweat it  
Another fake nigga usin' my strengths to get credit  
I mean you might face sound scared but your heartbeat said it

[2Pac:]

You don't have to worry you can ride with me now  
Niggas are quick to scream how they die for me now  
Only got one click, they Outlawz on the Row  
Fair exchange when we fuck these hoes, let the punks know

[Kastro:]

I was born ugly, unlucky and dusty  
But now I'm a rider, connivin' gutsy  
And I don't trust nobody, so don't nobody trust me  
And that's how I'ma go about it 'til somebody bust me  
I play for keeps like the OG's raised me  
If I sleep I won't eat, who gonna feed my baby?  
And I think I'm goin' crazy 'cause my hair is gettin' thinner  
I've been drinkin' on the daily, I can hardly remember  
I got - bad nerves, paranoia destroyed me  
I love the Lord but the church can't cure me  
I sleep light, I wake peekin' out my window  
With guns under my mattress and guns under the pillow  
And that's the way it's gonna be 'til they bury me

But don't twist it 'cause none of y'all niggas worry me

*[Young Noble & Kastro:]*

What the fuck you didn't know?

Kizza-Kastro, Young Noble with the criminal flow

You nervous nelly ass niggas belly up in the river, no dizoubt

My niggas couldn't fade me with some clippers

You put it down, look all around, 'til we find you we hound

Penitentiary bound, to remind you

*[Kadafi:]*

Kadafi I bring the lingo to the click

Tasty like a Pringle, sneakin' through your chimney like Kris Kringle

On some shit, get me fee to let my ice click Ka-pling, ka-plow I been a thug shootin' slugs since a child

*[2Pac:]*

You don't have to worry you can ride with me now

Niggas are quick to scream how they die for me now

Only got one click, they Outlawz on the Row

Fair exchange when we fuck these hoes, let the punks know

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Snoopy, Fula Yafeu A,  
Hunter Donna T

# 2Pac Lyrics

"This Ain't Livin"  
(feat. Vanessa)

This ain't livin', nigga!

[2Pac:]

I hear even the smaller G's be dippin' Chevy Impalas  
While flossin' their gold D's, O.G.'s, is who they follow  
We swallow tomorrow's seed, what we leave is hollow  
We feed violence and greed, let 'em lead tomorrow  
In time, they grip a nine, sippin' wine, they rap  
Still I be starin', watch the parents sacrifice their child  
The love's gone, a thug's home, with no love  
Feelin' so strong, make young boys into drug dealers  
Now one for adolescents, now dos for those  
Keep your friends by your side, even close your foes  
Now three for Johnny Law tryin' to take my chips  
I never pulled the trigger, didn't touch that bitch  
Throw your hands in the air, it's a robbery  
(censored) 'Pac, would you ride with me?  
Let's go see what our enemies talkin' 'bout  
When G's enter the house nobody's walkin' out  
This ain't livin', it's similar to prison, we're trapped  
My homies jealous plus they tell us that the phones is tapped  
I watch my back twenty-fo' seven  
And never let a busta send a G to ghetto heaven, you know  
This is how it goes when we floss with flows  
Before I toss your ho, it'll cost you mo'  
I do shows, make a lot of dough, murder my foes  
But I'd give it all up, if it would help you grow  
This ain't livin'

[Vanessa (2Pac):]

Takes a life to make a life, takes a life  
Livin' in the world of crime and I, takes a life  
(This ain't livin')  
Can't find a better way to break through  
(This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do)  
(This ain't livin')  
Takes a life to make a life, takes a life  
Livin' in the world of crime and I, takes a life  
Can't find a better way to break through  
This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do

[2Pac:]

Peep it – gunfire is produced at alarmin' rates  
Today's youth, quick to shoot, get in the car and break  
"It Takes a Nation of Millions" if we intend to stop the killin'  
Just search your feelings, participatin' should be appealin'  
They're our seeds and when they bleed, we bleed  
That's what becomes of lonely children, they turn to G's  
Heavenly father can you rescue

My young nation, rest the Lord will protect you, respect due  
Not a threat as I step in blue, and check those  
That oppose when I froze them fools  
And who are you, to watch me fall farther?  
I disappeared, reappeared as the (censored)  
Follow me now  
Skippin' class, and livin' fast, will get your ass  
Stuck in the Pen', doin' life plus ten  
Young brother pump your brakes for me  
Before you choke, won't you soak up some game from your big homie  
This ain't livin', we givin' you jewels, use 'em as tools  
Explode on they industry and fade them fools  
You know the rules, gotta be a rider  
You can run the red lights but read the street signs, hey  
This for all of y'all that keep on raisin' hell  
Put a pistol in your hand and let you fade yourself  
It ain't right, what you put your momma through, young G  
Gotta change your life, take the game from me  
This ain't livin'

[Vanessa:]

Takes a life to make a life (takes a life)  
Livin' in the world of crime and I (takes a life)  
Can't find a better way to break through  
This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do  
Takes a life to make a life (takes a life)  
Livin' in the world of crime and I (takes a life)  
Can't find a better way to break through  
This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do  
Takes a life to make a life (takes a life)  
Livin' in the world of crime and I (takes a life)  
Can't find a better way to break through  
This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do  
Takes a life to make a life (takes a life)  
Livin' in the world of crime and I (takes a life)  
Can't find a better way to break through  
This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do

Writer(s): T. Shakur, J. Jackson

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Why U Turn On Me"

[2Pac:]

(Ol' switcheroo-ass, bitch made motherfuckers, just be friends)  
Outlaw nigga, Westside, throw it up  
Hahaha.. had love for 'em, but why you turning on me?  
Why me? Westside, how you do it boy?

[2Pac:]

I went from, nothin' to somethin' now they all wanna see me fall  
And the player haters hate to see a thug nigga ballin'  
And they say we hate the East coast, but that's funny  
Got a lot of love for, any niggas gettin' money  
I made a song about my enemies and niggas tripped  
It was hip-hop until 2Pac fucked Biggie bitch  
Y'all niggas hypocrites and bitch made  
Now either love me or hate me but real thug niggas get paid  
Have me catchin' cases all across the nation  
I went from jail to bail to barely on probation  
They got a player facin' three strikes  
And we might, just blast God bless the child, that can get cash  
But all these niggas turnin' and never learn  
Got a long line of niggas player hatin' me but gettin' burned  
Talk a lot of shit but you's a trick in drag  
Like the MAC make you fall back and stick yo' ass for back stab

[Singers & 2Pac:]

Why you wanna turn on me?  
Never thought you would backstab me (Why y'all turnin' on me?)  
When you niggas see me you flee (Why me?)  
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G.. (Why me?)  
Why you wanna turn on me?  
Never thought you would backstab me  
When you niggas see me you flee (yeah nigga)  
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G

[2Pac:]

It, started so innocent, but ended in the fifth precinct  
Although two juvenile delinquents, we still decent  
Playin' catch and kiss, used to diss the herbs  
Fuck school we was skippin' drink a fifth on the curb  
Me and you, no closer two, while drinkin' brew  
What you need nigga? Anything at all come to me nigga  
You can wear my clothes and my gold for the hoes  
Gave you the keys to the jeep, offered my home as an open door  
But then you picked a new direction, in the blink of an eye  
My time away just made perfection, did you think I'd die?  
I never got a single visit yet I carry on  
All my old friends too busy now my money gone  
Said I got raped in jail, picture that? [\*laughter\*]  
Revenge is a payback bitch, get your gat  
Fuck Wendy Williams and I pray you choke

On the next dick down your throat  
For turnin' on me

[*Singers & 2Pac:*]

Why you wanna turn on me?  
Never thought you would backstab me (Why y'all turnin' on me?)  
When you niggas see me you flee (Why me?)  
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G.. (Why me?)  
Why you wanna turn on me?  
Never thought you would backstab me  
When you niggas see me you flee  
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G

[*2Pac:*]

I put Jenny Craig on your fat ass, you fat troll  
Anybody ever seen Wendy Williams fat ass?  
Why you always wearin' Spandex you fat bitch?  
I know your pussy stinks, you fat ho  
I'm puttin' Jenny Craig on you bitch  
I'm about to put a twenty-thousand dollar, hit  
Through Jenny Craig to come find yo' ass  
And put you in a fat farm, you fat bitch!  
Thug Life, Outlaw, Westside bitch  
It's 2Pac so you know who said it  
And for everybody who didn't like what I said about that other trick  
And Mobb Deep, fuck you too nigga!  
If a nigga didn't want to get talked about  
He shouldn'ta stepped in the fuckin' ring  
If Tyson don't want to get knocked out  
He don't step in the fuckin' ring, that's how the shit go  
When Tyson get in the ring, he knock motherfuckers out!  
Well that's what 2Pac gon' do  
When niggas come against me, I'ma knock they punk ass out!  
One way or the motherfuckin' other  
This old motherfuckin' nigga in the South told me nigga  
It's more than one way to skin a cat  
It's more than one way to shoot a gat  
It's more than one way to die nigga  
When I'm through, everybody cry nigga  
This is how we do it

[*Singers & 2Pac:*]

Why you wanna turn on me?  
Never thought you would backstab me (Why y'all turnin' on me?)  
When you niggas see me you flee (Why me?)  
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G..  
Why you wanna turn on me?  
Never thought you would backstab me  
When you niggas see me you flee  
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G  
(Fuck you too nigga!)



# 2Pac Lyrics

"LastOnesLeft"  
(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]  
Nigga, westside!  
Westside in this motherfucker  
Westside in this motherfucker right here  
Westside in this motherfucker

[2Pac:]  
Can't nobody stop us when we blunted up and swervin'  
Packed in a Suburban  
Screaming, "Outlaw!", runnin' on the curb  
They never try me, 'cause right behind me a killer team  
I get the word, cut the head off a nigga, like a guillotine  
This Hennessy will keep me calm though  
Sittin' in the back of the club, tradin' convo  
Livin' like a Don in my own mind  
Signal Kadafi, nigga, watch me with the chrome 9  
All the time drinkin' champagne  
Walk through the crowd, let the tramps hang  
Niggas player hate but do a damn thing  
Picture me doin' 80, down a one-way  
Stuck in the trunk, caught with gun play  
So I gotta keep my eyes open  
Gettin' high, wonder why we gotta die smokin'  
My alibi, addictively  
Like them other vile men, I'm marked for death  
Spendin' my nights like it's the last one left; I'm an outlaw

[2Pac:]  
Am I wrong? I wanna get it goin' on  
Last to leave, 'til I see everybody's gone  
I'm at the bar, you can catch me, hands full of liquor  
Or puffin' on a sweet Swisher  
I'm the last one left  
Tell me, am I wrong? I wanna get it goin' on  
Last to leave, 'til I see everybody's gone  
I'm at the bar, you can catch me, hands full of liquor  
Or puffin' on a sweet Swisher  
Guess I'm the last one left

[Napoleon:]  
I got my back against the wall, gat chillin' by my balls  
Prior to war is a rider nigga that's only 5'6" tall  
Napoleon only knows on we Outlaws, fuck fear  
Better strap down to the fullest, 'cause we outchea  
Thug passion all up in me, feelin' like I took some Henny  
It ain't easy, I'm tryin' to make a dollar out of two pennies  
What we got is rep, nigga, wanna pull their gat, nigga  
He's only got my side 'cause they think 'Pac died, nigga  
Blast niggas with our TEC's, takin' showers in our vest

'Pac, come and catch weight, nigga, we the last ones left

[2Pac:]

If we would've known the zone inside my own dome  
Fresh outta jail, it was hell, but I'm finally home  
Lookin' for niggas that was woofin' that shit  
When I was locked back  
Hands on the pump, make 'em jump when it cocked back  
Fuck 'em all, they're bitches inside a world of weak  
Bitch niggas be afraid to speak; we the last ones left

[2Pac:]

Tell me, am I wrong? I wanna get it goin' on  
Last to leave, 'til I see everybody's gone  
At the bar, you can catch me, hands full of liquor  
Or puffin' on a sweet Swisher  
Like I'm the last one left  
Am I wrong? I wanna get it goin' on  
Last to leave, 'til I see everybody's gone  
At the bar, you can catch me, hands full of liquor  
Or puffin' on a sweet Swisher  
Like I'm the last one left

[Kastro:]

I eat and sleep the worst shit, turfs and birth  
Me and my team super supreme, puttin' in work  
I'm passed out, drunk as a fuck, 'til it hurt  
And I call Earl screaming, "Fuck the world!"  
I got a bitch on the side wanna be my wife  
And wifey beefin', wanna know if she gon' see me tonight  
And I know it ain't right, but it's the life I got  
And that's until I see Yak, and that's until I see 'Pac  
Young know I lost a troll, somebody owed me down  
And if the world was a girl  
I'd stick my dick in the ground; fuck the world!

[2Pac:]

Westside in this motherfucker right here  
Westside in this motherfucker...  
Uh, Outlaw in this motherfucker right here  
Outlawz in this motherfucker  
Westside in this motherfucker right here  
Westside in this motherfucker...  
Uh, Outlaw in this motherfucker right here  
Westside in this motherfucker  
In this motherfucker right here...

Thanks to BigBaller295, simsd@washington.navy.mil, nottinmatterz\_2day for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Johnny Lee Jackson, Katari T. Cox, Yafeu Fula, Malcolm Greenidge, Mutah W. Beale, Tupac Amaru Shakur

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Thug N U Thug N Me"  
(feat. K-Ci & JoJo)

[2Pac:]

Put me in that; ay come on JoJo ('Pac hahaha)  
Yeah that type of shit (maybe it's the thug in me)  
You know what time it is (maybe it's the thug in me)

[2Pac:]

By age thirteen I was buckwild, good at my knuckle game  
Made it through a tough childhood never be the same  
Walked in my daddy's shoes  
No time to be a peaceful man had to shatter fools  
That's 'til I put my eyes on you  
God damn, sweetheart you got some thighs on you  
Now I can't wait to get you home, get you all alone  
In my bedroom, baby can we bone, and get it on  
Tell me lady how you like me  
And if you want it harder baby, come and bite me  
But do it lightly  
Cause that excites me to lay the pipe  
And if you lick me right, I'll do it all night  
Only got fucked by a drug dealer  
Never felt the real passion of a thug nigga (haha)  
Though I like the way you scream when you lovin' me  
I'm goin' deep, it's the thug in me  
So whatchu sayin' girl?

[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]

A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you, give it to me  
I got a lot of thug in me, lot of thug (Maybe it's the thug in me)  
That I wanna put in you (maybe it's the thug in you)  
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you, can you check it  
I got a lot of thug in me. Do you want it (Maybe it's the thug in me)  
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)

[2Pac:]

Moan baby when we bone it's on  
It's so strong niggas in the next room'll cum  
I got ya head swingin'  
Tongue kissin', as I hit it from the back with the bed ringin' (haha)  
Give me space, as I lick ya face, stick the place  
Synchronize so I drive when they kick the bass  
Love fuckin' in tha mo'nin'  
I get ya wet and bust a sweat, then I'm gone  
Left you on yo' own girl  
Tell me what you feel like  
Blindfolded, I'm cold do it real nice - that's if it feel right  
Maybe it's the thug in me  
I pull ya hair while we fuckin' in the chair, when ya lovin' me  
Up against the wall, you can have it all; just try  
Bet my kiss, to get you high, don't pass by

Grab me by my nuts when I'm lovin' you  
Now open up and let me put the thug in you

[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]

A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you, give it to me  
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me), lot of thug  
That I wanna put in you  
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you, can you check it  
I got a lot of thug in me, do you want it  
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)

[2Pac:]

Say baby what's your phone number?  
Be warned, I'm like a storm with my own thunder  
I make the room rumble, in and out long stroke  
Hold ya breath now, close your eyes deep throat  
Did you like it? Oh I'm excited!  
Cause it's a party in my bedroom, you're invited  
C'mon now, let me see ya shake your rump  
Tell me, how long will it take to cum  
Havin' fun, do it one on one and we can all get involved  
First y'all do me, then I'll fuck y'all  
When you call me the next day  
To get sexed by a nigga in the best way  
Yeah baby it's a price to pay  
Only play in the fast lane  
When you a hustler, motherfuck a cash came  
I gotcha goin' wild, 'cause I'm lovin' you  
Drugged out with this motherfuckin' thug in you

[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]

A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you  
I got a lot of thug in me  
That I wanna put in you and you  
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you  
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)  
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)  
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you  
I got a lot of thug in me  
That I wanna put in you and you (Maybe it's the thug in me)  
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you  
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)  
That I wanna give to you girl!

[\*Sound of girl fucking\*]

Oh yeah! Like me! Yeah, look at me baby, yeah, yeah  
Like me! You do.

I hold a lot of thug in me, you hold a lot of thug in ya  
I hold a lot of thug in me  
I hold a lot of thug in me, I hold a lot of thug in ya  
I hold a lot of thug in me  
Now c'mon, I hold a lot of thug in me  
Hold a lot of thug in you, hold a lot of thug in me  
C'mon, hold a lot of thug in me  
Gotta be some thug in ya, gotta be some thug in me

C'mon, hold a lot of thug in me  
I gotta be some thug in ya  
Can you feel it?  
I hold a lot of thug in me, I gotta be some thug in ya  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

[2Pac:]

I don't wanna talk, I don't want no explanations  
I don't got no motherfuckin' explanations, y'knahmsayin?  
It's the thug in me  
Don't be askin' why I'm pullin' your hair  
And why I fuck so motherfuckin' thuggish  
That thug passion, y'knahmean?  
Bitch, no mercy  
What you scared of?  
Didn't you come over here to get fucked? (no)  
You ain't come over here for me to be  
Strokin', and all that bullshit  
You came over here to get fucked (no)  
Shit, if I ain't fuck you thug style  
Bitch you'd leave my house talkin' bout, "2Pac can't serve me"  
Won't have me crossed up in that bullshit, hahaha  
Turn over! Maybe it's the thug in me!

Writer(s): Johnny Lee Jackson, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Joel Lamonte Hailey, J. Peyton, Cedric R. Hailey

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Words 2 My First Born"

(feat. Above the Law)

[2Pac:]

Hehehe, yeah

These are my words to my firstborn

[2Pac:]

Can you picture young niggas in a rush to grow?

'Til hard-timers in the pen' had to crush his throat

Probably never even saw it comin'

Too busy bullshittin', caught him with his mouth runnin'

Ain't this a bitch? They got me twisted in this game

The feds and the punk police pointin' pistols at my brain

I wonder if I'm wrong 'cause I'm thugged out

My homies murdered execution style runnin' in the drug house

What was supposed to be a easy hit

Now shit is flipped, 'cause niggas died over bullshit

It's not my dream, I'm seein' pictures of a broken man

No witnesses only the questions of who smoked the man

Young adolescents in our prime live a life of crime

Though it ain't logical, we hobble through these tryin' times

Livin' blind—Lord, help me with my troubled soul

Why all my homies had to die 'fore they got to grow?

And right before I put my head on the pillow, say a prayer

One love to the thugs in Heaven, I'll see you there

It's written for the young and dumb that wasn't warned

Help you make it through the storm

My words to my firstborn—feel me!

[2Pac:]

My words to my firstborn

My words to my firstborn

[2Pac:]

Since my very first day on this earth, I was cursed

So, I knew that the birth of a child would make my life worse

And though it hurt me, there was no distortion

'Cause wild seeds can't grow, we need more abortions

Quiet your soul, 'cause you know what you had to do

And so did victims of a world they never came to

I understand it's a better day comin', sometimes cats be sleepin' on the dead end, drivin' with the car runnin'

Blinded, ain't no love in the hood, only hearts torn

Love letters to the innocent and unborn

All the babies that died up on the table

Wasn't able to breathe, 'cause the family wasn't able

Can't blame her, I would do the same

All I could give her was my debt and my last name

'Cause in the game things change, livin' up and down

This hard life got me walkin' with my head down

Flashin' frowns wasn't meant to be, was I wrong?

But I'll never get to know, so I carry on

It's written for the young and dumb that wasn't born  
My words to my firstborn—feel me!

[2Pac:]  
My words to my firstborn  
Mmm! (Yeah)  
These are the words to my firstborn  
Hey, nigga, talk to your born!  
Talk to your seed, nigga!

[Above the Law:]  
Two thousand somethin' somethin' mention a new era  
A nigga's too real, now see shit too clear  
See, there's more than just this scilla and this tilt  
(What else is it, dawg?) – the velvet and the silk  
And makin' sure my kittens got they milk  
(Hoo!) Gotta fill this mattress  
Let my kids know I'm at this  
Attack this, the Mack must roll, hood stroll  
Aint no question, is it? Above the Law hustlers  
If it's related to chips, homie, we'll handle ya

Yo, although we never take advantage  
Though we always into ery'thang  
By all means, stack green, gangsta lean  
They say money make the world go 'round  
So, only associate yourself  
With paper chasers and niggas that's truly down  
And keep God first  
And give thanks for the good times, as well as when it hurts  
It's player haters every corner you hit  
Touchin' their tits, hella thick, tryin' to get you for yo' grip  
I know you stressed-out and fed-up  
But come out, gun-blazin', and keep yo' head up  
You can call it what you want to, but it ain't gon' change  
Above the Law, 2Pac, O.G.'s in this rap game  
And we done lived a long hard life  
And we done shed so many tears under these bright lights  
Y'all, although we grew up corrupted and scorned  
We still got a lot of wisdom to give to our firstborn

[2Pac:]  
What you gon' tell your kids, nigga?  
Who was you? What was you doin'?  
How did you put it down?  
These my words to my motherfuckin' firstborn  
So, they can know, y'knahmean? Hehehe  
Ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' rider  
Westside 'til I die, that's all it was  
It's a crooked-ass hand they deal a motherfucker  
I just played to win, just played to win  
Motherfucker gotta bet against the odds, y'knahmean?



# 2Pac Lyrics

"Let Em Have It Remix"

(feat. Left Eye)

[2Pac:]

Te quiero

Te quiero cojer, te quiero cojer

I'll let your ass have it, te quiero cojer

Te quiero cojer, oh real?

Te quiero cojer

[2Pac:]

Now you've been actin' like you want it for a long time

All up in a nigga face, givin' me them strong vibes

Look in my eyes and you'll find peace

A Gemini, so you really blow my mind freak

Come on, I got my clothes off, hard as a nigga in jail

Skinny niggas throw the dick well

Everybody get their condoms, brother cause it's time to fuck

Hurry up and put it on nigga, time is up

What's next? Got my mind on some group sex

Where you goin', baby? I ain't even through yet

Do it like a true vet, love it how I threw it to ya

Even now make it good to ya, remember me?

I love fuckin' slow with the lights low

Black, Puerto Rican, even White hoes

Bellisimo, que linda, dame un beso, come to Papi

Fuck until the shit is sloppy

If you really want it

[2Pac & Left Eye:]

If you really want it

Get'cha ass up; you know it, if you really want it

If you really want it

If you really want it, if you really want it

I'm really want it.

Let her have it

[2Pac:]

Alright all my real niggas and my real bitches

Let me see you do it like this, c'mon

[2Pac & Left Eye:]

Rock, your body body, rock your body body

Rock, your body body, rock your body body

Rock, your body body, rock your body body

Rock, your body body, we came to

Rock, your body body, rock your body body

Rock, your body body, rock your body

Rock, your body body, rock your body body

Rock, your body body

[Left Eye:]

Do you, you remember the time  
When you absolutely, said never let it inside  
Feel it's my duty, from Gemini, to Gemini  
Can you [?] imagine the trouble [?] then double, I'm much obliged  
See I would love to go and take a ride  
Have total leeway up and down your freeway, nothing to hide  
If I was committed to suicide  
I'd fuck around meet you now put it down, I'd testify  
Ain't nobody here to understand the reason why  
It's you and I, so everything is rectified  
I know you tried, you even made a nigga cry  
But love is blind, now can you stand the test of time?  
Redefine, what it means to be an open mind  
Feel the climax.  
I bust a round for you, painted the perfect picture  
I'm down for you, can't wait to get wit'cha

Rock, your body body, rock your body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body

*[2Pac:]*

Damn  
IF you really want it  
You like that? Yeah  
If you really want it

*[Left Eye:]*

Rock, your body body, rock your body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body

*[2Pac:]*

Don't hold back. I wanna do that  
Yeah, yeah, I feel you

*[2Pac:]*

Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, we came to  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body

*[2Pac:]*

See, it all started simple, turned into me lickin' yo' nipples  
Fuckin' you doggie style to this instrumental  
Hands up, all up inside ya  
Hell I can stand ya  
Eyes open I don't plan, to bust  
Just hold on baby let me zone in  
What do you mean? Can you scream let it go biotch  
How does it feel? Got a nigga like steel in ya  
To keep goin' now I'm fuckin' like I'm killin' ya  
Let's go another round baby is you down really  
Two shots of ecstasy Lick a nigga down silly

Your body next to me  
I could touch you inside, and you'll cry  
So good when a nigga leave, you'll die  
My mama told me baby be a man put it on her  
Hittin' bitches like, switches comin' around the corner  
I wanna let me get my ride on  
It's yo' dick baby but it's my song  
If you really want it

*[2Pac:]*

Gots to send this one out to the freaky bitches  
Definitely all the Scorpions, and the Geminis, and the Virgos  
You know I know the truth about you Scorpions and you Virgos  
No doubt gotta give it to the Capricorns  
They some freaks too on the down down  
The Libras, they like it even but they still like fuckin'  
No doubt, Aquariuses, Libras, I said those  
Leos (if you really want it), yeah they some freaks, Leos is freaks  
They always wanna run shit in bed  
Sagittarius(if you really want it), Taurus, Cancer, all you freaky fucks (if you really want it)  
I'm a zodiac fucker I'll do you all one at a time  
And all day long, let's get busy

*[2Pac & Left Eye:]*

Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, we came to  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body  
Rock, your body body.

Writer(s): Helicia Choyce, Val Young, Donna T. Hunter, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Lenton Tereill Hutton

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Runnin' On E"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac (Hussein Fatal):]

(Mr. If you a bad boy)

Yo, what's up

The police comin' on, oh shit! Get out of there.

Fatal, Outlawz I wanna up out this motherfucker

Gon' pass it

Ain't get me up but fuck that

This Outlaw nigga

[2Pac:]

If you a bad boy then you die

Westside outlawz when we ride, get me high

They fucked up when the rob me

Put another contract on Mobb Deep

If you a bad boy then you die

Westside outlawz when we ride, get me high

They fucked up when the rob me

Put another contract on Mobb Deep

[Hussein Fatal:]

I focus my locus thought on the enemies

Sip off the Hennessy, it's necessary to finish me

I'm antisocial immortal, when it comes to the phone book

Jersey them niggas down, they won't broke 'em 'til it's time to smoke 'em

Hussein the terrorist

Dig they think I'm crazy and [?]

And as we speak they tryin' to find me a therapist

Rapid fire I clap and hire 'til you die a liar

Strap in the city corners droppin' on to spin the tires

My man define ya 357 anaconda

This enough to bring your mama then turn around and hear the drama

Military camaraderie, outlaw 'til they body me

Havoc I gotta have it steady blastin' at Prodigy

Mobb 6 feet deep, you try to bust me 'til death

And I suppose you got the dopest moves like Chucky on fresh

You know the verdict, who what when why he died murdered

Get your physical diverted and your vision deserted

[2Pac:]

Now ever since momma got fucked and papa ducked out

Look at us, murderous thugs showin' less love in the drug house

Similar to savages, it's a wonder we manage

Bring chaos causin' damage on our quest for cabbage

They ask my style similar to cash we flaunt it

Most wanted by the population murdered you for it

Exploit your weakness revenge flow deep without release

Criminal orders across the waters bringin' the war to the streets

Why fear me, fear the shit I speak

Once this shit drop it's heard on every fuckin' street

Like the sound of police  
Who run the streets really?  
In every hood legends grow  
From the hustlaz up at Harlem to shot callers in O'  
And though, Congress, don't want us to progress, we strapped  
My homie buried at an early age hustled to death  
His last breath, a lesson I possess like jewels  
Stay thugged out keep it movin'

Hey where that nigga

*[Yaki Kadaifi:]*

Halfway thugs don't budge when we stalk the streets  
Sort of like [?] and narcotics when they walk the beat  
You speak the beef pussy draw down and drop it  
Hit you with 6 shots lay the law down and throw the shells in my pocket  
Gettin' mines with nine cocked extortin'  
Blocks pop with 22's in my socks with the butt hangin' out the chocolate  
You never seen time I travel across dream crime  
My rolls like a million dollar bills folded with green slime  
With my foes erased drink my Henney straight no chasin'  
Catch my body like Haitian 5 minutes from the station

*[Young Noble:]*

Hit the hole like Allen Iverson with confidence  
No finger prints don't mean no evidence or proof the I was present  
At the scene of the crime around 10 niggas bleed  
After they made this punk fag motherfucker bleed  
Money was bloody as shit, y'all niggas shoulda seen it  
Bust a cap and freak with, bowin' on your knees shit  
The Glock to your head nigga, don't make no somethin' action  
Hit innocent by-standers when he blasted, dump fuckin' backwards  
Little homies puttin' work for stripes  
But is it worth your life and g-rides runnin' red lights  
I wish somebody would have told me then  
Since I'm an outlaw like Napoleon ain't no cell they can hold me in  
Or cage me in, crazy like Arabians  
Hold this spot like them niggas on Fabian  
Havin' the fiend page me (page me)  
When they want the product, nigga I got to smoke  
Got this weed and the coke what you need what you want  
What you workin' with? I'm on some immortal shit  
Outlawz we straight hurtin' shit, use artillery to murder with  
Put on the block gangsta party and like 'Pac  
Life's hard from the ox me and my niggas on top (party)

*[2Pac:]*

I know the law hate me dearly, comin' for me  
We outlaws, thugged out, niggas runnin' on E  
I know the law hate me dearly, comin' for me  
We outlaws, thugged out, niggas runnin' on E  
I know the law hate me dearly, they comin' for me  
We outlaws, thugged out, niggas runnin' on E  
I know the law hate me dearly, they comin' for me  
We outlaws, thugged out, niggas runnin' on E

*[Nuttso:]*

With my Glock, quick to let it pop, fuck the law  
Carry steel cause I live on the nigga side of the law  
Ridin' foes 'cause I can't let hoes catch me slippin'  
Quick to blow and dispose if you block on hittin'  
Ridin' high, blazin', kryptonite got a nigga dazin'  
Burpin' and smurkin' got on enemies before I grave 'em  
Ride 'em, look behind him, I see him, he slipped  
Had to stop light in a slowly night, this motherfuckin' trick  
Slide over so I can dump and put it in em  
Damn, I guess this motherfucker know that I sent it  
Hit the pedal now we high speedin'  
With the metal tryin' to make these motherfuckers die speedin'  
Up the way I seen him slow down  
Shit! I think I done bucked these hoes down  
Caught them runnin' on e it kind of funny to me  
They know they was fuckin' with me but they dumb to see

*[2Pac:]*

Open up fire watch 'em expire when my shells split 'em  
Plus all them trick niggas basically can go to hell with 'em  
Fuck 'em they phony claimin' they homies but they foes  
Speakin' on thug niggas daily, while we nailin' they hoes  
Explode boldly at my stage shows and formation  
Words are known to spray blaze as I raise my thug nation  
A crooked thought, cops get bought, no longer caught  
Out on bail, raised in hell, nigga fuck what you thought  
Did you cry when my girl died?  
Put out the hit, politic niggas worldwide, grabbin' my dick  
I'll never learn, take away the pain with sherm  
Throwin' gas on my enemies watchin' 'em burn  
Kamikaze, I'm shootin' up the casket take the body  
Whip the corpse like a piñata and party  
His last breath, a straight lesson I possess like jewels  
Stay thugged out keep it movin'  
Runnin' on E.  
Stay thugged out keep it movin'  
Runnin' on E

*[2Pac talking:]*

One time, one time for the niggas that stayed down for us  
Runnin' on E  
Smif-n-Wessun the Cocoa Brovaz, Buckshot, BDI, runnin' on E  
The Bootcamp Click  
What happened, that was it?

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "When I Get Free"

[*Prison Guard:*] Inmate 'Pac, C57797, you got a visitor  
Right there, star three

[*Girl:*] Hi baby

[*Prisoner:*] What's up honey?

[*Girl:*] Hey you know it's just only one more week until family visit

[*Prisoner:*] Yeah I'ma rock them drawers. Yeah but you did you take care of that business I asked you to do?

[*Girl:*] I made those deposits

[*Prisoner:*] Okay that's cool you bring that shit?

[*Girl:*] Yeah I got it

[*Prisoner:*] Alright see that guard over there?

[*Girl:*] Mmm-hmm

[*Prisoner:*] When you get done just hand him the shit, he know whassup

[*Girl:*] Alright, hey you know E just got cracked, he's in jail now

[*Prisoner:*] What?

[*Girl:*] Yeah, Go-Go's out. I just saw him running around the other day

[*Prisoner:*] Ah, fuck that fool. But anyway, what's happening with my moms?

[*Girl:*] She gave me a message for you. She said she's sorry she couldn't be here today, but she'll be here next week

[*Prisoner:*] Alright well check this out, I got something real important I want you to tell her

[*Guard:*] C'mon c'mon this shit's over with  
[*Commotion breaks out*]

[*Guard:*] C'mon boy, back to your cell

[*Girl:*] I'm not done talking to him

[*Guard:*] Shut that shit up bitch! He's outta here, c'mon

[*Prisoner:*] Don't be calling my woman no bitch! Nigga I'll fuck you up!

[*Guard:*] Yeah yeah fool, what?

[*Prisoner:*] Let me out these chains....with your broke ass sucka

[Guard:] Yeah yeah, that's what they all say fool

[Prisoner:] Yeah what! Let me out then

[Guard:] Institutionalized, and this is your home...

Guess who's back, and ready to knock off a cop or two  
Cause me and the crew could still get our rocks off  
The penitentiary don't stop a nigga cause he's in jail  
Hell I'm makin' more money on the street from here in a cell  
I'm livin' proper, the coppers is havin' fits  
I just made the profit, you punks ain't stoppin' shit  
I still remember my momma told me  
Find the cop who killed your brother  
Send him to Hell lookin' homely  
Cause a real nigga love the law  
What's raw is a nigga that's above the law  
Keep pressin' your luck and get fucked, huh  
Think a nigga don't know whassup 'cause he's locked up  
But in the meantime, it's get swole get clean time  
Concentrate on gettin' green time  
And as the years go by, they forgot  
About the small time soldier from the block, huh  
To kill the crook they threw the book at me  
Don't worry be nappy, don't even look happy  
Put me in the hole, gave me cold cuts  
Did push-ups until I swole up  
And then they offer me a furlough  
But what they don't know as soon as I get free I'm killin' five mo'  
They asked me if I changed much  
I told em 'Yeah' even though I'm still the same nut  
They started askin' me questions about my brother  
And makin' remarks about my mother, hmm  
Wait a minute, hold up  
Makin' jokes about my folks'll get yours blown up  
They sent me back to the hole for what I told em  
I guess he didn't believe me, so I showed him  
He went home to find a tragedy  
Nigga, that's what you get for tryin' to badger me  
And anybody else that wanna sweat me  
I'm already in jail so you punks can't get me  
You better pray they never see me  
Cause if they let me free, prepare for trouble on the streets

When I get free, huh

When I get free, huh

When I get free

When I get free, huh

When I get free, huh

When I get free

When I get free

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, T. Anderson, B. Evens, Ricardo Darcel Rouse

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Until The End Of Time Remix"

(feat. Richard Page)

*[2Pac:]*

Perhaps I was addicted to the dark side  
Somewhere inside my childhood witnessed my heart die  
And even though we both came from the same places  
The money and the fame made us all change places  
How could it be? Through the misery that came to pass  
The hard times make a true friend afraid to ask for currency  
But you could run to me when you need and I'll never leave  
Honestly, someone to believe in, as you can see  
It's a small thang to a true, what could I do?  
Real homies help you get through  
And come to knew he'd do the same thang if he could  
Cause in the hood true homies make you feel good  
And half the times we be actin' up call the cops  
Bringin' a cease to the peace that was on my block  
It never stops, when my mama ask me, "Will I change?"  
I tell her yea, but it's clear I'll always be the same  
Until the end of time

*[Richard Page:]*

So take, these broken wings  
I need your hands to come and heal me once again  
(Until the end of time)  
So I can fly, 'til the end of time  
Take, these broken wings...

*[2Pac:]*

Please Lord forgive me for my life of sin  
My hard stare seem to scare all my sister's kids  
So you know, I don't hang around the house much  
This all night money makin' got me outta touch, shit  
Ain't flashed a smile in a long while  
An unexpected birth worst of the ghetto child  
My attitude got me walkin' solo, ride out alone in my lo-lo  
Watchin' the whole world move in slow-mo  
For quiet times, disappear, listen to the ocean  
Smokin' 'Ports, think my thoughts, then it's back to coastin'  
Who can I trust in this cold world?  
My phony homie had a baby by my old girl  
But I ain't trippin' I'm a player I ain't sweatin' him  
I sexed his sister, had her mumble like a Mexican  
His next of kin, no remorse it was meant to happen  
Besides rappin' the only thing I did good was scrappin'  
Until the end of time

*[Richard Page:]*

Take, these broken wings  
I need your hands to come and heal me once again  
(Until the end of time)

So I can fly, 'til the end of time  
Take, these broken wings...

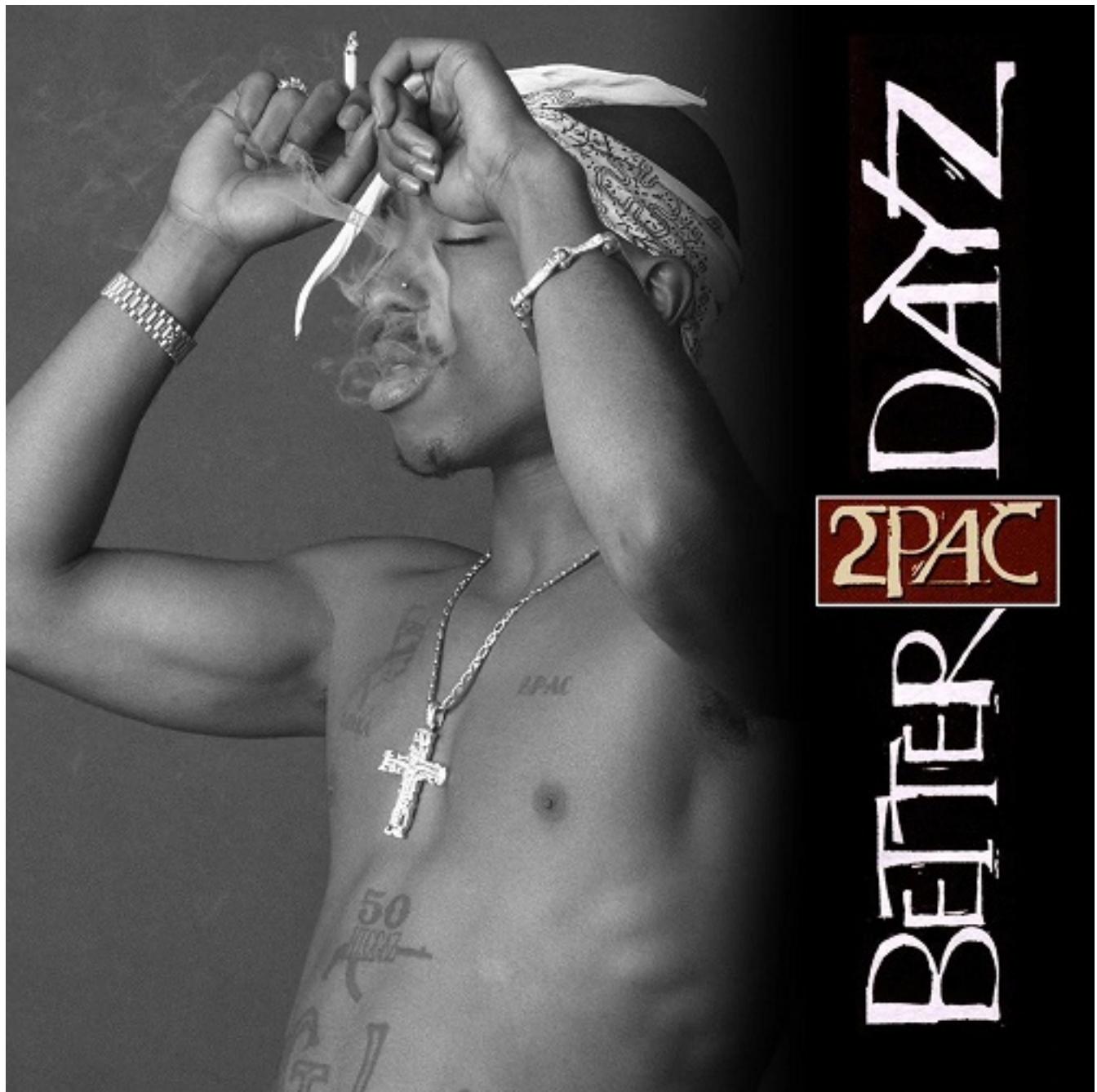
[Richard Page:]  
Take, these broken wings  
You got to learn to fly, learn to live so free  
(Until the end of time)  
So we can fly away, 'til the end of time  
Take, these broken wings...

[2Pac:]  
Now who's to say if I was right or wrong?  
To live my life as an Outlaw all along  
Remain strong in this planet full of player haters  
They conversate but Death Row full of demonstrators  
And in the end drinkin' Hennessy made all my enemies envy me  
So cold when I flow eliminatin' easily  
Falls to they knees, they plead for they right to breathe  
While beggin' me to keep the peace (haha)  
When I conceive closer to achieve  
In times of danger don't freeze, time to be a G  
Follow my lead I'll supply everything you need  
An ounce of game and the trainin' to make a G  
Remember me, as an outcast Outlaw  
Another album out, that's what I'm about, more  
Gettin' raw 'til the day I see my casket  
Buried as a G while the whole world remembers me  
Until the end of time

[Richard Page:]  
Take, these broken wings  
I need your hands to come and heal me once again  
(Until the end of time)  
So I can fly, 'til the end of time

[Richard Page:]  
Take, these broken wings  
You got to learn to fly, learn to live so free  
(Until the end of time)  
So we can fly away, 'til the end of time  
'Til the end of...

[2Pac:]  
I don't know what it is that got me actin' all crazy out here  
Guess it's just my environment, how you people be treatin'  
(Until the end of time)  
Shit, I'll be back in a while?  
Ain't no mystery, you get what you give, feel me?  
When it comes I'll be like, I can't tell you what?  
Maybe it's the thug in me



DAYZ

2PAC

BETTER

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Intro"

[Reporter:]

Good Evening.

[\*sirens in the background\*]

I'm reporting live from Sunset Boulevard where many excited fans have gathered with candles [\*crowd starts chanting "2Pac"] awaiting the much anticipated release, of 2Pac Shakur's latest album, Better Dayz.

This is yet another post-humous release by 2Pac which, raises the question  
"Where are these songs coming from?"

It's interesting how the message in these songs is still relevant today.

Even in his death he's touching people with his lyrics.

I can feel the energy in the air as they count down to midnight when the album will officially be released.

Oh, hold on. I think they're starting to countdown now.

[Crowd:]

5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

Writer(s): Jamarese De'angelo Arkeas Coleman

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Still Ballin"

(feat. Trick Daddy)

[2Pac:]

Straight motherfuckin' ballin', part 2

Still ballin', Westside!

[2Pac:]

Now, ever since a nigga was a seed

Only thing promised to me was the penitentiary

Still ballin', ridin' on these niggas 'cause they lame

In a '61 Chevy, still heavy in this game

Can you feel me? Blame it on my mama, I'm a thug nigga

Up before the sun rise, quicker than the drug dealers

Tell me if it's on, nigga, then we first to bomb

Bust on these bitch-made niggas, hit 'em up, Westside!

Ain't nobody loved me as a broke nigga

Finger on the trigger, Lord forgive me if I smoke niggas

I love my females strapped, then fuck her from the back

I get my currency in stacks, California is where I'm at ridin'

Passed by while these niggas wondered why

I got shot but didn't die, let 'em see who's next to try

Did I cry? Hell nah, nigga, tears shed, for all my homies in the pen, many peers dead; a nigga still ballin'

[2Pac (Trick Daddy):]

Still ballin' until I die (until I die)

You can bring your crew, but we remain true

Motherfucker, still ballin' (I be ballin')

Niggas wonder why (they wonder why)

You can bring your crew, but we remain true

Motherfucker, still ballin'

[Trick Daddy:]

Now, as I kneel and pray I hope the Lord understand

When he's gone, devolve, I become a dangerous man

Ain't crazy or deranged, I'm sayin'

But when these kids go to spray 'em, boy, won't be playin'

With clientele, any rhyme sales

Question is: Will you fuck-niggas ride for real, huh?

Bitch nigga, this is G-rated

Plus your homeboy won't make it, street game Fugazi

I'm elevated to the top of this shit

Done fucked around and put me and 2Pac on the bitch

And you can tell 'em "Thug Life" was the reason for this

And I ride for any nigga who believe in the shit; still ballin'

[2Pac:]

Until the day I die

You can bring your crew, but we remain true

Motherfucker, still ballin'

Niggas wonder why

You can bring your crew, but we remain true

Motherfucker, still ballin'

[2Pac:]

Now everybody wanna see us dead

Two murdered on the front page

Shot to death, bullets to the head

Niggas holla out my name and it's similar to rape

Motherfuckers know I'm comin', so they runnin' to they graves

Watch! Swoop down with my nigga from the Pound

'Cause Trick don't give a fuck

Where you coward niggas now?

Blast, keep pumpin', ain't worried about nothin'

Busters thought we was frontin'

So reload and keep dumpin'; still ballin'

[2Pac (*Trick Daddy*):]

(I'm still ballin') 'til the day I die ('til I die)

You can bring your crew, but we remain true

Motherfucker, still ballin' (I be ballin')

Niggas wonder why (they wonder why)

You can bring your crew, but we remain true

Motherfucker, still ballin'

'Til the day I die (still ballin')

You can bring your crew, but we remain true

Motherfucker, still ballin'

Niggas wonder why (tell 'em!)

You can bring your crew, but we remain true

Motherfucker, still ballin', until the day I die

(Thug life), still ballin'

Motherfucker, still ballin'

Straight motherfuckin' ballin'

Thanks to wazzzaaaas for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Young Maurice, Brown Ricardo Emmanuel, Jackson Johnny Lee, Pimental Francisco

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "When We Ride On Our Enemies"

Fugees! Fugees and Mobb Deep  
Tryin' to diss now too, huh?!  
Hahaha! Well, I ain't prejudiced  
I don't give a fuck  
This is what it sounds like  
When we ride on our enemies  
Biatch! When we ride on our enemies

Hey, got some static for some niggas on the other side of town  
Let my little cousin K roll, he's a rider now  
What they want from us motherfuckin' thug niggas?  
Used to love niggas, now I plug niggas, and slug niggas  
Am I wrong? Niggas makin' songs, tryin' to get with us  
Must be gone on stress weed, in the West we trust  
To the chest I bust, then we ride 'til the sun come  
Shinin' back to brighten up the sky; how many die?  
Heard the Fugees was tryin' to do me  
Look, bitch: I'll cut your face, this ain't no motherfuckin' movie  
Then, we watch the other two die slow  
Castrated entertainin' at my motherfuckin' sideshow  
Bam! Set my plan in mo'  
Time to exterminate my foes; I can't stand you hoes  
Uh, now label this my fuckin' trick shot  
My lyrics runnin' all you cowards out of hip-hop  
When we ride on our enemies

When we ride on our enemies  
I bet you motherfuckers die  
When we ride on our enemies  
When we ride on our enemies  
Bet all you motherfuckers die  
When we ride on our enemies

Come take a journey through my mind's eye  
You crossed the game, don't explain  
Nigga, time to die; say goodbye  
Watch my eyes when I pull the trigger  
So right before you die, you bow before a bigger nigga  
Now dry your eyes, you was heartless on your hits  
Niggas love to scream "Peace!" after they start some shit  
Pay attention, here's a word to those that robbed me  
I murder you, then I run a train on Mobb Deep  
Don't fuck with me!  
Nigga, you're barely livin', don't you got sickle cell?  
See me have a seizure on stage, you ain't feelin' well  
Hell, how many niggas wanna be involved?  
See, I was only talkin' to Biggie, but I'll kill all of y'all, then ball  
Then tell Da Brat to keep her mouth closed  
Fuck around and get tossed up by the fuckin' Outlawz  
Before I leave, make sure everybody HEARD

Know I meant every motherfuckin' word  
When we ride on our enemies

When we ride on our enemies  
Make sure everybody die  
When we ride, on our enemies  
When we ride on our enemies, hehe  
I make sure everybody die  
When we ride, on our enemies

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Changed Man"

(feat. Johntá Austin, T.I.)

[2Pac:]

Shit, I'm a changed man

Ay, turn the lights out

Big baller 2Pac up in this bitch

Y'know how we swing this shit, look

[2Pac:]

By age sixteen I sold to dopefiends

Not yet a drug dealer, but I watched 'em closely

Until they noticed me

I got the feds wonderin' who broke the law

Far too inhibited for gun smoke, I broke his jaw

Words harder than a fuckin' diamond

Mobile phone call to Simon

Niggas trippin' homey, when we ridin'?

Fuck them slowly like Jodeci

And stick a needle in my eye if I don't live and die for M.O.B

And fuck your homeboys nigga we can drop the guns

I hit your block and we can box for fun

Nigga one on one, last to fall is a ballin' cat

It's Death Row, why the fuck you think we call it that?

So if you knew me in my past life

Don't act like we homeboys, ain't no love in the fast life

I switch gears on them jealous bitches, who do you fear?

The game plan of a changed man, so what I'm sayin' is

[Johntá Austin (2Pac):]

I changed plans but I'm still the same old rider

(Fuckin' with a changed man)

I slang a new dope to the world but the people still buy it

(Nigga you fuckin' with a changed man)

All my real thug niggas, go and get your hands up

You go and drink the Henn' up

(You fuckin' with a changed man)

A changed man, you're dealin' with a changed man

[T.I.:]

In drop top, the Glock cocked

Got rocks in my socks Cops

Spot Watt niggas but hardly stop niggas

Not if they got niggas, dough boys and hot niggas

Who mighta shot niggas but only by skrilla

I'm for respect nowadays they expect me

to be in a Ferrari or the old SL

Or anything you see flashing past and can't catch

Dat's me, gauge on the Escalate back seat - don't creep

Oh what you think, T.I.P. and them sweet? (Don't sleep)

Get you hit from your head to your feet (And you don't know me)

I'm fin' ta introduce you to the old me

You walk in, exploded and leave reload  
You don't like a rugged nigga, fuck you, blow me  
But you will respect me or get it in your neckpiece G  
No three niggas here are gonna let me be  
or get you inside there's codes to the streets nigga

*[Johntá Austin (2Pac):]*

I changed plans but I'm still the same old rider  
(You fuckin' with a changed man)  
I slang a new dope to the world but the people still buy it  
(Nigga you fuckin' with a changed man)  
All my real thug niggas, go and get your hands up  
You go and drink the Henn' up  
(You fuckin' with a changed man)  
A changed man, you're dealin' with a changed man  
You fuckin' with a changed man

*[2Pac:]*

A nigga so cold when I flow, bow down to Death Row  
Three wheel motion, comin' through coastin'  
Who's that nigga in the G-ride  
Screamin' out M.O.B.! Nigga we ride  
I hit the charts like a stick-up kid  
Number 1 in the nation  
I fucked the world, the Judge gave me probation  
Faced with incarceration  
Move tapes like it's big weight, slangin' to the whole nation  
GIMME MINE, or I'm blastin' on every song  
Murder my enemies, I'm mashin' until I'm gone  
One love to my thug niggas  
And fuck a bitch, cause a true sister love niggas  
Throw yo' hands in the air, close your eyes and hope  
Never come against the mass of smoke, on Death Row  
My adversaries BLEED  
But fuck 'em all 'til the talk cease  
Fuckin' with a changed man

*[Johntá Austin (2Pac):]*

I changed plans but I'm still the same old rider  
(You fuckin' with a changed man)  
I slang a new dope to the world but the people still buy it  
(Nigga you fuckin' with a changed man)  
All my real thug niggas, go and get your hands up  
You go and drink the Henn' up  
(You fuckin' with a changed man)  
A changed man, you're dealin' with a changed man  
(Nigga you fuckin' with a changed man)

*[Overlapping:]*

I changed plans but I'm still the same old rider  
You fuckin' with a changed man  
I slang a new dope to the world but the people still buy it  
Nigga you fuckin' with a changed man  
All my real thug niggas, go and get your hands up  
You go and drink the Henn' up  
You fuckin' with a changed man

A changed man, you're dealin' with a changed man  
You fuckin' with a changed man

[2Pac:]

E'rybody think they understand me  
Shit, you niggas don't know me  
Y'all know that nigga on the rap song  
Y'all know that nigga in the movies  
You don't know this nigga in 3-D  
Real live right up against you in front of yo' face  
Shit.  
Westside, Outlaw Immortalz, hehehe  
Nigga, you fuckin' with a changed man  
Hahaha, you fuckin' with a changed man  
Hahaha, I ain't the same, you fuckin' with a changed man  
We ain't the same, you fuckin' with a changed man  
We ain't the same, fuckin' with a changed man  
Changed man

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Fuck Em All"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac (singers):]

You a what? Bad Boy Killaz  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)  
Hahaha, yeah, nigga, fuck 'em all!  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)  
Fuck all you muthafuckers!  
Ayo, Biggie, put your hands up!

[2Pac:]

Now, I can make it happen  
My rappin' is similar to mothafuckers when they scrappin'  
Blast and watch 'em back up  
Notorious Biggie killer, affiliation with Death Row  
Niggas get their caps pealed back, fool, this the West Coast  
Bitch, you misdemeanor, I'm raisin' hell like felonies  
Mr. Makaveli straight outta jail to sellin' these  
Intoxicated, we duplicated but never faded  
Now that we made it my adversaries is player hatin'  
Got a Mercedes for these tricks, that thought I quit  
Then got a drop top jag for these bitches that's on my dick  
Go to a club in a pack, I'm smokin' bud in the back  
I wait for niggas to trip 'cause, bitch, I love to scrap  
Mama raised me as a thug nigga, with love niggas  
I'm a millionaire started as a drug dealer  
I went from rocks to zines, writin' raps and movies  
I went from trustin' these tricks  
Now they all want to sue me, so fuck 'em all!

[Young Noble (singers):]

(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)  
Come put your hands up in the air!  
It's a middle finger affair, yeah  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)

[Kadafi:]

Now, could you picture my criminal status at its fuckin' peak?  
Even the baddest be gettin' murdered in they seats  
I'm addicted to these streets, like crack is to these creeps  
Seein' visions of a prison, wake up screamin' in my sleep  
Is there a heaven in this hell? A possibility of livin' well?  
But if they killin' me, I get my stripes and whose to tell  
Choosin' to sell, I'd rather die and be deceased  
World mob figure addicted to these fuckin' streets

[E.D.I.:]

Now, put your muthafuckin' hands up if you's a rider (Ride)  
Niggas ain't killers so they hidin' (Why?)  
Fuck 'em all, touch 'em all; that's the way that we do it  
Ride up, hop the fuck out, watch that bitch nigga lose it

Man, I'm as strong as this game, ya'll be knowin' my name  
A young high strung thug nigga created by pain  
Livin' my life in the fast lane, gettin' fucked by the past  
Got my mind on my cash  
And my next piece of ass, so fuck 'em all!

[*Young Noble (singers):*]  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)  
Come put your hands up in the air!  
It's a middle finger affair, yeah  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)  
I do my dirt all by my lonely  
Don't need no phony homie to call me  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)  
Back off, I hit at everyone of you homies  
So don't get comfortable, I'm runnin' you  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)  
Nigga, we Outlaw riders  
Don't give a fuck if you love us, we thuggin'

[*2Pac:*]  
I got glad bags with enemies, cut up so they remember me  
Soaked up in Hennessy, so they relatives know it's me  
You can bet your last dollar, I'll dick 'em and holla  
Ridin' these hoochies like they some heavy ass Chevy impalas  
Jump up and get your ass shot up  
For my profit pick my Glock up  
I'm bustin' with self-defense, you see  
Poppin' nobody got 'em, holla  
Outlaw riders, mash up on the gas pedal  
Vacate the scene, count the cash and stash the precious metal  
Here come the coppers, the S.W.A.T. team and the helicopters  
Them crackers is crazy, why? 'Cause they'll never stop us  
I watched Arnold Schwarzenegger bust somebody in a movie  
Now I want to do it too, ooh, ooh  
Niggas is too through, true to the game  
I claim Outlaw riders, we give a fuck what they try, I'm...

[*Young Noble:*]  
'Cause Young Noble behind it  
Can you picture me stickin' niggas for they watch and chain?  
Kick back, lil' nigga, and watch the game  
Get your mob rocked and what-not  
We keep it poppin', like a drug spot  
The streets know what's hot, trust me

[*Napoleon:*]  
Even my hood call me "baby Malcolm X"  
With the TEC's, shower some slugs on 'em  
I've got a brother, don't rest and he keeps some drugs on him  
Always in grind mood, hustle to find food  
Ever seen Faces of Death? That's what my 9 do

[*Kastro:*]  
I keep my mind on my money, and my money on my mind  
With my back against the wall, like I'm runnin' outta time

Even rap with a gat, I must be goin' out my mind  
Like I'm up against the world, this guerrilla team of mine  
Screamin', "Thug Life, bitch, fuck 'em all!" and die for 'em  
Even if the last nigga left I'ma ride for 'em  
Feel me? Until they kill me, that's how I'm rollin'  
"Fuck 'em all, let them die!" – that's my slogan; fuck 'em all!

[Young Noble (singers):]  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)  
Come put your hands up in the air!  
It's a middle finger affair, yeah  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)  
I do my dirt all by my lonely  
Don't need no phony homie to call me  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)  
Back off, I hit at everyone of you homies  
So don't get comfortable, I'm runnin' you  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)  
Nigga, we Outlaw riders  
Don't give a fuck if you love us, we thuggin'  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)  
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Fula Yafeu A, Jackson  
Johnny Lee

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Never B Peace"

(feat. Kastro, E.D.I. Mean)

[2Pac:]

Now of course I want peace on the streets, but realistically  
Paintin' perfect pictures ain't never worked, my misery  
Was so deep, couldn't sleep through all my pressures  
In my quest for cash I learned fast, usin' violent measures  
    Memories of adolescent years, there was unity  
    But after puberty, we brought war to our community  
    So many bodies droppin', it's gotta stop, I wanna help  
But still I'm steppin', keep my weapon, must protect myself  
The promise of a better tomorrow ain't never reached me  
Plus my teachers was too petrified in class to teach me  
    Sippin' Thunderbird and grape Kool-Aid, callin' Earl  
Since my stomach was empty it seduced me to fuck the world  
    Watch my lil' homies lose they childhoods to guns  
    Nobody cries no more, 'cause we all die for fun  
So why you ask me if I want peace if you can't grant it?  
    Niggas fightin' across the whole planet  
    So it could never be peace

[2Pac:]

Will there ever be peace, or are we all, just headed for doom?  
    Still consumed by the beast?  
    And I know there'll never be peace  
That's why I keep my pistol when I walk the streets  
    'Cause there could never be peace

[Kastro:]

Somebody owes me. Will they control me? Not  
    I ain't a hater player, but I want all you got  
Y'all babies had babies, now we fightin' each other  
    My dawgs got rabies, they bitin' each other  
    And it ain't hard to find a friend like mine  
    Bigfully is a bullet and he don't mind dyin'  
    And I gotta be blind, missed sign after sign  
        Time after time after time after time  
    And I don't like nobody, they don't like me more  
And I'm good with that finally, but they heard it before  
    Dawg, we livin' in a prison, losin' our religion  
    On Thanksgivin' we thankful, just for livin' in Hell  
    Damn, homie, I don't mean to be harsh  
But there's a devil in the ghetto tryin' to tear it apart  
    And if we make it up out, we still stuck in the dark  
Will there ever be peace? Just a piece of my heart. Never!

[Outlawz:]

The only peace we got is a piece of our heart, piece of our mind, or that damn piece that we hold in our waistline  
    You feel me, dawg? C'mon, uh

[2Pac:]

So will there ever be peace  
Or are we all just headed for doom?  
Still consumed by the beast?  
And I know there'll never be peace (never)  
That's why I keep my pistol when I walk the streets  
'Cause there'll never be peace

[E.D.I.:]

Thangs is changin', nigga, you better read the signs  
I'm only concerned about me and mine in these times  
The world is a ghetto and peace is not a part of it  
We all believe God's new plan to make it out of this  
Niggas spendin' too much time hatin' on each other  
Niggas buyin' guns, loadin' 'em up, aimin' at each other  
And the victim is you and me, it's sick, but it's true indeed

The good die, mostly over bullshit, repeatedly  
Deep in me there's a part that wants nothing but love  
But the rest of me know, war is what's waitin' for us  
So I stays ready, keep my pay heavy and boss up  
Stack my funds and my guns, never rely on luck  
Askin' God to point out the impostor  
Never let no weapon formed against me prosper

'Cause there'll never be peace, so don't rely on it, soldiers dyin' for it, and in the ghetto, they cryin' for it. But fuck  
peace!

[2Pac:]

Will there ever be peace, or are we all just, headed for doom? Still consumed by the beast?

And I know there'll never be peace  
That's why I keep my pistol when I walk the streets  
Fool, there'll never be peace  
Will there ever be peace, or are we all just, headed for doom? Still consumed by the beast?  
And I know there'll never be peace  
That's why I keep my pistol when I walk the streets  
Nigga, there'll never be peace  
Will there ever be peace, or are we all just, headed for doom? Still consumed by the beast?  
And I know there'll never be peace  
That's why I keep my pistol when I walk the streets  
Nigga, there'll never be peace  
Will there ever be peace?

[2Pac:]

Will there ever be peace? Shit, fuck peace!  
On the strength 'til my niggas get a piece, we can't have peace  
How the fuck we gon' live happy when we ain't got nothing?  
You motherfuckers are smilin', but I'm mean muggin'  
Why? 'Cause I gotta be thuggin'  
It seems drugs done turned this whole mothafuckin' hood out  
All us niggas actin' up, wild-ass motherfuckin' adolescents  
These niggas ain't even got no childhoods no more  
How the fuck can you have a childhood  
And you at the funeral every motherfuckin' weekend?  
Pssh, and you motherfuckers talkin' about peace?  
Nigga, it ain't no motherfuckin' peace  
You ain't seen the news motherfucker? You ain't heard? Lil' babies gettin' smoked, motherfuckers killin' them  
whole family  
Lil' kids gettin' thrown off buildings

Motherfuckers gettin' abused  
Peace? Nigga, is you out your fuckin' mind?  
Fuck peace! We can't never have peace 'til you motherfuckers clean up this mess you made  
'Til you fuckin' clean up the dirt you dropped  
'Til we get a piece, fuck peace! Westside

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Mama's Just A Little Girl"

(feat. Kimma Hill)

Young mothers (that's right)  
I feel ya (hey)  
I know how it is  
Mama's just a little girl (just a little girl)  
Don't nobody understand  
I feel ya

[2Pac:]

She was born a heavy set girl with pigtails and curls  
A heart full of gold, still it won't change the world  
Though she could never understand why  
Some underhanded plans witnessed a man die  
Was only fifteen, should have been a beauty queen, still  
See her cryin' by the caskets when her parents got killed  
Little girl don't cry, cuz even though they died  
You can best believe they're watchin' over thee from the sky  
Never asked for this misery, but look at what you're gettin'  
It's a blessin' in disguise when you find out you're pregnant  
No money, no home, and even though you're all alone  
You gots to do this on your own, so baby gone  
I wish you luck and if you need me, call  
Just come to me and let me feed you all  
I can understand the way it feels when you're fightin' the world  
Facin' all this drama when Mama's just a little girl

[Kimma Hill:]

Mama don't know why  
Mama's just a little girl  
Livin' if she is or not  
Time ain't on her side  
Cause Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)  
She gotta hold her head up high

[2Pac:]

At sixteen  
What a beautiful thing, the very essence of a jet-black ebony queen  
And who could tell she'd get pregnant at an early age? (what?!)  
She didn't listen, had sex, watch her belly raise (hey)  
Got violated by someone she dated  
If this is fate, I'd hate to see the seeds she created, and so we waited  
Though it takes time to build a body and a mind  
She reclines nine months then finally it's time  
What do we find? Little growin' boy of mine  
With a tortured soul, addicted to a life of crime  
Had no time for the growin' stage  
He learned his values on the streets at an early age  
Watch for police, don't come home (why?)  
Cuz Mama's actin' crazy at the hospit-al  
'Bout to have another baby

Like a rose from the concrete, growin' within  
Blessed with twins how the hell can Mama raise three men?  
So we began, closest family, such insanity  
A happy home, from one act of inhumanity  
Plus Mama said the seed was corrupted  
Used to rub Her belly, beggin' us to breathe and she'd loved us  
Now, Mama, sits quiet, sippin' peppermint Schnapps  
Turned the house into a spot and made her watch for cops (hey)  
How could Mama bring a thug like me in this world?  
She ain't the cause of all the drama  
Cause Mama's just a little girl

*[Kimma Hill:]*

Mama don't know why (stupid motherfuckers don't know)  
Mama's just a little girl  
Livin' if she is or not  
Time ain't on her side  
Cause Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)  
She gotta hold her head up high  
(How could she raise us)

*[2Pac:]*

Now, will she remain in the same spot?  
The gunshots rang, they came from the 'caine spot  
Now, look here, I see her clutchin' her son in her arms, she's hurt  
Her heart bleeds, now she watched her seed die in the dirt  
Fulfilled prophecy  
But who could stop the grief I walk around, tryin' to hold the world, up on top of me  
I'd probably be an innocent man, still I'm the victim of a curse  
What could be worse? Nothing but pain, since my birth  
Only functions at the Pen', cuz everybody's in  
Payin' back society, I'm guilty of a life of sin  
I watch the drama occur, my eyes blur before I jetted  
I wonder why we all have to die 'fore we get it  
Though we shed tears, so many peers I've done buried  
Worried and scared, knowin' I'ma see the cemetery  
Must be prepared, in this cold world, no one cares  
No! It ain't fair, but we all bear and do our share  
In this land of the underhanded schemes and plans  
Vivid dreams of a nigga havin' G's in hand  
Mama told me not to be a punk  
Fuck what you talkin' about, coward, what you niggas want? (hey)  
There ain't a thing I wouldn't do for my Mama in this world  
Cause you know I ain't mad at cha, you're just a little girl (Heyheyy)  
Hell naw, (that's right) see mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)

*[Kimma Hill:]*

Mama don't know why  
Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)  
Livin' if she is or not  
(y'all ain't facin' all this drama cause mama just a little girl)  
Time ain't on her side  
Cause Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)  
She gotta hold her head up high

*[2Pac:]*

They ask us why we mutilate each other like we do  
And wonder why we hold such little worth for human life (Facin' all this drama, when mama's just a little girl)  
To ask us why we turn from bad to worse, is to ignore from which we came (Mama's just a little girl)  
You see, you wouldn't ask why the rose that grew from the concrete had  
Damaged petals  
On the contrary, we would all celebrate its tenacity  
We would all love its will to reach the sun  
Well, we are the roses (we are the roses)  
This is the concrete (this is the concrete)  
And these are my damaged petals (these are my damaged petals)  
Don't ask me why (don't ask why)  
Thank God, nigga (thank god)  
Ask me how (Ahahaha)  
You see, mama's just a little girl  
Mama (hey)...  
Mama...

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Street Fame"

Turn it up in my head phones, please  
Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame  
More, ha ha, comin' to a ghetto near you

I wasn't mad until these tricks shot me  
It's time I sanitize my posse  
Look how paranoid these niggas got me  
Cellular calls are being traced since surveillance silently  
Mama, chill, thug livin' pay the bills, I'm dyin' violently  
Closed caskets, expose bastards, I leave 'em bloody  
Delores Tucker, don't let your kids  
Hear a nigga speak on gettin' money  
Ain't nothin' funny, green got a nigga seein' things  
Why? Hit the lye, hope to God I can fly  
Lethal weapon, I'm a savage; still a method to my madness  
Blast niggas, laugh, call 'em care cabbage  
Read 'em and weep, put 'em to sleep, they hell bound  
Lyrics will leave 'em spell bound  
Clown, now tired of being held down  
Cross my heart, hope to die, blind with some pussy  
Millionaire, livin' care free, sucka free, playa haters miss me  
Hope in hard times never catch me slippin'  
Fuck authorities! They wonder why minorities be trippin'  
We ain't havin' it, time to tear this shit back  
Ghetto children kick back  
Once I hit the MAC, niggas'll never get they shit back  
Spit it so eloquently, my pistols represent me  
Bust until my rounds empty; back for the street fame

One love to my true thugs  
Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame  
Bust! Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame  
All out warfare, eye for a eye  
Bustin' on my enemies, bad boy killin'  
Straight dissin' you  
Fuck Lil' Kim, you nasty bitch!

Temperatures rises, niggas blinded by my lyrical disguise  
No time to plot retreats, niggas shiver and die  
Multiple rounds found laced in his body and face  
Wrapped in plastic, the acid erased all traces  
Criminal tactics, the rap game became so drastic  
Military mind, mash all the hoes, get blasted  
If we bleed then they suffocate, chokin' in terror  
So we strive seein' our lives be reflected in mirrors  
The prophecy is clear, niggas lock and load, disappear  
Strategize with no fear, wagin' war for years  
The crack game wasn't big enough, ready to rush  
Bitch made motherfuckers get murdered and touched  
I go to jail niggas screamin' free me, speakin' freely

Conversatin' with my comrades kickin' Swahili  
Indeed they should fear my first seed  
It gets worse, planned a curse to be a G, on the first to breathe  
Currency in stacks, artillery in the back  
Strapped, armies, we camouflaged in all black  
When we attack, holla out my set, nigga  
Tighten your jaw, givin' birth to Outlawz, street fame

Bust, nigga bust!  
Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame  
Only Makaveli the Don  
Can put it down like this; ain't none like me  
Comin' to a ghetto near you, with street fame

Positive identification, got me rushed to the station  
Stuck in this line up, tryin' hard to hide my face  
They placed the name but can't recall description  
I ain't did shit, officer, that bitch trippin'  
Promise retaliation, their plan busted, no man to be trusted  
Everything corrupted once man touch it  
Kamikaze, hopin' that none of the spies find me  
That's why we bye bye daily, knowin' cops trail me  
But why cry? Floatin' while we tokin' on this potent branch  
Flossin' in the thug stance, pistol tucked inside my pants  
Never underestimate me, playa hate me, see me and hide  
Sure as hollow-points shatter, enemies die  
Spread love, dead thugs gettin' buried in riches  
Take a chance to advance; fuck them worryin' bitches!  
Penitentiary's a possibility, bust and pray  
Wear a rubber so I live to fuck another day, hey!  
Ain't nothin' strange, I'm 25, dyin' to change  
But still I bang wantin' street fame

That's the end of that  
Thugged out, Makaveli the Don  
Representin' the Outlawz, street fame  
One love to my true niggas  
Comin' to a ghetto near you street fame  
Makaveli the Don, Killuminati  
Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame

Yo, check this out, I'ma tell you like this  
If the lifestyle that you livin'  
Got you taking more fuckin' shorts than gettin' props  
Then that lifestyle need to stop  
Best to recognize some Outlaw shit  
'Cause only in this Outlaw lifestyle can you truly come to  
To see what this life's supposed to be like  
Nigga, you'll start to see riches  
Fine bitches and hittin' switches  
Shit, to me that shit sound delicious; street fame



# 2Pac Lyrics

"Whatcha Gonna Do?"  
(feat. Kastro, Young Noble)

Hell yeah [\*2Pac yawning\*]  
Hahaha

[2Pac:]

And uh, I started out dumb, sprung off a hood-rats  
Listenin' to the radio, wishin' that I could rap  
But nothing changed, I was stuck in the game  
'Cause everybody in the industry was fuckin' me, mayne  
Listen, I got a scheme, break away, do my own thang  
Drop some conversation, sit back and let the phone ring  
Niggas ain't wanna see me rise  
97 watch me cut these motherfuckers down to size  
And if I catch another case, Lord knows how they hate me  
Got a player in the court room, please don't let 'em frame me  
I've been dealt a lot of bad cards livin' as a thug  
Count my blessings and throw my stressings in this land with no love  
Maybe they seen me rollin', look at all this green I'm holdin'  
I get this why they envious and get they eyes swollen  
Hopin' the heavenly father love a hustler  
Meet the hardest nigga on the Earth to ever bust a nut  
My homies tell me, "Have a heart" — fuck they feelings  
I've been tryin' to make a million since we started, we cold hearted  
Niggas in masks that'll blast at the task force  
Empty out my clip, time to mash, they asked for it  
Me, Makaveli, I'm a motherfucker  
We break bread, now we thug brothers, haha  
Niggas talk a lot of non-shit I choose to ignore it  
A war? They ain't ready for it haha

[2Pac (Young Noble):]

Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you  
(What y'all gonna do?)  
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you  
(What y'all gonna do?)  
Tell me now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you  
(What y'all gonna do?)  
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you  
(What y'all gonna do?)

[Kastro (Young Noble):]

My nine is Thug lord, my mind on my grind  
Outlawz is my heart, they shine when I shine  
(My rhyme is my grind, my team be on role)  
(Proceed with the onslaught, indeed they all talk)  
(They all marks and it's an Outlaw holocaust)  
When I got the sawed-off. (Niggas gettin' hauled off)  
Yeah, nigga beware, stand clear  
This nigga's scared, man, I don't really care  
I've been lost love, my heart need a hug

My bite need blood, I fight with a grudge  
The life of a thug nigga might need gloves  
But you'll never know with a price on your mug  
Them fight strips snug right around your hands  
Makin' sure you can never grab the mic again  
Dog, you fuckin' with a grown man  
Can't I can't afford to lose  
Where we from niggas torture dudes  
So whatcha wan' do?

[2Pac (*Young Noble*):]

Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you  
(What y'all gonna do?)  
Tell me now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you  
(What y'all gonna do?)  
Tell me now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you  
(What y'all gonna do?)  
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you

[2Pac:]

Haha, watch me clown, give me lovin' when I'm high  
I'm a outlaw baby, I'll be thuggin' 'til I die  
In my drop-top, double-R, life as a rap star  
Hustle like a crack fiend 'til they catch me  
Go ask somebody to your show  
Watching niggas out of sight, in my night scope  
Cookin' white dope, got my nigga 25-to-life stressed out  
Tryin' to have all the better things in life  
While Makaveli — a born leader, 10 millimeter  
Change a nigga's future like a schizophrenic palm reader  
Heed, from out the Bible I read  
See the meek shall inherit the Earth and the strong will lead  
Hittin' weed like it's alright  
I'm in the studio makin' music all night  
My enemies cry whenever I rise, they hated 'til the death  
Tryin' to beat me out my last breath  
What cha gonna do?

[2Pac (*Young Noble*):]

Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you, now nigga now  
(What y'all gonna do?)  
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you, throw you hands up  
(What y'all gonna do?)  
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you, would you wanna fuck?  
(What y'all gonna do?)  
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you, bust 'em, when my niggas come for you  
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you, come for you  
(What y'all gonna do?)  
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you  
(What y'all gonna do?)

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Fair Xchange"  
(feat. Jazze Pha)

[Jazze Pha (2Pac):]  
Ladies and gentlemen! And gentlemen  
This, is a Jazze Phizzle produc-shizzle  
Jazze Pha, Jazze Pha  
My nozzle!  
My nozzle. Ha!  
Outlawz! Outlawz. 2Pac, Makaveli!  
(Still breathin') Yeah, woo - wooo-WHEEE!

A picture of perfection, the object of a nigga affection  
Partners in passionate sex, a place to put my erection  
Fantasies of you in submission, freaky positions  
Pushin', pullin' and twistin' I'm on a mission got me on the mash  
Tried to dig, you was screamin' when I did  
Steady yellin' out spots for me to hit, and "aw shit"  
Soon as I seen her saw us playin' hide the weiner  
Wanna "Freak Like Me", fuck Adina  
Up and down is the object, side to side  
Make you holla out my name when a thug nigga ride, "Can I cum inside?"  
Say you don't feel it that's a lie  
You just scared to get this penitentiary dick  
The trot caught your eye when I walked by  
I said, "Hi."  
But you was so shy, I can't lie, damn near stuttered when you walked by  
You want me to lick it and even worse  
Got your heart set on me goin' first, and that ain't no fair exchange

[Jazze Pha:]  
You do me  
And if it's worth it baby, I'll return the favor  
And give it back to you (give it to you, give it to you)  
A fair exchange, on everythang  
And Let me tell you that's the way it's gotta be  
Open your eyes baby, recognize a player  
Give it up to me (give it to me give it to me)  
A fair exchange, you know the game  
We can do the damn thang, thang, thang

Open your legs  
Got me marchin' like it's a million, you tremble from the feelin'  
Look up, cause I got mirrors on the ceiling  
And if you willin', then we can ride until the sun shine  
And just for fun, I betchu I can make you cum 61 times  
Close your eyes, let me heat it up  
Cause when we fuck I refuse to bust a nut until I beat it up  
Drop the top, time to fuck while the wind blow  
Baby throw yo' legs out the window  
Remember on the balcony, bend over baby bounce on me  
And let me hit it where it counts and flee

Remember me? "I Get Around," and I'm haunted by my "Temptations"  
Sexual participation, my motivation  
Even though I like the way you work it  
You don't deserve it cause you walk around actin' like you perfect  
Took a while but I finally got it, and like a boss player  
Bitch you ain't doin' me no favors, fair exchange

[Jazze Pha:]

You do me

And if it's worth it baby, I'll return the favor  
And give it back to you (give it to you, give it to you)  
A fair exchange, on everythang  
And Let me tell you that's the way it's gotta be  
Open your eyes baby, recognize a player  
Give it up to me (give it to me, give it to me)  
A fair exchange, you know the game  
We can do the damn thang, thang, thang

Now yo' attitude ain't realistic  
Yeah it's true I'm gettin' pussy, but baby you gettin' dick!  
And since you bein' laced with the penetration  
It's only right to show a form of appreciation  
Instead of fakin' like you can't hear the bed shakin'  
In bed naked you so twisted think yo' legs breakin'  
You said "take it" so I'm blind in my passion, how long will I last?  
Doggy style steady pumpin' on that ass, until I blast  
And then I laugh as we lay back  
See I wait 'til you asleep and that's the payback  
Cause you actin' like you did somethin', givin' me a piece  
I had you mufflin' your screams in the sheets, fuckin' with me  
A true digger that love triggers, a thug nigga  
Hustlin' bitches like drug dealers  
Before I say goodbye, put an end to all the games  
Here's my number for another fair exchange

[Jazze Pha:]

You do me

And if it's worth it baby, I'll return the favor  
And give it back to you (give it to you, give it to you)  
A fair exchange, on everythang  
And let me tell you that's the way it's gotta be  
Open your eyes baby, recognize a player  
Give it up to me (give it to me, give it to me)  
A fair exchange, you know the game  
We can do the damn  
You do me  
And if it's worth it baby, I'll return the favor  
And give it back to you (give it to you, give it to you)  
A fair exchange, on everythang  
And let me tell you that's the way it's gotta be  
Open your eyes baby, recognize a player  
Give it up to me (give it to me, give it to me)  
A fair exchange, you know the game  
We can do the damn thang, thang, thang



# 2Pac Lyrics

"Late Night"

(feat. DJ Quik, Outlawz)

[DJ Quik:]

Hey 'Pac, it's yo' boy

Hey man so far I've been listenin' to your album

And I ain't heard nuttin you could kick back and smoke a beanie to  
You know?

Yeah like that

Some of that mellow shit

Some of that shit that make bitches drink

Make niggas think

And help you check a fat-ass bank, hahah

So why don't you kick some of that shit, nigga only you know how  
Hahahah, feel me?

[2Pac:]

I'm barely standin', and plus my secondhand say it's midnight

Some Alize and Cristal guaranteed to get right

Like misdemeanors is a small thang

With DJ Quik in this bitch, I let my balls hang

Runnin' through the street lights, cause we like

Yo' nigga get your mob on show 'em what a G like

Around the corner it's like Vegas, or better yet like Reno

Niggas poppin', welcome to our casino, cause you and me know

Hundred percent like a c-note

Lookin' for a bitch that's half-black and Filipino

And when I meet her I'mma offer her some indo

Tongue-kissin' on the window of a pearl white limo

Don't wanna be your man, I'm your nigga

Touch me here, I'll get bigger

While I'm diggin' I'll get deep into your liver

I'm game type

Love fuckin' bitches in the same night

My words are aphrodisiacs if you say 'em right

The club be poppin' so I'm stoppin' at the Fat Burger

Look through the paper it's another black crack murder

The city's full of surprises, you can live or you can die

You can fuck on the first night, or try

In the late night

[Samples (2Pac):]

"Last night.. last night changed it all"

(In the late night!)

"Last night.."

"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

(In the late night!)

"Last night.. last night changed it all"

(In the late night!)

"Last night.."

"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

(In the late night!)

*[Hussein Fatal:]*

Around my way we lamp, many styles get cramped  
I clock rocks in the rain 'til my socks is damp  
Ain't nuttin like bein' a thug when I can just  
Sit on the Row of Death straight knowin' that I'm blessed  
Hussein Fatal, flawless fatality  
Overdosin' on crime, three steps from reality  
Get up to get down, represent your town, last night  
Was poppin' like like cocked Glocks with hollow-tip rounds

*[Kadafi:]*

From booty-calls to bail sheets  
It ain't no tellin' if I wake up in the county in my jail sheets  
My intuitions and ambitions up in the late night  
Probably involves me comin' up with just to see another day  
Might  
Be me who bites the bullet  
In these streets where a man journey  
With crooked cops and a society who tryin' to burn me  
I'm like a pit in a cage, spittin' my shells in a gauge  
Deadly as AIDS, niggas gettin' crossed like a maze  
Now picture me livin' my life like a king, maybe one day  
Until then I'm livin' Monday through Sunday  
Bringin' the gun play for all these beefs and battles  
When we collide, I'ma ride on that hide like cattle, cowards best to skedaddle  
In the late night

"Last night.. last night changed it all"

"Last night.."

"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

"Last night.. last night changed it all"

"Last night.."

"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

*[2Pac:]*

Money and multiple gunshots are shown, large amps are blown  
Niggas in low-lows, pursuin' mo' hoes, then go home  
The life of a California star, and when you see me  
In the drop-top Jag', how many niggas wanna be me?  
Game is automatic, mandatory I sell  
To Live or Die, I survive, but with a story to tell  
Cause when you gettin' some riches, watch for dumb bitches  
They have you labeled a rapist before you get to tongue-kissin'  
It's a mean world nigga you strapped, must be a throwaway  
Will I survive the late night, to see dawn of day?  
Nobody knows me, I'm a shadow  
My army fatigues made for battle, pockets full of ammo  
Cause when I'm out in the streets, I'm on point, where the static?  
Too many done died from semis, so now we automatic  
I disappear whenever heated, ride whenever needed  
For my niggas up in Clinton gettin' weeded  
Continue to roll until I'm old, ride until I die  
Supply long as you motherfuckers buy  
My homies rolled by in a bucket, but they ain't short and duckin'

Slappin' niggas known for tellin' bitches fuck-it  
In the late night

*[Samples (2Pac):]*

"Last night.. last night changed it all"

(It's in the late night!)

"Last night.."

"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

(In the late night!)

"Last night.. last night changed it all"

(Holla at me in the late night!)

"Last night.."

"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

Writer(s): Joseph Bernard Wheeler, Washington, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Yafeu A. Fula, Larry Mizell, Bruce

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Ghetto Star"

(feat. Nutt-So)

[2Pac:]

Haha

For all my niggas in the hood (yeah!)

Livin' the life of a ghetto star

(you know) You know how we do it hahaha

Makaveli

[2Pac:]

Just holla my name and witness game official

Niggas is so ashamed they stand stiff like scared bitches

While I remain inside a paradox called my block

Though gunshots is promised to me, when will I stop?

I hit the weed and hope to God I can fly high

Witness my enemies die when I ride by, they shouldn't have tried

I send they bodies to they parents up North

With they faces, they wrists, and they nuts cut off

Fuck 'em all what I scream as I dream in tongues

Fuck a trick, get me rich and the bitches'll come

Bust my gun, make 'em all scatter

Bullets to my nuts only made my balls fatter

Eat a dick, biyotch mercy, never that, you say you comin' back?

Bring it on, forever strapped

Introduce you to the pleasure and the pain, you can go so far

Just sell me your soul, and live the life (of a ghetto star)

[Nutt-So:]

I live the life of a thug nigga, drug dealer livin' game tight

Mug niggas, slug niggas for the fame life

Laced with game, practice on takin' pain

Quick to slang, and let it rain through yo' brain

Street smart, proficient, intelligent

And keep suckers hittin' 'til snitches start smellin' it

Movin' niggas with telekinesis

Keepin' Channel 7 at work, filmin' different features

Leadin' niggas to an early death with they head blown

And to those who didn't make it to the morgue was just dead and gone

And hope niggas got punished

Kidnapped, jacked in the back with MAC's to they neck, rappers waiting to get done in

Back[?] - we tossed his ass out

M.O.B. related, one mo' nigga found shot up with his dick in his mouth

Printed my name in these streets as a motherfuckin' G

Now the next generation's lookin' at me through [?]

[2Pac:]

Walkin' through the cemetery, talkin' to my homies that was buried

See my enemies wanna see me dead, I ain't worried, forgive me

Please give me shelter, calm my fears

Lifted my head, from my hands, had a palm of tears

I see bodies gettin' splashed, with acid

2 shots rang from the plastic Glock, wrapped in plastic  
Buried the bastard, time to notify  
His family, sheeit, ain't nothing left to be identified  
Evacuate the crime scene fast  
Why, I heard the Feds had a warrant for my ass  
Why, I won't touch down 'til I see Tijuana  
Set up shop selling them crooked cops marijuana  
Label me a success, I made the switch  
Retired from the life that never gave me shit  
Put cash that I couldn't spend, countless cars  
An addict for a wife, my life, as a ghetto star

*[Nutt-So:]*

Got the word that some nerds wanna plot on this  
Hit the curve, let it swerve, had to stop they grip  
No remorse, no repentance as I buck one down  
Straight to the morgue cause I plan on, shuttin' shit down  
Born soldier, fucked 'em up with a MAC-fo'  
Torn ligaments, all up in that nigga shoulder  
And a vest couldn't protect that flesh  
Cause I got, slugs, to knock the air out your chest  
Death, apparently they wasn't sucka free  
Cause I had all them wannabe thug niggas in protective custody  
I guess they heard that I got them birds  
Thought I was a nerd 'til I bucked one of them to the curb  
Luxury livin' lavish, with dreams of dyin' rich  
With a team and clientele on my mothafuckin' dick  
And gettin' down on these snitch bitches, protectin' riches  
By givin' stitches, the life as a ghetto star

*[2Pac:]*

When I grow up I wanna be like them  
My life as a ghetto star  
When I grow up I wanna be like them  
My life as a ghetto star  
When I grow up I wanna be like them  
Live my life as a ghetto star  
When I grow up I wanna be like them  
And live my life as a ghetto star  
When I grow up I wanna be like them  
Live my life as a ghetto star  
When I grow up I wanna be like them  
And live my life as a ghetto star

*[2Pac w/ Nutt-So talking in background:]*

This goes out to all you motherfuckers (to all you motherfuckers)  
That STILL, have to kill to make that money (still, I'll be puttin' down)  
All you niggas on the block, sellin' rocks  
Hand to hand, runnin' from the police (sellin' motherfuckin' dopes)  
(smokin' weed)  
I see you  
Live your life as a ghetto star  
(look at these tramp ass hoes) Talk to the hood  
Claimin' gettin' riches  
(spank bitches ain't new)  
Runnin' from new playa haters (any fake ass niggas)

Live my life as a ghetto star

(this is still 70 south)

Niggas with two strikes that don't wanna see the third (nah), I feel you

It's the Don Makaveli - live my life as a ghetto star

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Cole Sean, Banks Gregory

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Thugz Mansion"

(feat. Anthony Hamilton)

[2Pac:]

Shit, tired of gettin' shot at  
Tired of gettin' chased by the police and arrested  
Niggas need a spot where we can kick it  
A spot where WE belong, that's just for us  
Niggas ain't gotta get all dressed up and be Hollywood  
Y'knahmean? Where do niggas go when we die?  
Ain't no heaven for a thug nigga  
That's why we go to thug mansion  
That's the only place where thugs get in free  
And you gotta be a G, at thug mansion

[2Pac:]

A place to spend my quiet nights, time to unwind  
So much pressure in this life of mine  
I cry at times, I once contemplated suicide  
And would've tried, but when I held that 9  
All I could see was my mama's eyes  
No one knows my struggle, they only see the trouble  
Not knowin' it's hard to carry on when no one loves you  
Picture me inside the misery of poverty  
No man alive has ever witnessed struggles I survived  
Prayin' hard for better days, promise to hold on  
Me and my dawgs ain't have a choice but to roll on  
We found a finally spot to kick it  
Where we can drink liquor and no one bickers over trick shit  
A spot where we can smoke in peace  
And even though we G's  
We still visualize places that we can roll in peace  
And in my mind's eye I see this place  
The players go and pass it  
I got a spot for us all, so we can ball, at thug's mansion

[Anthony Hamilton:]

Ain't no place I'd rather be  
Chillin' with homies and family  
Sky high, iced out, paradise in the sky  
Ain't no place I'd rather be  
Only place that's right for me  
Chromed-out, mansion in paradise, in the sky

[2Pac:]

Will I survive all the fights and the darkness?  
Trouble sparks, they tell me, "Home is where the heart is."  
Dear departed, I shed tattooed tears  
And couldn't sleep good for multiple years  
Witness peers catch gunshots; nobody cares  
Seen the politicians ban us  
They'd rather see us locked in chains

Please explain why they can't stand us  
Is there a way for me to change?  
Or am I just a victim of things I did to maintain?  
I need a place to rest my head  
With the little bit of homeboys that remains  
'Cause all the rest dead  
Is there a spot for us to roll? If you find it  
I'll be right behind ya, show me and I'll go  
How can I be peaceful? I'm comin' from the bottom  
Watch my daddy scream, "Peace!"  
While the other man shot him  
I need a house that's full of love, when I need to escape  
The deadly places slingin' drugs, in thug's mansion

*[Anthony Hamilton:]*  
Ain't no place I'd rather be  
Chillin' with homies and family  
Sky high, iced out, paradise in the sky  
Ain't no place I'd rather be  
Only place that's right for me  
Chromed-out, mansion in paradise, in the sky

*[2Pac:]*  
Dear Mama, don't cry, your baby boy's doin' good  
Tell the homies I'm in heaven and they ain't got hoods  
Seen a show with Marvin Gaye last night, it had me shook  
Drinkin' peppermint Schnapps  
With Jackie Wilson, and Sam Cooke  
Then some lady named Billie Holiday sang  
Sittin' there kickin' it with Malcolm, 'til the day came  
Little Latasha sho' grown; tell the lady in the liquor store  
That she's forgiven, so come home  
Maybe in time you'll understand only God can save us  
When Miles Davis cuttin' lose with the band  
Just think of all the people that you knew in the past  
that passed on, they in heaven, found peace at last  
Picture a place that they exist, together  
There has to be a place better than this, in heaven  
So right before I sleep, dear God, what I'm askin'  
Remember this face, save me a place in thug's mansion

*[Anthony Hamilton (2Pac):]*  
Ain't no place I'd rather be  
Chillin' with homies and family  
Sky high, iced out, paradise in the sky (in thugs mansion)  
Ain't no place I'd rather be  
Only place that's right for me  
Chromed-out, mansion in paradise, in the sky (thugs mansion)  
Ain't no place I'd rather be  
Chillin' with homies and family  
Sky high, iced out, paradise, in the sky (in thugs mansion)  
Ain't no place I'd rather be  
Only place that's right for me  
Chromed-out, mansion in paradise, in the sky

Thanks to jhatrick, matt7562 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Aurelius Seven Marcus, Hamilton Anthony Cornelius, Jackson Johnny Lee

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "My Block (Remix)"

Damn, take a ride to my block  
My block, that's right! Hehe  
'Round my motherfuckin' way

They got a nigga sheddin' tears, reminiscin' on my past fears  
'Cause shit was hectic for me last year  
It appears that I've been marked for death, my heartless breast  
The underlying cause of my arrest, my life is stressed  
And no rest, forever weary; my eyes stay teary  
For all the brothers that are buried in the cemetery  
Shit is scary, how black-on-black crime legendary  
But at times unnecessary, I'm getting worried  
Teardrops and closed caskets, the three strikes law is drastic  
And certain death for us ghetto bastards  
What can we do when we're arrested but open fire?  
Life in the pen ain't for me, 'cause I'd rather die  
But don't cry through your despair  
I wonder if the Lord still cares for us niggas on welfare  
And who cares if we survive? The only time they notice a nigga is when he's clutchin' on a four-five  
My neighborhood ain't the same, 'cause all these little babies going crazy and they suffering in the game  
And I swear it's like a trap  
But I ain't given up on the hood, it's all good when I go back  
Hoes show me love, niggas give me props  
Forever hop, 'cause it don't stop – on my block

Living life is but a dream  
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)  
Every block is kind to me  
But on the block we still pray  
But on the block we still pray

Now shit's constantly hot on my block  
It never fails to be gunshots  
Can't explain a mother's pain when her son drops  
Black males living in Hell; when will we prevail?  
Fearing jail, but crack sales got me living well  
And in a sense I'm suicidal with this Thug's Life  
Staying strapped, forever trapped in this drug life  
God, help me, 'cause I'm starving, can't get a job  
So I resort to violent robberies, my life is hard  
Can't sleep, 'cause all the dirt make my heart hurt  
Put in work and shed tears for my dead peers  
Mislead from childhood where I went astray  
'Til this day I still pray for a better way  
Can't help but feel hopeless and heartbroke  
From the start I felt the racism 'cause I'm dark  
Couldn't quit, the bullshit make me represent  
Hit the bar and played the star everywhere I went  
In my heart I felt alone, out here on my own  
I close my eyes and picture home – on my block

Living life is but a dream  
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)  
Every block is kind to me  
But on the block we still pray  
But on the block we still pray

And I can't help but wonder why so many young kids had to die; caught strays from AK's in a drive-by  
Swollen pride and homicide don't coincide  
Brothers cry for broken lives; Mama, come inside!  
'Cause our block is filled with danger  
Used to be a close knit community  
But now we're all cold strangers  
Time changes us to stone, them crack pipes  
All up and down the block, exterminating black life  
But I can't blame the dealers; my mama's welfare check has brought the next man chrome wheels  
Shit's real, I know you feel my tragedy  
A single mother with a problem child, daddy free  
Hanging out, picking up game, sippin' cheap liquor  
Gaming the hoochies, hoping I can get to sleep with her  
It's a man's world, staying strapped  
Fantasies of a nigga living phat but held back  
Pipe dreams can make the night seem hopeless  
Wide eyed and losing focus – on my block

Living life is but a dream  
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)  
Every block is kind to me  
But on the block we still pray  
But on the block we still pray

And block parties in the projects lasting way past daylight  
A young nigga learned to break, right?  
Used to play fight with my homies, but they stuck in the pen  
I send them ends, but it's tough on a friend  
In my mind I see the same motherfuckers ballin'  
Alcohol will make a lazy nigga slip and fall, miss his call  
I know the young niggas understand this  
Growing up in this world where everything is scandalous  
I reminisce on the fast times, past crimes  
Tryin' to cop a slice of pizza with my last dime  
Can't explain, just what attracts me to this dirty game  
Gold chains, some extra change, and the street fame  
And what's strange is everybody know my name  
Swear they all know me, and lots of cash make a nigga change  
I hit the green just to maintain, feeling pain  
For all the niggas that I lost to the game – from my block

Living life is but a dream  
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)  
Every block is kind to me  
But on the block we still pray  
But on the block we still pray

Rest in peace to all the motherfuckers that passed away  
From all the blocks that I'm from

112 street, 7th Avenue, New York, Uptown, knahmsayin'?  
183rd and Walt, my block – that's right  
122nd and Morningside, my block – that's right  
Decatur Avenue, Baltimore, my block – that's right  
And the Jungle, Marin City, that's my block – that's right  
Los Angeles, haha – that's my block too  
Oakland, can't forget Oaktown – that's my block for sure  
And all the other blocks around this motherfucker  
Houston, Florida, St. Louis, Tennessee, Miami, Chicago  
All y'all niggas stay kickin' up dust  
Represent the motherfuckin' block

Thanks to vict0rcheung, speedy1382007, theblazedromeo, tanweer\_khan for correcting these lyrics.

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Thugz Mansion (Nas Acoustic)"

(feat. J. Phoenix, Nas)

Shit, tired of getting shot at  
Tired of getting chased by the police and arrested  
Niggaz need a spot where WE can kick it  
A spot where WE belong, that's just for us  
Niggaz ain't gotta get all dressed up and be Hollywood  
Y'knahmean? Where do niggaz go when we die?  
Ain't no heaven for a thug nigga  
That's why we go to thug mansion  
That's the only place where thugs get in free and you gotta be a G  
... at thug mansion

*[2Pac:]*

A place to spend my quiet nights, time to unwind  
So much pressure in this life of mine, I cry at times  
I once contemplated suicide, and woulda tried  
But when I held that 9, all I could see was my momma's eyes  
No one knows my struggle, they only see the trouble  
Not knowing it's hard to carry on when no one loves you  
Picture me inside the misery of poverty  
No man alive has ever witnessed struggles I survived  
Praying hard for better days, promise to hold on  
Me and my dawgs ain't have a choice but to roll on  
We found a family spot to kick it  
Where we can drink liquor and no one bickers over trick shit  
A spot where we can smoke in peace, and even though we G's  
We still visualize places, that we can roll in peace  
And in my mind's eye I see this place, the players go in fast  
I got a spot for us all, so we can ball, at thug's mansion

*[J. Phoenix (Nas):]*

Every corner, every city  
There's a place where life's a little easy  
Little Hennessy, laid back and cool  
Every hour, cause it's all good  
Leave all the stress from the world outside  
Every wrong done will be alright (I wanna go)  
Nothing but peace (I wanna go) love (I wanna go nigga)  
And street passion, every ghetto needs a thug mansion

*[Nas:]*

A place where death doesn't reside, just thugs who collide  
Not to start beef but spark trees, no cops rolling by  
No policemen, no homicide, no chalk on the streets  
No reason, for nobody's momma to cry  
See I'm a good guy, I'm trying to stick around for my daughter  
But if I should die, I know all of my albums support her  
This whole year's been crazy, asked the Holy Spirit to save me  
Only difference from me and Ossie Davis, gray hair maybe  
Cause I feel like my eyes saw too much suffering

I'm just twenty-some-odd years, I done lost my mother  
And I cried tears of joy, I know she smiles on her boy  
I dream of you more, my love goes to Afeni Shakur  
Cause like Ann Jones, she raised a ghetto king in a war  
And just for that alone she shouldn't feel no pain no more  
Cause one day we'll all be together, sipping heavenly champagne  
where angels soar, with golden wings in thug's mansion

[*J. Phoenix:*]  
Every corner, every city  
There's a place where life's a little easy  
Little Hennessy, laid back and cool  
Every hour, cause it's all good  
Leave all the stress from the world outside  
Every wrong done will be alright (I wanna go)  
Nothing but peace (I wanna go) love (I wanna go nigga)  
And street passion, every ghetto needs a thug mansion

[*2Pac:*]  
Dear momma don't cry, your baby boy's doing good  
Tell the homies I'm in heaven and they ain't got hoods  
Seen a show with Marvin Gaye last night, it had me shook  
Dripping peppermint Schnapps, with Jackie Wilson, and Sam Cooke  
Then some lady named Billie Holiday  
Sang sitting there kicking it with Malcolm, 'til the day came  
Little LaTasha sho' grown  
Tell the lady in the liquor store that she's forgiven, so come home  
Maybe in time you'll understand only God can save us  
When Miles Davis cutting lose with the band  
Just think of all the people that you knew in the past  
that passed on, they in heaven, found peace at last  
Picture a place that they exist, together  
There has to be a place better than this, in heaven  
So right before I sleep, dear God, what I'm asking  
Remember this face, save me a place, in thug's mansion

[*J. Phoenix (Nas):*]  
Every corner, every city  
There's a place where life's a little easy  
Little Hennessy, laid back and cool  
Every hour, cause it's all good  
Leave all the stress from the world outside  
Every wrong done will be alright (I wanna go)  
Nothing but peace (I wanna go) love (I wanna go nigga)  
And street passion, every ghetto needs a thug mansion

Thanks to jwsmith, ookrizzzyoo, chelsa\_salsa10 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Aurelius Seven Marcus, Hamilton Anthony Cornelius, Jackson Johnny Lee

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Never Call U Bitch Again"

(feat. Tyrese)

[2Pac:]

Whassup, boo? Swear I'll never call you bitch again

You ain't fuck with me

I swear I'll never call you bitch again

(All I just wanna say is um, if I fuckin' apologized)

I swear I'll never call you bitch again

(I ain't mean to call you a bitch)

I'll never call you bitch again

[2Pac:]

Damn – gave my homie 90 days for domestic violence

I try to picture myself in this position but remain silent

I get to thinkin' 'bout this shit we been through

We close like kin, but you remain my friend too

This life of sin, done got the both of us in trouble

But you always stay down for a nigga, so that's why I love you

Reminiscin' needin' tissues, fightin' over childish issues

Swear I can't live with you

But without you, every day I miss you

When we roll you hold my pistol, my gangsta bitch-itc, you

Always in the mood for love, that's why I'm sleepin' with you

Though not the man of your dreams

My plan and scheme's to be rich like a king

And live my life trouble free, I see

Yesterday I called you names and played games on your mind

I promise that I'll change in time

It's a complicated world so, girl, just be a friend

I swear I'll never call you bitch again (and that's my word)

[Tyrese (2Pac):]

We came too far to throw it all away

(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me)

We came way too far, pretty baby

to throw it all away, throw it all away

(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, hey)

[2Pac:]

I wake up early in the mornin', at the crack of dawn

Nigga still tired so I'm yawnin', and now I'm gone

Tryin' to get my money on strong

So an early riser out before them other guys

That's the way to profit every time

Can't get too close my enemies, they see ghosts, they envy me

Plus we been beefin' with the East Coast, with casualties

Got stopped in traffic, had a warrant, so they gaffled me

But while I'm gone, watch my business and my back for me

My enemies think they got me crossed, they ain't knowin'

Ain't no love for player haters where you cowards goin'

You paid bail, got me out of jail, home again

I promise not to leave you on your own again  
Cristal corks are popped, romantic thoughts are dropped  
It's so frantic but don't panic, 'cause we crossed the top  
I found a partner and a rider, a woman and friend  
I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me

[Tyrese (2Pac):]

We came too far to throw it all away  
(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me)  
We came way too far, pretty baby  
To throw it all away, throw it all away  
(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me)

[Pac:]

I know, I know, all that is dead though  
I'm changed, I'm tellin' you  
I know what time it is, gotta give a nigga time  
To grow up, ya know what I'm sayin'?  
That was way back then

[Tyrese:]

You're my nigga, my best friend  
Never gonna call you a bitch again  
Yea yea yea, oh

[2Pac:]

Witness the evil men do, all this shit I been through  
Never meant to hurt you, can we make this work, boo?  
I know you been feelin' pain, things are not the same  
Waitin' to exhale while I'm sittin' in the county jail  
Keep your head up, 'cause things are gettin' better  
My cellmate shed tears off your last love letter  
Told him you would find a friend, so keep your eyes peeled  
Sorry if I cuss, but it's the sufferin' that I feel  
Who can I trust? And if I bust, will she snitch?  
Even though you ain't the type to trip, sorry if I called you bitch  
You showed me the definition of feminine  
The difference between a pack of bitches and black women  
Huh, I see the boss for the third time, hope to see you soon  
Pictures of us kissin' in the livin' room, in the nude  
Thanks for being there much more than a friend  
I swear I'll never call you bitch again; believe me!

[Tyrese (2Pac):]

We came too far, to throw it all away  
We came way too far, pretty baby  
(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me)  
We came too far to throw it all away  
(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me)  
We came way too far, pretty baby  
To throw it all away, throw it all away baby

[Tyrese:]

Through all my ups and downs  
You always stayed around stayed around

Writer(s): Johnny Shakur, Gibson Jackson

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Better Dayz"

(feat. Ronald Isley)

Lookin' for these better days  
Better days, hey, better days  
Got me thinkin' about better days  
Better days, better days, better days  
Hey, better days  
Got me thinkin' about better days

Time to question our lifestyle, look how we live  
Smokin' weed like it ain't no thing, so even kids  
Wanna try now, then lie down and get ran through  
Nobody watches 'em, clockin' the evil man do  
Faced with the demons  
Addicted to hearin' victims screamin'  
Guess we was evil since birth, product of cursed semens  
'Cause even our birthdays is cursed days  
A born thug in the first place, the worst ways  
I'd love to see the block in peace  
With no more dealers and crooked cops  
The only way to stop the beast  
And only we can change  
It's up to us to clean up the streets, it ain't the same  
Too many murders, too many funerals, and too many tears  
Just seen another brother buried  
Plus I knew him for years  
Passed by his family, but what could I say?  
Keep yo' head up and try to keep the faith  
And pray for better days

Better days, better days  
Hey, better days  
Got me thinkin' about better days  
Better days, better days, better days  
Hey, better days  
Got me thinkin' about better days

Thinkin' back as an adolescent, who would've guessed  
That in my future years I'd be stressin'?  
Some say the ghetto's sick and corrupted  
Plus my P.O. won't let me hang  
With the brothers I grew up with  
Tryin' to keep my head up and stay strong  
All my homies slangin' yayo all day long  
But they wrong, so I'm solo and so broke  
Savin' up for some Jordan's, 'cause they dope  
I got a girl and I love her, but she broke too  
And so am I; I can't take her to the places she wanna go to  
So, we argue and play fight, all day and night  
Makin' passionate love 'til the daylight  
Plus we about to get evicted, can't pay the rent

Guess it's time to see who really is your friend  
Tell me you pregnant and I'm amazed  
So many blessings while we stressin'  
Lookin' for them better days

Better days, better days  
Hey, better days  
Got me thinkin' about better days  
Better days, better days, better days  
Hey, better days  
Got me thinkin' about better days

Now, me and you was real cool, hell on them square fools  
Since back in high school, we was true, me and you  
Hardly parted or separated, we stayed faded  
Affiliated with gang-bangers and still made it  
Up in the gym, mess with me, gotta mess with him  
Still dressin' like grown men when rollin'  
Out in the dark, smokin' Newports, gamin' marks  
Got a place in my heart, homie, stay smart  
Locked you up in the pen, and gave you three to ten  
I send you letters with naked flicks of old friends  
Hopin' you well, I know it's hell  
Doin' time in the cells, you need mail when you in jail  
And me, I'm doin' cool  
I settled down, had a family, workin' a night school  
Every once in a while, I reminisce  
And I wonder how we ever came to this; I miss the better days

Better days, better days  
Hey, better days  
Got me thinkin' about better days  
Better days, better days, better days  
Hey, better days  
Got me thinkin' about better days

I send this one out to all the homeboys down in, uh  
Clinton lockdown, Rikers Island  
All them dudes I was, uh, locked up with, hehe  
E Block, F Block, lower H  
N-I-C in Rikers Island, downstate  
All the peoples I met along the way  
Better days is comin', homeboy, keep your head up!

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Isley Marvin, Isley O Kelly, Isley Ronald, Jasper Christopher H, Isley Ernest, Isley Rudolph Bernard, Jackson Johnny Lee, Himes Tyruss Gerald

# 2Pac Lyrics

"U Can Call"

(feat. Jazze Pha)

[2Pac:]

Dear baby you the picture of perfection

Straight from your million dollar smile

To my attraction to your complexion

No hesitation needed; you got me

Inhalin' the aroma of your perfume, and feelin' heated

I move closer to drop the lines of my introduction

Hold out my hand, and grab yo' hand, now we touchin'

My lyrics are poetry, so baby get a ticket to go with me

Thugged out so you notice me

It's a positive attraction; see pictures of us

Layin' butt-naked on the beach kicking back relaxin'

And only you can calm, the savage beast

Look in my eyes are you surprised, that it's me?

I wanna make you mine

I'm kissin' on you tryin' to make it different every time (that's right)

I'm so lonely in my bedroom, lookin' at the walls

Withcha number in my hand, wonderin' should I even call her tonight

[Jazze Pha (2Pac):]

Anytime you like, baby you can call me

Need a thug up in yo' life (call me thug)

Never find nobody like me

'Cause I know what you want (call me thug)

And girl you know I got you

You got what I need (call me thug)

And shorty it's all on you

Baby call on me

[2Pac:]

Been gettin' nuttin' but bad news, ever since the day you left me

I sit and wonder is there a way, you could forget me

Remember my phone calls, my late visits

Us havin' breakfast in bed, then we straight kick it

Me and you in satin sheets, 'til after two

Come take a walk on the wild side, enjoy the view

Whenever we collide; it's bound to be a pleasurable time

Makin' love 'til the early light

Sweetheart don't fight the feelin'

Come get a shot of this plain dealin' and concentrate on the ceiling

It's my intention to brush up

Beware of the fireworks, 'cause every time we touch..

...it's bound to be, so relax, clown with me

As if you're down with me, get around and see

The brother with tattoos and no fears

Runnin' my fingers through your hair

If you call me

[Jazze Pha (2Pac):]

Anytime you like, baby you can call me  
Need a thug up in yo' life (call me thug)  
Never find nobody like me  
'Cause I know what you want (call me thug)  
And girl you know I got you  
You got what I need (call me thug)  
And shorty it's all on you  
Baby call on me

[2Pac:]

Pardon me, but let's be specific  
Baby 'cause if you down with me, nigga we can kick it  
And let's take trips and ride airplanes  
A hundred thousand dollar car on dem gold thangs, so can you hang?  
'Cause we can be real tight (right)  
I got a big suite at the Hyatt, if it feel right  
My only wish is to be witcha  
You got me steady strivin' to getcha  
Fantasizin' of friendly pictures  
The pressure's gettin' major  
I wonder will you answer my call, if I page ya  
Got me goin' wild with anticipation  
Face to face with us locked up in strange places  
What will it take? 'cause the heartache be heatbreak  
Is my prediction when you falsify and start fake?  
In my position I'm a careful man, but a player when I ball  
Got my eyes on you baby, can I call?

[Jazze Pha:]

Anytime you like, baby you can call me  
Need a thug up in yo' life, never find nobody like me  
'Cause I know what you want, and girl you know I got you  
You got what I need, and shorty it's all on you  
Anytime you like, baby you can call me  
Need a thug up in yo' life, never find nobody like me  
'Cause I know what you want, and girl you know I got you  
You got what I need, and shorty it's all on you  
Baby call on me

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Military Minds"

(feat. Smif-n-Wessun, Buckshot)

[2Pac:]

Stand in formation, my motherfuckin' real troopers  
Let's do it like soldiers - all and together now!  
Ready? Hell yeah, y'all niggas better get ready  
No retreat, no surrender, death before dishonor motherfucker!  
Do it to 'em, c'mon never die thuggish, uh - YES YES YES  
Say what? (Eastside, Westside ride) Where ya at, where ya at?  
Where my real thugs, where ya at, where ya at?  
Where my real thugs, where ya at, where ya at?  
Where my real thugs, where ya at?  
Hehehe, send cases to the drug dealer  
Real thugs, where ya at? You motherfuckin' home  
Do it to 'em, do it to 'em  
They love the way we do it to 'em, we do it to 'em

[2Pac:]

Suppress the revolution of premeditated scheme  
Introduce a drug called crack to us ghetto teens  
Got a law for raw niggas, now, playa what it be like?  
When will niggas see they got us bleedin' with three strikes  
Can't seem to focus hopeless, with violent thoughts I wrote this  
Got these Devils petrified, hidin' from my hocus-pocus  
And so I learned to earn my currency and over time  
Affiliated, clearly click a military mind  
May God forgive us though we dwell inside a paradox  
Thugged out and drug dealin', from the womb to the block  
My live mind got me survivin' five rounds (shots)  
My forty-five got me fortified with live rounds  
When shit's thick we plot hits, when our Glock spits  
All hail, out on bail, wrath of the 2Pacalypse  
Forever ghetto necessary picture food stamps  
Outlaw Thug Niggas never left the boot camp

[Cocoa Brovaz:]

[Tek:]

They called us for assignment, one of the squad's finest  
Skills in guerrilla warfare and blessed with refinement  
My rap sheet, contains sections of bomb sessions  
Says I'm responsible for black Smif-N-Wessun  
Putting likkle yout's in a military state of mind  
Dangerous like chronic and yard when combined  
Cocoa Brovaz 'pon de borderline  
Test de sound and ye dead same ti-imé

[Steele:]

Man to man, I'm facin' the Devil with a plan  
Judo stance, first glance, I'm makin' my advance  
Animal instincts, intelligence of an assassin

Masked men, ninjas that surround me, ready to attack  
I react swiftly, what father taught me sticks with me  
Never forget the method, stick and move strictly  
Shit be seemin' like it's closin' in  
With no regrets I hold position  
'Cause I suppose I'm one of the chosen men

*[Buckshot:]*

Picture being put in a position to move  
And you can't move 'cause your move is blocked by the knight  
At twelve o'clock, that's when the madness begins  
So I start to focus in, my thoughts on the war  
'Cause the rule is the law, and the law that we live by  
Is to stay true to self, in this case, BDI  
Why try if ya body lie  
By the block true soldier mentality, this is how we rock and roll  
(This is how we ride)

*[Boot Camp Clik:]*

Stick and move, time to show 'em how to make a move  
Or get moved on, let's see who strong

*[Cocoa Brovaz:]*

*[Tek:]*

In the gaze of the strange, where nothing stays the same  
Where new faces come through with similar game  
Now who you thought was them, really ain't  
They catchin' deja vus of the game people play  
It's a call for readjustment, fine tune yo' position  
You slippin' and trippin' 'stead of bobbin and dippin'  
But never let this world of stress get the best of me  
Takin' breathin' techniques, slay you with Tai-Chi

*[Steele:]*

What does it take, to get a break in the world of snakes  
And dose who fake  
Elimination I'm facin' destruction  
Outlawed, so I duck and down, fo'-fo' is bustin', no one to trust in  
Rushin' to the goal line  
Catch a nigga beat him treat him like he stole mine  
No swine I'm a soldier, soldier I control mine  
Time to, take you, back into time - follow dis here

*[Buckshot:]*

One way out, this black hole  
For this black soul, shit is outta control  
I'm fightin' for my position to be a fetus in this world I'm enterin'  
And my face is sentencin' for repentance  
Before my body was fully formed into a human  
I was already consumin' weed  
'Cause my moms used to smoke back in the 70s  
Maybe that's why in the 90s I drop G's when I drop degrees  
When I ease across the block with 'Pac  
Got all y'all niggas shocked  
You didn't think Boot Camp Clik would link, with a Outlaw mind?

If you do you press rewind  
And you can peep guerrilla tactics in every line

[2Pac:]

Yeah, and this is how we do it!  
Where my real thugs, where they at?  
Let me, see my real thugs, now where ya at?  
Won'tcha, see my real thugs, where ya at?  
Let me, see my real thugs, where ya at now?  
Where my real thugs, let me see, where ya at?  
Tell me where my real thugs gots to see, where ya at?  
Where's my soldiers - where ya at?  
Where my, real soldiers - where ya at?  
Where my soldiers at; where ya at, where ya at?  
Get yo' strap my nigga; where ya at, where ya at?  
Where my soldiers at; where ya at, what ya at?  
Getcha, thug niggas where ya at, witcha strap?  
Where my soldiers at, where my true thug niggas  
No longer drug dealers 'cause we now, thug niggas  
Where my soldiers at, no longer drug dealers  
'Cause we now, thug niggas, let me, where my  
Where my soldiers at?, put your pistols in the air  
Where my soldiers at?, put yo' guns up  
Tell me where my soldiers at?, put yo' pistols in the air  
Where my, SOLDIERS, my true thug ROLLERS  
Yes, it just doesn't quit, YES!  
This is that real hip-hop shit YES!  
Fuck what you heard  
From the ghetto to the 'burbs, know we meant, every word  
Where my SOLDIERS?, where my soldiers at  
Where my SOLDIERS?, where my soldiers at  
Put yo' hand on the pistol, put yo' pistols in the air  
Where my soldiers at?, where my soldiers at?  
Where my SOLDIERS?, where my soldiers at  
Where my SOLDIERS?, where my soldiers at  
When Bob Dole and Delores Tucker wanna know  
Where my soldiers at, GO VOTE!

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tupac Shakur, Kenyatta Blake, Tekomin Williams, Darrell Yates, Marvin Darrell Harper, Darryl Harper

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Fame"

(feat. Bad Azz, Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

And my niggas say  
We want the fame!  
Come on! Come on!

[2Pac:]

One thing we all adore  
Something worth dyin' for  
Nothin' but pain  
Stuck in this game  
Searchin' for fortune and fame

[2Pac:]

Though we exist to breed, some believe currency comes to G's  
Stress is half the battle, with success comes greed  
They got me hot when they shot me, plotted  
My revenge to increase my ends; enemies gettin' dropped  
Win or lose, red or blue, we must all stay true  
Play the game, nigga, never let the game play you  
And for the fame, niggas change fast, that's a shame  
What's to gain, lost souls? Who controls our brain?  
Who can I blame? The world seems strange at times  
Somewhat insane, I'm hopin' we can change with time  
I'm livin' blinded, searchin' for refinement curse  
I know, Death follows me, but I'll murder him first  
And worse yet, with each breathe, steps I take, breathless  
Is there a cure for a hustler with a death wish?  
Cigar ashes, toast with crystal, glasses  
We mash on them jealous bastards, with my ski mask  
I'm the first one to want him blasted  
Wrapped in plastic, bullshittin' got his ass hit  
Ain't nothing left now, treated like a stepchild was not for me  
Nothing but busters and bitches be rockin' beats, fakin' fame

[Yaki Kadaifi:]

Block run and shoot slugs  
We throw them back like hardballs  
Without the gloves, no love for these fake desperadoes  
And thugs I bleed to envy  
Smoke and blow out they blunts, sippin' Henny  
Drunk nights, and hot days  
Cockin' my heat, shootin' it sideways  
A wife on the run, full of common blunts  
Unconditionally married to my gun  
Fulfillin' my destiny on knees and one's desires  
Be pullin' all my cabbage like priors, stuck in the trance  
Searchin' for something higher, the fortune and fame

[2Pac:]

One thing we all adore  
Something worth dyin' for  
    Nothin' but pain  
    Stuck in this game  
Searchin' for fortune and fame  
    One thing we all adore  
    Something worth dyin' for  
    Nothin' but pain  
    Stuck in this game  
Searchin' for fortune and fame

*[Young Noble:]*

Searchin' for fortune and fame, lost in the rain  
A lost of the game, with life the cost of the game  
We forcin' the change, motherfuck flossin' a chain  
    All the blame belongs to the part of the brain  
That we never use, nigga, plus my heart is in pain  
    And if I ever lose, homie, bet I'm at it again  
    Outlaws don't die, so united we stand  
And if family come before, all the fortune and fame

*[Napoleon:]*

As I walk up in the crib, laid to rest my head  
Say salaam to the angels, hope they bless my bed  
    Hope they bless me the righteous way  
Got a homie locked down outta town, I sent him a kite today  
Man, that hate in your heart you gotta cleanse it, dawg  
    Prayin' for my downfall, and I can sense it, dawg  
    I was passed down the street fame  
    Like Glocks clocked and keep aim  
    Was raised up with a clock box  
    And I ran with the local street gang  
They say the light is faded but still shine in the dark  
You can easy been a man, but you's a boy in your heart  
And that's some game that I got from generation of game  
    In the road of life, dog  
We need to switch up lanes – think about it!

*[2Pac:]*

One thing we all adore  
Something worth dyin' for  
    Nothin' but pain  
    Stuck in this game  
Searchin' for fortune and fame  
    One thing we all adore  
    Something worth dyin' for  
    Been nothin' but pain  
    Stuck in this game  
Searchin' for fortune and fame

*[Bad Azz:]*

I can't complain, I've seen my fair share of the fame  
It won't change me, now I've got this piece of change  
    I feel strange, I got so used to the hood  
    That when I finally got out at first it ain't feel good  
    I was just a baby, still retarded from slavery

When we struggle to shovel shit ain't nobody saved me  
Ghetto ain't made me, I made myself  
Poverty raised me, thinking ain't no help  
I pray for my health, my mind, and my family too  
State of myself, my grind, and my family crew  
Where one hand washes the other  
No, we ain't blood, but we still real brothers  
The struggle is real, nothin' can steal what we build  
And that remains the same 'til the day that we killed  
And that's real, life that I was aimed to be  
Love by my family tree, that's fame to me – how about it?

[2Pac:]  
One thing we all adore  
Something worth dyin' for  
Nothin' but pain  
Stuck in this game  
Searchin' for fortune and fame  
One thing we all adore  
Something worth dyin' for  
Nothin' but pain  
Stuck in this game  
Searchin' for fortune and fame

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Tyrone Wrice, Yafeu A. Fula, Katari T Cox, Rufus Lee Cooper, Mutah W Beale

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Fair Xchange (Remix)"

(feat. Mya)

[Mya:]

No, no...

Picture of perfection, the object of a nigga affection  
Partners in passionate sex, a place to put my erection  
Fantasies of you in submission, freaky positions  
Pushin', pullin' and twistin' I'm on a mission got me on the mash  
Tried to dig, you was screamin' when I did  
Steady yellin' out spots for me to hit, and "aw shit"  
Soon as I seen her saw us playin' hide the weiner  
Wanna "Freak Like Me", fuck Adina  
Up and down is the object, side to side  
Make you holla out my name when a thug nigga ride, "Can I cum inside?"  
Say you don't feel it that's a lie, you just scared to get this  
Penitentiary dick, the trot caught your eye  
When I walked by, I said, "Hi"  
But you was so shy, I can't lie, damn near stuttered when you walked by  
You want me to lick it and even worse  
Got your heart set on me goin' first, and that ain't no fair exchange

[Mya:]

Only one thing that you, can do, for me  
Baby you can treat me right, we can do it all the night  
Nothin' more than our fair exchange  
Hit my G-spot and make, me scream, your name  
You can do whatever you want, I got what I want and gone  
Nothin' more than our fair exchange

Open your legs

Got me marchin' like it's a million, you tremble from the feelin'  
Look up, cause I got mirrors on the ceilin'  
And if you willin', then we can ride until the sun shine  
And just for fun, I betchu I can make you cum 61 times  
Close your eyes, let me heat it up  
Cause when we fuck I refuse to bust a nut until I beat it up  
Drop the top, time to fuck while the wind blow  
Baby throw yo' legs out the window  
Remember on the balcony, bend over baby bounce on me  
And let me hit it where it counts and flee  
Remember me? "I Get Around," and I'm haunted by my "Temptations"  
Sexual participation, my motivation  
Even though I like the way you work it  
You don't deserve it cause you walk around actin' like you perfect  
Took a while but I finally got it, and like a boss player  
Bitch you ain't doin' me no favors  
Fair exchange

[Mya:]

Only one thing that you, can do, for me

Baby you can treat me right, we can do it all the night  
Nothin' more than our fair exchange  
Hit my G-spot and make, me scream, your name  
You can get whatever you want, I got what I want and gone  
Nothin' more than our fair exchange

Now yo' attitude ain't realistic  
Yeah it's true I'm gettin' pussy, but baby you gettin' dick!  
And since you bein' laced with the penetration  
It's only right to show a form of appreciation  
Instead of fakin' like you can't hear the bed shakin'  
In bed naked you so twisted think yo' legs breakin'  
You said take it so I'm blind in my passion, how long will I last?  
Doggy style steady pumpin' on that ass, until I blast  
And then I laugh as we lay back  
See I wait 'til you asleep and that's the payback  
Cause you actin' like you did somethin', givin' me a piece  
I had you mufflin' your screams in the sheets, fuckin' with me  
A true digger that love triggers, a thug nigga  
Hustlin' bitches like drug dealers  
Before I say goodbye, put an end to all the games  
Here's my number for another fair exchange

[Mya:]

(It's only one!!!) Only one thing that you, can do (thing that you can do for me), for me  
Baby you can treat me right, we can do it all the night  
Nothin' more than our fair exchange  
Hit my G-spot and make, me scream, your name (make me scream baby)  
You can get whatever you want, I got what I want and gone  
Nothin' more than our fair exchange  
Only one thing that you (whatever you want), can do, for me  
Baby you can treat me right (can you do me), we can do it all the night  
Nothin' more than our fair exchange  
Hit my G-spot and make, me scream, your name  
You can get whatever you want, I got what I want and gone  
Nothin' more than our fair exchange

[Mya:]

Fair exchange  
No one, gives me lovin' (lovin')  
Quite like you do (No one gives me lovin' like you do)  
No one, gives me lovin'  
Quite like you do (that I know, you know, you love, I love)  
(The things that I'ma do, to you)

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Catching Feelins"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

Ahahha all my homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down (never)

Ahahah yeah! My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down

Uh, yeah! My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down

Westside, westside

Part two of the war

[2Pac:]

Cross this nigga here, now Biggie tell me who do you fear?

Ain't a livin' soul breathin' shall pump no fear here

My last foe flashed then I mashed his ass

Bastard, fuck with me, bet I blast your ass

So many follow but can't reach me, caught in the maze

Catch them, mimickin' my style tryin' to walk this way

Impossible my posse droppin' you, we Death Row riders

No need to beg, motherfucker, ain't no mercy inside us

Feelin' blessed, the richer I get, the more I stress

Smokin' lye watchin' time fly, waitin' for death

Dear God I been feelin' like I'm close to Jesus

Paranoid with my pistols close, smokin' trees

Keep my eyes on my foes, those close to me

Watchin' niggas catch strays, shake, choke and bleed

Me, a mercenary for the streets, check my pedigree

Bustin' motherfuckers it's the thug in me

Now niggas talk a lotta Bad Boy shit, then get to squealin'

Bitch made catchin' feelings

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?

My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down

Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound

Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town

Catchin' feelings

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?

My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down

Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound

Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town

Catchin' feelings

Yeah, Napoleon!

[Napoleon:]

Picture me sippin' on 1-5-1

Drunk than a motherfucker droppin' my gun

Or high as a kite hittin' hoes for fun

But that ain't me, dog, my mind's now clear

And that ain't fair, dog, your heart pump fear

In the state I, shoot you better hide nigga, chute is near

And you know just as well I do

You ain't no killer, so kill that, you wouldn't kill if you had to

We might wobble, but we don't fall down  
We take the gospel from Makaveli, pass it around  
Holla "let's hit", we gon' taste the power  
We started the thug trend, the game is ours  
Now we coast together, put our thoughts together  
Won't question when we die together  
Cause the hour soon to come  
Kadafi trained soldier, I show you how to use your gun  
Bring it

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?  
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
Catchin' feelings  
Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?  
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
Catchin' feelings

[EDI-Mean:]  
We yellin' "M-A-D-E N-I-double G-As  
Motherfuckas, and we here to stay  
From curb surfin', we workin' the industry, you kiddin' me  
It's really nothing to me and my king, you see  
We in the big things, eat a dick man, if you're hatin'  
We're gonna ride 'til the wheels fall off, pay attention  
Screamin' "Bye bye bitches, untouchable sound"  
Ride or die niggas, and we huntin' you down  
Representin' all the real niggas stuck in the trap  
Bangin' out with the po-po, tryin' to get to some more  
Street life, young strugglers racin' the clock  
Ain't no tellin' when it all can end, roll a rock  
That's the world with feelings, this a man's world youngin'  
The bitches in business, so learn a little something  
Hey, stop runnin' your mouth, you're on the verge of squealin'  
Bitch made catchin' feelings

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?  
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
Catchin' feelings  
Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?  
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
Catchin' feelings

[Yaki Kadafi:]  
Everybody's a gangsta, but don't put in work  
Instead of puttin' on the armor, niggas put on skirts  
These drugs ain't helpin', it only makin' it worse  
And the streets ain't got nothing for me but a hearse  
I can't trust the church or the mobs, I can only trust God

And to tell you the truth I gotta ride  
I only roll with the real  
Cause rollin' with the fake got my loved ones killed

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?  
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
Catchin' feelings  
Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?  
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
Catchin' feelings  
Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?  
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
Catchin' feelings  
Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?  
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
Catchin' feelings

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

# 2Pac Lyrics

"There U Go"

(feat. Outlawz, Big Syke, Jazze Pha)

[2Pac:]

I don't know why I be fuckin' witchu

Was it the liquor, that makes me act blind, times that I'm with her

Anonymous pictures of other niggas tryin' to kiss her

Will I love her or shall I diss her?

I'm sick of this scandalous shit I deal wit', tryin' to paint a perfect picture

My memories of jealousy no longer carefree

Cause so much bullshit your girlfriends keep tellin' me

I'm on tour, but now my bedroom's an open door

So it got me thinkin', what am I tryin' for?

When I was young I was so very dumb, eager to please

A lil', trick on a mission tryin' to get in my P

Me and my niggas is thug niggas, former known drug dealers

We don't love bitches and believe, they don't love niggas

I gotta blame my attraction

But you became a distraction, a threat to my paper stackin'

I thought you changed but now I know

Can't turn a ho into a housewife, baby, and there you go

[Jazze Pha:]

There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'

There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'

There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'

Actin' like a ho', actin' like a ho'

HOE! See the word on the streets you're a

HOE! Just a groupie on a world tour

HOE! Now I found out for myself you're a

HOE! Girl you need to check yourself

[Kastro:]

These silly bitches got this game twisted

So I don't claim 'em, just bang 'em

Papa raised a player, so player, I play 'em

I got hoes that got more, hoes than me

So how I look, gettin' hooked, like I ain't got G?

Truly cutie booty big, but that ain't enough

And the head make me beg, still that just ain't enough

When I don't trust her, the bitch be lyin' too much

When she be dyin' to fuck me you be buyin' her stuff, ho

[Yaki Kadaifi:]

See girlfriend I know, your whole M.O.'s preoccupied with mostly

Gettin' clown after clown, town coast to coast - see

I been tryin' to stay away from sluts like you

Got me turned off completely by that sheisty shit that you do

Knew from jump yo' aim

Straight through them spandex, don't front just name

Spots on yo' body for me to touch while you clutch this game

I keep flowin' like H2O it ain't nothin' for me to say  
Why you keep actin' like a ho? But there you go

[Jazze Pha:]

There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'  
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'  
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'  
Actin' like a ho', actin' like a ho'  
HOE! See the word on the streets you're a  
HOE! Just a groupie on a world tour  
HOE! Now I found out for myself you're a  
HOE! Girl you need to check yourself

[Young Noble:]

Uh, when I first met her I told her I was busy all the time  
Now she, callin' me flippin' like she miss me all the time  
How she, don't even trip she got a man at home  
You need to stop chasin' dick bitch and raise your son  
I'm like - damn, we can creep sometime  
And you know I'm on the road for like weeks at a time  
Girl you're thirsty; and stop callin' while I'm workin' you hurtin' me  
All this bullshit is irkin' me girl, but there you go

[Big Syke:]

I blame it on yo' momma, she need to holla at you  
But should I blame it on yo' daddy for all the things that you do  
Cause there you go, just like a ho, caught in the streets  
Like givin' yo' number out to every nigga you meet  
I'm tired of the games you playin', so stop playin' (ho)  
You hear what I'm saying, you only good for parlayin'  
I'm layin' down the rules, this a game that you lose  
So the streets can have you baby cause I stay on the move

[Jazze Pha:]

There you - there you go, actin' like a ho' (there you go!!)  
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho' (actin' like a real ho')  
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'  
Actin' like a ho', actin' like a ho'  
HOE! See the word on the streets you're a  
HOE! Just a groupie on a world tour  
HOE! Now I found out for myself you're a  
HOE! Girl you need to check yourself

[2Pac:]

There you go baby girl, that's the story  
There you motherfuckin' go  
I coulda swore you told me you was gon' change  
And you don't wanna go to clubs no more and  
You wasn't fin' to dress all crazy no more and  
You was gon' stay home and try to chill  
What happened baby?  
Oh, so yo' friend wanted to go out  
That wasn't you that went out  
You was just goin' out cause yo' friend was  
Okay, so you was pissy drunk up in that nigga car  
Cause yo' friend wanted to get drunk huh?

It's all good, cause there you go baby  
Oh I ain't trippin' on them niggas callin' the house  
It's all good, cause there you go  
Me I'ma still be a player, all day baby  
So uh, there you go

*[Jazze Pha:]*

There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'  
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'  
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'  
Actin' like a ho', actin' like a ho'  
HOE! See the word on the streets you're a  
HOE! Just a groupie on a world tour  
HOE! Now I found out for myself you're a  
HOE!..

Thanks to thuglife for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Mutah Beale, Malcolm Greenidge, Katari Cox, Yafeu Fula, Tupac Shakur, Lee Johnny

# 2Pac Lyrics

"This Life I Lead"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

In this motherfucking life I lead, shit

A hell of motherfucking road blocks

And crooked cops

We still ride though

What side? Westside

[2Pac:]

I want money in large amounts

My garage full of cars that bounce

Movin' my tapes in major ways, 'cause every dollar counts

Busters is jealous and half these niggas is punks

They runnin' off at the mouth 'til I fill it up with my pump

They jump, my automatic keep 'em wary

Why you frontin' like you Billy Badass? Nigga, you scary

I've been knowin' you for years

We was high school peers, in junior high

I was itchin' to kill, and you was ready to die

While you bullshittin', niggas was dyin' and catchin' cases

Bustin' my automatics at motherfuckers in foreign places

Leavin' no trace, they see my face and they buried

Them bitches die in a hurry, still I ride, I'm never worried

Mr. Makaveli tell me to ride, and I'ma ride

Pick my enemies out the crowd, and motherfuckers die

It's not the way I wanna live, my nigga, it's how it is

Homie got into a fight last night that killed his kids

[2Pac:]

In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed

Collect G's, make my enemies bleed

When you see me, nigga, holla my set!

And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers 'til we die

In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed

Collect G's, make my enemies bleed

When you see me, nigga, holla my set!

And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers

'Til we die, in this life I lead

[Young Noble:]

I ain't a killer but don't push me, dawg

For the family I'll send that ass straight to God

In this life I lead, I seen the most of my 23 years

When vision is blurry, the money is clear

Some of my peers eternally will sleep in a coffin

And when Nob' on the road, I'm extremely cautious

It happen that fast, split second you gone

At the top of my tombstone put "Nob' was raw"

Outlaw 'til I'm under the floor, for Kadaffi the Prince

I stack dough like I clocked all the bricks

With a watch on my wrist, dawg, I know the time these days  
We Outlawz, we gon' die this way nigga (nigga)  
We already in the history books, 'Pac made sure of that  
Whatever you took, we takin' it back  
You know it's all for the foundation  
Outlawz, we still buildin' the Thug Nation; holla at ya homie!

[2Pac:]

In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed  
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed  
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!  
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers 'til we die  
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed  
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed  
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!  
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers  
'Til we die, in this life I lead

[Napoleon:]

It ain't nothin' but in-between nuts, oxygen is gettin' hot  
Got a problem, old fag-ass nigga, kick rocks  
\*Bin Laden\* on the phone and that nigga talkin' crazy  
I don't know who to blame, him or \*Bush\* for killin' babies  
I'm a New Jerz' Devil, the street, creative rebel  
Only got one shot to produce on every level  
This is bags I must, go the max I must  
Nigga, I came from not much, so money I clutch  
Uh-uh, Napoleon the strength of the strong-arm  
When they think they was in the right  
I prove they movin' wrong  
I'm a hardcore product of the ghetto  
Been blessed fo' sho' to eat from out the ghetto  
I maneuver, in the right lane, quick to push back brains  
Switchin' to the left lane, I'm playin' my hands  
And I'm plottin' on the fortune, it's gettin' hot and scorchin'  
I'm diggin' like a scorpion that torture they enemies

[2Pac:]

In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed  
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed  
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!  
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers 'til we die  
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed  
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed  
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!  
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers  
'Til we die, in this life I lead

[Kastro:]

Now with this Outlaw lifestyle that I been introduced to  
Money and hoes keep us closer to Lucifer  
Steady seducin' us and now I'm all for it  
This the life for me and the law can't spoil it  
So you can call it what the fuck you want  
But I'm a ballin' alcoholic with a sawed-off pump  
My momma ain't raised no punk; and neither did 'Pac

So when it jump off, I breathe for Yak'  
Been puttin' in work, so I walk with a bop  
And it ain't safe at home, so I sleep with a Glock (no mistakes)  
Thug livin', uh, what the fuck'd be better?  
I do my dirt with the family so we dyin' together

[E.D.I.:]

We on a mission for mo', gangsta shit on you hoes  
We ain't fuckin' with you most  
Just crooks and niggas about they flow  
Tryin' to live Godzilla  
E.D.I. went from a Bad Boy to an anybody killer  
Look out, wanted man, guns in hand, stand firm  
Nuts and my pride, now let's burn  
Bound to the fam going down swingin'  
Holding my ground, now we the last ones breathin'  
Won't stop until we even deep in the trenches  
So many killings it's senseless  
So in this life I lead, I stay protected  
By God, my squad, and this thing in my palm  
Now all my hustlin' motherfuckers, get your money, sing along

[2Pac:]

In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed  
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed  
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!  
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers 'til we die  
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed  
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed  
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!  
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers  
'Til we die, in this life I lead

[2Pac:]

This motherfuckin' life I lead, nigga  
You know what time it is  
Westside, Death Row  
(Dogg Pound) e'rybody killer  
Bad Boy killer, So So Def killer  
Thug Life, Death Row  
E'rybody killer; fuck all y'all niggas!  
If it ain't Westside, nigga, it ain't poppin'  
That's on my mama

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

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# 2Pac Lyrics

"Who Do U Believe In"

(feat. Kadaifi (Outlawz))

[Intro: 2Pac]

Let us pray

Heavenly Father, hear a nigga down here

Before I go to sleep

Tell me, who do you believe in?

Who do you believe in?

[Verse One: 2Pac]

I see mothers in black cryin, brothers in packs dyin

Plus everybody's high, too doped up to ask why

Watchin our own downfall, witness the end

It's like we don't believe in God cause we livin in sin

I asked my homie on the block why he strapped, he laughed

Pointed his pistol as the cop car passed and blast

It's just another murder, nobody mourns no more

My tear drops gettin bigger but can't figure what I'm cryin for

Is it the miniature caskets, little babies

Victims of a stray, from drug dealers gone crazy

Maybe it's just the drugs, visions of how the block was

Crack came and it was strange how it rocked us

Perhaps the underlyin fact they hide explain genocide

It's when we ride on our own kind

What is it we all fear, reflections in the mirror

We can't escape fate, the end is gettin nearer

[Chorus 2X: 2Pac]

Who do you believe in?

I put my faith in God, blessed and still breathin

And even though it's hard, that's who I believe in

Before I'm leavin, I'm askin the grievin - who do you believe in?

[Verse Two: 2Pac]

Can't close my eyes cause all I see is terror

I hate the man in the mirror

Cause his reflection makes the pain turn realer

Times of Armageddon, murder in mass amounts

In this society where only gettin the cash counts

I started out as a beginner

Entered the criminal lifestyle became a sinner

I make my money and vacate, evade prison

Went from the chosen one to outcast, unforgiven

And all the Hennessy and weed can't hide, the pain I feel inside

You know, it's like I'm livin just to die

I fall on my knees and beg for mercy, not knowin if I'm worthy

Livin life thinkin no man can hurt me

So I'm askin -- before I lay me down to sleep

Before you judge me, look at all the shit you did to me, my misery

I rose up from the slums, made it out the flames

In my search for fame will I change? I'm askin

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse Three: Kadafi]*

Faith in Allah, believe in me and this plastic  
Cause so far I done witnessed to many dead niggaz in caskets  
With they chest plates stretched like elastic  
And what's worse I'm on front line, holdin down camp, still mashin  
Heard my cousin, one of the old heads from the block  
Just came home October of '95 back in Yardsville stuck  
with a three to five, if he don't act up, now he realize  
If you don't stay wise, then in this game you fucked  
Talk to my baby girl, give me the word on what she heard  
One of the grimmies is snitchin, Diamond a stool pigeon I talked to him  
He said he didn't, my man said he did, in fact he's sure  
Cause he just came home off of bail

*[2Pac] Now tell me*

*[Chorus]*

*[Outro: spoken word]*

Who do you believe in?  
Is it Buddah, Jehovah, or Jah? Or Allah?  
Is it Jesus? Is it God? Or is just yourself?  
Definately not to be imposed, being a demon  
Because this is the joy of believing!  
Men, to believe in yourselves  
But for sure, the higher power  
Besides only to ride in the heart of the true  
From the soul, of the man; for truth never has an alibi  
In the poetry, or in its realm  
That's what pulls all words together  
Just to understand, that every man, is his OWN man  
And only man can satisfy the man  
Only the soul of the man, the feelings of the man  
The for realness of the man  
You can't shake the man when you feel the man you know the man  
And you gotta call yourself because you are that man

*[2Pac]*

Who do you believe in?  
I put my faith in God, blessed and still breathin

*[singing while 2Pac speaks]*

Who do you believe in? Put my faith in God, and  
Blessed and still breathin

*[singer + (2Pac)]*

Even though it's hard (Who do you believe in?)  
That's who I believe in (Put my faith in God)  
Before I'm leavin (Even though it's hard)  
I'm askin the grievin  
(Before I'm leavin I'm askin the grievin - who do you believe in?)  
Who do you believe in? (Who do you believe in?)  
Who do you (Blessed and still breathin)

Oh blessed, oh blessed  
(Before I'm leavin I'm askin the grievin - who do you believe in?)

*[singer]*

Oh who do you  
Do you believe in  
Hohhhh-ohhhhh

*[2Pac over singer]*

Who do you believe in?  
I put my faith in God, blessed and still breathin  
And even though it's hard, that's who I believe in  
Before I'm leavin I'm askin the grievin - who do you believe in?

*[singer + (2Pac)]*

I'm askin (Who do you believe in?)  
I'm askin you (Put my faith in God)  
(That's who I believe in)

(Before I'm leavin I'm askin the grievin - who do you believe in?)

*[2Pac]*

Who do you believe in?  
I'm blessed and still breathin  
That's who I believe in  
Before I'm leavin, I'm askin the grievin  
Who do you believe in?  
Who do you believe in? *[echoes to fade]*

Thanks to mack3101 for correcting these lyrics.

# 2Pac Lyrics

"They Don't Give A Fuck About Us"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

Y'all ain't never just tripped and pictured  
And just looked at the whole situation  
'Cause once you look at it  
You know, (really do)

[2Pac:]

They don't give a fuck about us  
They don't give a fuck about us  
They don't give a fuck about us  
If I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die  
Nobody give a fuck about us  
And when I start to rise  
A hero in their children's eyes  
Now they give a fuck about us

[2Pac:]

Some say niggas is hard headed 'cause we love to trick  
Equipped with game so we bang with this thuggish shit  
I see you tryin' to hide, hopin' that nobody don't notice  
You must always remember  
You're still a member of the hopeless  
See, you're black like me, so you snap like me  
When these devils try to plot, trap our young black seeds  
Look it, cops are just as crooked as the niggas they chasin'  
Lookin' for role models, our father figures is basers  
Some say they expect Illuminati take my body to sleep  
Niggas at the party with they shotties just as rowdy as me  
Before I fear computer chips, I gotta deal with brothers flippin'  
I don't see no devils bleedin', only black blood drippin'  
We can change; what your mouth say?  
I'm watchin' niggas work their lives out without pay  
Whatever it takes to switch places with the busters on top  
I'm bustin' shots, make the world stop  
They don't give a fuck about us

[2Pac:]

Now if I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die  
Nobody gives a fuck about us  
But when I start to rise  
A hero in their children's eyes  
Now they give a fuck about us  
If I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die  
Nobody gives a fuck about us  
But when I start to rise  
A hero in their children's eyes  
Now they give a fuck about us

[E.D.I. Mean:]

It's the morning after and now all the laughter is gone  
Time to reflect on what you did, 'cause they sayin' you wrong  
I'm sure you had your reasons, dawg; I don't doubt you  
See, the simple fact of the matter is they don't give a fuck about you  
Or them five mouths you forced to feed  
Not includin' yourself, all you want is wealth, they perceive it as greed  
So as you loaded up that MAC and continue to buck 'em  
I was on paper, thinkin' they don't give a fuck about us

[2Pac:]

I'm seein' it clearer, hatin' the picture in the mirror  
They claim we inferior, so why the fuck these devils fear ya?  
I'm watchin' my nation die, genocide the cause  
Expect a blood bath, the aftermath is y'all's  
I told you, last album, we need help cause we dyin'  
Give us a chance, help us advance, 'cause we tryin'  
Ignore my whole plea, watchin' us in disgust  
And then they beg when my guns bust  
They don't give a fuck about us

[2Pac:]

Now if I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die  
Nobody gives a fuck about us  
But when I start to rise  
A hero in their children's eyes  
Now they give a fuck about us  
If I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die  
Nobody gives a fuck about us  
But when I start to rise  
A hero in their children's eyes  
Now they give a fuck about us

[Kastro:]

Now, all my homies got love for me  
Down to catch a slug for me  
Guaranteed to bleed deeply, now that's love  
Shit, nobody else could give a fuck  
If I'm tore down, from the floor down, six-feet deep in the cut  
What the fuck done went wrong?  
How long will I be mourned?  
When I'm gone, same song, ain't gave a fuck all along  
And who am I to blame 'em?  
Just do or die through the rainin'  
Since they don't give a fuck, I don't; feel what I'm sayin'?

[Kadafi:]

Now, thug niggas die but multiply in doubles  
Wrapped in plastic or closed casket for our troubles  
Pressed in times, we busted, like bubbles  
With the police, this nation's peace sent here to run you  
Now look at what this crooked world has come to  
I grew up on the other side of perfect, a life of hurtin'  
Man, I still hustle, so I'm dyin' certain  
So I spent your time in poor and workin', I see no reason  
So I stay ballin' season to season  
Why you stuck thinkin' that they give a fuck?

*[Napolean:]*

You tell me my world is in peace, but nigga, you're lyin'  
'Cause half of my niggas long gone  
Buried in the dirt just for tryin'  
Sometimes I think my block is dyin' and that is awful  
To wake up to another day, shit ain't changed that's all fool  
I wake up sweatin', dreamin', coughin'  
Seein' me upside down backwards head twisted  
While I'm layin' in the coffin  
The shit comes around so often; so tell me somethin'  
Before I take it out on the world, and get to dumpin'  
Nigga, I been so through pain, go through the struggle  
Doin' the same thing you did at my age, and that's hustlin'  
On the edge of straight bustin'  
Well, since you don't give a fuck, I be frontin'  
And I'ma drink my Hennessy like it ain't nothin'

*[2Pac:]*

If I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die  
They don't gives a fuck about us  
But while I'm kickin' rhymes  
Kick it to their children's minds  
Now they give a fuck about us  
They wanna see us die  
They kick us every time we try  
'Cause they don't give a fuck about us  
So while I'm gettin' high  
I'm watchin' as the world goes by  
'Cause they don't give a fuck about us  
If I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die  
They don't gives a fuck about us  
But while I'm kickin' rhymes  
Kick it to their children's minds  
Now they give a fuck about us  
They wanna see us die  
They kick us every time we try  
'Cause they don't give a fuck about us  
So while I'm gettin' high  
I'm watchin' as the world goes by  
'Cause they don't give a fuck about us  
Rise... rise

# **2Pac Lyrics**

## **"Outro"**

Expect me like you expect Jesus to come back  
Expect me nigga, I'm comin'